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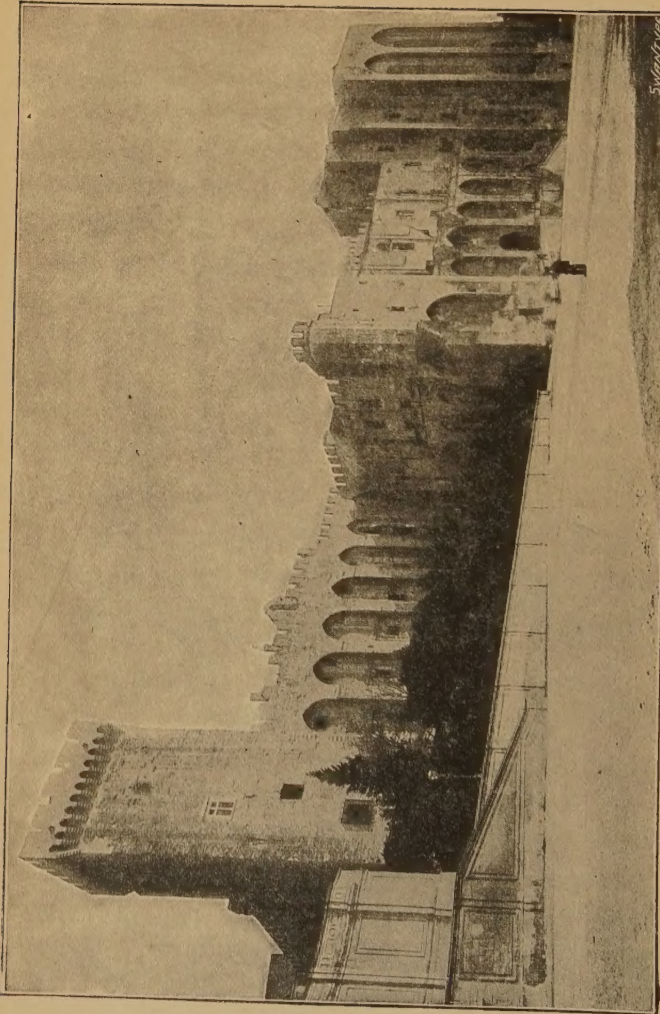
OLD TOURAINE

The Life and History of the Châteaux of the Loire

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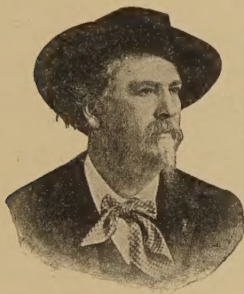
THE PALACE OF THE POPES AT AVIGNON.

OLD PROVENCE

BY

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AUTHOR OF "OLD TOURAINE, THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF
THE CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE"



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CHAPTER IX

THE CHURCHES AND CATHEDRALS OF PROVENCE

PART I.—THE ALYSCAMPS AND THE KINGDOM OF ARLES

“Sì come ad Arli, ove Rodano stagna
 . . . Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo . . .
 . . . Qui son gli eresiarche
Coi lor seguaci d’ ogni setta, e molto
Più, che non credi, son le tombe carche . . .
 . . . Qui con più di mille giaccio:
Qua entro è lo secondo Federico
 E il Cardinale.” . . .—DANTE, *INF.* ix. x.

DEEP as we may bury the Roman Empire, we cannot hide it in the valley of the Rhone; for its bones pierce through Provençal soil in many places as though that giant grave were still too narrow for the skeleton of a past that can never wholly die. Rome herself, Eternal City though she be, held but for a relatively short period the heart of that colossal, civilising force. Provence herself was but one district in the enormous tracts of Europe, Asia, Africa, which can still show the strength of Roman walls, still listen to the decrees of Roman law.

At St. Remy and elsewhere we have seen the beginnings of that Empire which lasted even after the cataclysm of 476, through evil fate and good, until Charlemagne was crowned in Rome; until the Holy Roman Empire rose again with Otto the Great in 962; until the title handed on from Hohenstaufen to Hapsburg was resigned for the last time by the House of Austria, and the heir of all the Caesars laid down their crown in August 1806. Napoleon Buonaparte added to the Act of the Confederation of the Rhine the fateful sentence that Francis II. "no longer recognises the existence of the Germanic Constitution"; and in 1806 the last formality perished of an institution which had ceased to have any vital influence after the death of the Emperor Frederick II. in 1250, but which lasted more than a thousand years after Leo the Pope had crowned the Frankish king, and nearly eighteen hundred and sixty years after Caesar had conquered at Pharsalia.

Yet it is by no mere allegory of a poetical imagination that Rome, and all Rome stands for, has been called the "Eternal City"; for while the world lasts Rome can never die; and unless the mediaeval theory of the Roman Empire, and its continued existence, be thoroughly understood, the significance of mediaeval European history can never be realised. The course of events in the British islands has indeed been scarcely modified

at all by conditions which left almost their sole trace in the title of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans, who, like his brother, our own Henry III., married a princess of Provence, the sister-in-law of St. Louis and of Charles d'Anjou. But neither the story of Provence, nor that of any part of Europe, can be explained, up to the fourteenth century, unless we realise the belief of such a man as Dante, for instance, as to the government of the world he knew. To him it was a matter of right that there should be a universal monarch of the world; that this monarch should be the Roman Emperor, the successor of Augustus Caesar; that the chosen of the German electors was, of eternal right, as that successor, the Lord of the World. That this largely remained a theory, rather than a fact, in no way diminishes its importance; nor is it less essential to remember, concerning this idea of a universal Christian monarchy, that the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church were two aspects of the one society ordained by the divine will to spread itself over the world, with the Roman Caesar as its temporal chief, and the Roman Pontiff as its spiritual head. This was an impracticable dream; but it was none the less magnificent; and it had that enormous effect on practical politics which the unrecognised forces of deep-rooted sentiment invariably exert.

For the Mediterranean coasts the first sway of Rome

meant chiefly peace. Far from those scenes of terror and humiliation which surrounded the immediate neighbourhood of the Emperor's person, the upper classes of Provence lived in the enjoyment of their wealth and liberty until the first shock of the Barbarian invasions; and the motto of the Roman Empire seemed to be the proud lines of her greatest poet:—

“ . . . Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
Hæc tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos. . . .”

Even when the separation between East and West became necessary, Rome seemed but to have left her older throne that she might Romanise the world more thoroughly; her power became a natural and undying attribute of life and time, above the chances of mortality:—

. . . “Quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem,
Quod cuncti gens una sumus. Nec terminus unquam
Romanae ditionis erit. . . .”

The Christianity which Constantine took to be the religion of the Empire was already a great political force. The union was inevitable. The Church at once began to reproduce the imperial system for herself, to set before the eyes of men the visible Catholic religion, uniform in faith and ritual, to which the life and feelings of the people might for ever firmly be attached.

No better symbol can be imagined of that union in Provence than the Alyscamps of Arles; for among those tombs around St. Honorat we can see both the death of old Rome and the rise of that new Empire which was to last into the nineteenth century, of that new faith which was still to inspire the twentieth. And Arles herself is typical of that Holy Roman Empire, alike in its rise and its decay. The latter lasted on until, as Voltaire said, it was not Holy, it was not Roman, it was not an Empire. Of Arles, it may be said with equal truth that, when her imperial splendours faded, she refused all lesser sovereignty, and has ever since been slowly dying, amid the pathetic remnants of her past magnificence. No longer are her walls for soldiers, her palaces for statesmen, or her quays for merchants. She has become a shrine to which the artist and the poet may make pilgrimage; she has become the tomb of a whole population, of a city buried, like the warrior chiefs of old, with all her jewels and her gold and gods around her.

The words *Campi Elysii* have given rise to two place-names about as different in the associations they arouse as any names could be: the Champs Élysées, that central artery of Parisian life; and the Alyscamps, the Avenue of Death at Arles. There is perhaps a significance in this which will be worth our notice; for it is profoundly true that nothing so clearly reveals the

attitude of every generation towards Life as the monuments which it has raised to Death. This is so because we must envisage the Unknown to ourselves in terms of the Known, and because Art can only represent the meaning of the end of life by using the materials of a



THE ALYSCAMPS.

life that has not yet passed away; by expressing regret for what is left behind, or happiness in hope of change; by laying stress upon the little circle of individual affection which is lost, or upon the greater world of those uncounted multitudes who have but gone before.

The finest tombs of the Alyscamps, as works of art,

are either in the Arles Museum or in the Louvre; but, like those that fringe the sides of that sad avenue of poplar-trees which leads towards St. Honorat, all of these are empty. Sometimes even the names of their dead are wanting. But any consideration of sepulchral architecture brings out at once the fact that we have already lost one great pre-occupation of antiquity, the building of our own tombs. The Pharaohs must have filled up large portions of their lives with it; many of the Roman Emperors made it their highest and most serious task; the busiest of the Popes found time for it; the least important princeling of a tiny state never forgot it. When this fashion seemed slightly passing away the sculptors and the architects revived the same vanity in a different form. For ten whole years Pollaiuolo chiselled the tomb of Sixtus IV.; almost as long were Cousin and Jean Goujon upon that of Louis de Brézé;¹ twenty-nine years' work was represented in the monument of Philip the Bold, thirty-five in that of John the Fearless and Margaret of Bavaria, eighty in that of Maximilian. Life must have seemed almost smothered by these labours in the praise of Death.

Greek art showed the living figure on the tomb of the dead man. Graeco-Roman and early Christian art preserved that living attribute although their sculptors made less of it. In the early Renaissance and

¹ See *The Story of Rouen*, by T. A. Cook, chap. xii. p. 292.

the best of the middle ages the dead lie still, but ready; the helmet near their uncovered head; the gauntlet near their hand; their good sword at their side. At the sound of the trumpet they will arise, ready for the battle they have been dreaming of so long. The sequence of Papal sepulchres in the Lateran and St. Peter's at Rome shows a strange change as time progresses. The once prostrate figure raises himself upon one elbow, looks about him; at last he kneels in prayer, or sits enthroned upon the sepulchre, with outstretched hand to bless or ban. A wave of sinister memories seems in the sixteenth century to have overwhelmed the dead. The warrior asleep has become the *Pensieroso*, sitting, thinking over the melancholy of life. Beneath the knight in armour, mounted on his war-horse, lies the naked corpse, the unveiled horror of the charnel-house. By the eighteenth century life seems to have tried to triumph. Marshal Saxe, his bâton in his hand, marches in all the pomp of military etiquette towards an official and respectable interment. Yet it is a sad and sorry farce. He is far more lifeless than the sleeping warriors of the Gothic churches; for they seem ready to awake, helmeted, and sword in hand, and robed in all their heraldry; their greyhounds up and straining at the leash, and clouds of sympathetic cherubim above them.

So, in this strange development of art, that early

Christian work which we chiefly associate with St. Trophime, St. Honorat, and the Alyscamps, reveals the hunger of these first disciples for the reality of Christ, for the literal and true exactness of the Scriptures. Miracles, and parables, and stories of the saints filled every corner of the stone and marble in these holy plains to which the Rhone brought down upon her waves the bodies of the Christian dead.

“ . . . Dis Aliscamp lou cementèri
Plen de miracle e de mistèri
Plen de capello emai de cros
E tout gibous di mouloun d’os
Se relargavo. . . .”¹

Here was the true necropolis of Gaul, consecrated, as the legend runs, by the blessing of the Christ Himself, who appeared to St. Trophime upon this sacred spot, and by the chapel dedicated to the living Virgin . . . “*sacellum dedicatum deiparae adhuc viventi.*” At first a Roman burial-place, this cemetery gradually became the chosen bourne of every man who wished his body to await in peace the coming of the resurrection. By the twelfth century it was sufficient to place the corpse of some beloved dead, from Avignon or further, into a rude coffin, fashioned like a barrel, and to commit it to the Rhone, which brought its quiet

¹ “The cemetery of the Alyscamps was outstretched, full of miracles and mysteries, full of chapels and tombs, and bossed with heaps of bones. . . .”—*Nerto*.

charge in safety to the beach of La Roquette. No sacrilegious hands were ever laid upon that travelling bier; for once a man of Beaucaire had robbed the coffin that was floating past his bridge, and straightway the corpse remained immovable in the current of the river, and stayed there until the thief confessed his crime and put the jewels back.

Here, until the translation of the relics to the cathedral, lay the body of St. Trophime,¹ and at the end of the seventeenth century Seguin saw in the vaults the tombs of "St. Genet, St. Roland, Archbishop of Arles, St. Concorde, St. Dorothea, the virgin-martyr who was born at Arles, and the two archbishops Hilary and Virgil."

The archway near the present entrance is one of the original gates of the ancient cemetery, and the building to which it is attached is called the chapel of St. Accurse, which was built in 1521 at a time when the arch formed the gateway to the convent of St.

¹ His epitaph was copied in 1687 by Seguin, as follows:—

Trophimus hic colitur Arelatis praesul avitus
Gallia quem primum sensit Apostolicum.

In hunc Ambrosium Proceres fudere nitorem,
Claviger ipse Petrus, Paulus et egregius.

Omnis de cujus suscepit Gallia fonte
Clara salutiferae dogmata tunc fidei.

Hinc constanter ovans cervicem Gallia flectit,
Et matri dignum praebuit obsequium.

Insignis Cluens ingens cui gloria semper
Gaudet apostolicas se meruisse vices.

Césaire, who was one of the very early bishops of Arles in the sixth century. It commemorates a fatal duel which was fought in the Parvis of the convent between a bully named Antoine de Quijéran, Baron de Beaujeu, and the young Accurse de la Tour, who was slain in a quarrel that was pressed upon him for a trifle. He died with the hilt of his sword upon his heart, and the name of his betrothed, Etiennette de Laval, on his lips. The blood-fine of two hundred crowns of gold paid by de Beaujeu was devoted to the building of this chapel, where Masses were said every day for the soul of the young lover, whose tomb may still be seen close by the archway. It is a fitting introduction to a place where the Angel of Death seems so near at hand that you may almost hear the beating of his wings.

The cemetery itself was the scene of that fight between William of Orange (known as the "short nose") and the Saracens, which is described in a thirteenth century poem. A hundred thousand fought on either side, and when the Rhone ran red with blood the Count of Orange fled back to his lady, Guibour, who refused at first to let him in, as I have described elsewhere. In the church of St. Honorat itself is the tomb of the only Frenchman who escaped from the horrors of the Sicilian Vespers, one of the Porcellets. Elsewhere, among the scattered tombs is the little unregarded pyramid that was set up in memory of some of the bravest men

who were ever buried in that historic soil, the Consuls of Arles in the year 1721, the year of the last great plague.

I must stop by it for a moment, in defiance of chronology, to tell you what those consuls did, for they suggest one of the most terrible pages in that long history of Arles, of Provence, and of the Empire, which lies buried in the Alyscamps. Their names were Guillaume de Piquet, Jean François Franconi, Guillaume Granier, and Charles Honorat, and they were elected to take the place of others who had fallen in the same honourable cause, devoting themselves to the salvation of their fellow-citizens from the pestilence.

From 1226 to 1721 there are many horrible instances of the decimation of the people of Arles from this one hideous cause. Two-thirds of them were swept away by the Black Death of 1348, which crammed the cemetery of St. Maclou in Rouen, and devastated Europe. One notary alone in Arles remained at his post throughout a pestilence which was not confined even to the city walls, but stalked abroad through the parched fields of the countryside. From March to August in that fearful year his registers contain nothing but the record of testamentary depositions; not a sale, not a single marriage-contract, had to be written down. Following hard upon the plague came a massacre of the Jews, who were the more easily supposed to be its authors,

because the majority of the citizens were heavily indebted to them. Four times again in that miserable fourteenth century did the plague return. By 1416 the grass was sprouting in the streets, and weeds were growing in the fields. The houses were nearly all deserted. Scarcely had the unhappy city begun to recover from the shock than, in 1429, another pestilence came down upon the weakened population; and men and women had to be tempted to take up their residence here from other parts of France by promises of special exemptions from taxation. In 1456 two magistrates fled from the town, Jacques de Massio, and Jehan de Porcellet, whose name had never had to bear so deep a stain before. But their burgess comrades, Julien Douine and Pierre Borel, stayed nobly at their posts and carried out the duties of their perilous office. Repeated visitations of the same sickness in the sixteenth century led to the establishment of a plague hospital beyond the city walls in 1579.

In 1640 some soldiers from Languedoc, where the contagion was still rife, brought the germs of the plague into that seething cauldron of close-packed and poverty-stricken humanity which the amphitheatre had by that time become. Abandoned to base uses ever since the Romans had departed, in turn a citadel, a dungeon, and a thieves' kitchen, that vast arena had gradually become choked with the hovels of the poor, or the dens of

the criminal. Every archway held its nest of human outcasts. From stone to stone they cast their rotting beams and plaster and burrowed into the very entrails of the enormous building to seek a safe shelter for their hideous iniquities, a secure retreat from the pursuit of the officers of the law.

A man murdered his enemy in the market-place of Arles, carried his corpse to the Arena, and was tracked there by the avengers. But after they had thought to trap him in the four walls of some dark recess, he vanished utterly. In another moment the pursuers were themselves cut off, and as the great stone behind them rolled into its place they caught a glimpse of the hell-mouth beneath them. From its pestiferous recesses rose the noisome exhalations of a crowded airless pit. The smoke of fires swirled fitfully from every corner, and cooking-pots swung heavily above them. Here and there, in wide stone ledges circling upwards, the gable of some temporary tottering shed shone livid in the torchlight as men moved to and fro about their hideous business. A stir of indescribable ferocity, of smothered vice echoed from the cavernous vault. One of the pursuers escaped, but only lived to tell what he had seen, then died in madness.

Such was the place in which the plague broke out in 1640. Already cut off socially from the rest of Arles, the inhabitants of "Les Arènes," as they were called,

were now shut off from all communication. A cordon of militia was drawn up at a safe distance outside, and orders were given to shoot without pity any who attempted to escape. There was no means, within that fatal circle, of burying the dead, of getting fresh water, or of procuring medical assistance. Day by day, the corpses were seen, beneath the walls, of women who had cast themselves down at night to easier death than they could find inside. Morning by morning the soldiers shot down one child after another who tottered out towards the fresh air and the water of the town that had never before refused him either.

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Meanwhile booths were being set up as quickly as possible in a remote faubourg of Arles, and in some of them the plague-stricken, in others the still healthy inhabitants of the amphitheatre, were to be bestowed. At sunrise on the 20th of May the barricades were opened, with a strong guard in attendance, and the first file of volunteers moved into the Roman amphitheatre. The survivors who could still walk, now that they were offered an escape, refused to move from the hovels in which they had hitherto had to be imprisoned by main force. The dying were left beside the dead. The rest were ruthlessly torn out. By midday the passing bell began to toll from the church close at hand, and the hideous procession made its way slowly through the great north door, between a double line of soldiers

with their haliebardes lowered. At once the whole population of the city rushed to the spectacle. Some few had acquaintances, even relations, in that plague-stricken band of phantoms; and here and there a woman would struggle through the soldiers to catch a wasted hand she once had loved, or a child—and there were very few of them—would slip beneath the weapons of the guards and run into the crowd of citizens behind towards a well-known face. A long wail of distress and agony went up from every side as the line grew longer and the crowd that pressed upon it grew more passionate. A charitable rain of offerings fell from one quarter and another upon the sick and weary prisoners—garments, bread, fruit, and wine—some of it only to fall unheeded and be trampled in the mud. Here and there the men from “*Les Arènes*,” leaving the provisions of which they stood so sore in need, were seen to be fighting with the last remnant of their strength for the coins that richer citizens had thrown in misplaced kindness; for they could buy nothing.

Suddenly a man died; died in horrible convulsions among the muddy cobblestones of the main street; and, as if some dread signal had been given, five more fell dead beside him. Those in front stopped, trembling. Those behind refused to move. For a moment panic seemed about to break loose, and a quick order was given to the arquebusiers. From all sides of the road the

soldiers hemmed in the procession, blew on their matches, and prepared to fire into the wavering ranks. But the immediate danger passed. As soon as the leading files had passed the city gate and felt the fresh air blowing from the fields, a merciful balm seemed to have been laid upon their favoured brow. The relics of St. Roch had been brought out and laid upon an altar by the wayside. With one accord the multitude, plague-stricken and whole alike, fell upon their knees. Above them on a rocky eminence, protected by their guards, the archbishop and his clergy raised the chants of Holy Church, and blessed their stricken people. Headed by the reliquary of the saint, the procession went on with new faith and new hope, and as they disappeared into the places set apart for them, the people on the walls of Arles were singing:—

*Ora pro nobis, beate Roche,
Ut mereamur preservari a morte.*

The plague of 1720 was the only repetition of these fearful sufferings that can ever be compared with them, and the last which Provence had to bear. Brought from Marseilles in March on board a ship from the Levant, the contagion was carried into Arles by a Tarascon pedlar, who had bought some of her infected cargo, and sold it to a tradesman who was found dead in the town. His children, his wife, his mother died soon afterwards. Sanitary committees were imme-

diately formed by the civic authorities, and every ordinary precautionary measure was at once enforced. The poor, and all without homes or means of support, were sent into isolated camps at Trinquetaille. The monastery of St. Honorat in the Alyscamps was one of several buildings set apart as special hospitals. Enormous trenches were dug in the nearest shores of the Camargue in which to bury the dead, who soon fell too quickly for any funeral rites to be still possible. All this had not happened until November, and at first it seemed as if the quick precautions born of cruel experience had been sufficient to check all but the first outburst. Then came news that the plague had once more broken out in the Amphitheatre. The fearful memories of eighty years before had not yet died out, and the same stern measures of seclusion were again adopted. Then men waited, as though on the verge of a volcano.

In March 1721 Arles was cut off, by royal orders, from all communication with her neighbours, and mills were put up on the banks of the Rhone to grind the flour that had formerly been imported. In the month of May only one hundred and thirty persons perished. The inhabitants begged M. de Caylus to be allowed to reap their harvests, in fields which lay outside the line of isolation. But the eyes of almost the whole of France, terrified at what might happen, were upon him; and he refused. The scum of the streets, and the more reck-

less citizens, chafed against a severity they misunderstood, and riots arose in which the town's small stock of grain was looted, wasted, thrown away. Three thousand ruffians, followed by their women and children, forced the bridge of the Crau, and scattered over the countryside. Within the town barricades were immediately set up by the authorities, and the whole place put in a state of siege. The archbishop, heroically endeavouring to restore order, went in person to Trinquetaille, where most of the rioters had gathered, and exhorted them, by every means of persuasion, to remember their duty to their city and to Provence. Three of the ringleaders were publicly shot by de Caylus's guards, in June 1721, and a compromise was arrived at by a slight extension of the lines of isolation. But the evil had been done. In that one month the plague claimed three thousand five hundred and twenty victims.

Those who ventured out of doors were hurled into the hospitals on the least sign of weakness, and when the hospitals were crammed to overflowing, the sick were left untended in the streets; those who stayed in their homes died, alone amid the wealth they tried so fruitlessly to guard, untended by servants, by relations, by their own sons. Neither fresh linen nor serviceable drugs were to be found any more in the whole town. The bakers closed their ovens, and no more bread was

made. The butchers left their shops, for there were no more beasts to slaughter. Nîmes, Beaucaire, and Rheims did what they could for the unhappy city by sending generous alms; the Bishop of Castres and the Archbishop of St. Trophime sent their whole stock of plate and linen; the monks of the monastery of Montmajour sent all their money: in the very worst of the disorder M. de Jossand, major in the Régiment de Noailles, came from Tarascon to take command of the Arles garrison, after the death of M. de Beaumont. It was from him that hope at last began, and safety came a little nearer. By his energy a vessel was sent up the Rhone with medicines and curatives of all kinds, and barges were started along the river, laden with grain and loaves, from Tarascon and Beaucaire. All through August the harvest of hideous death went on—

“ . . . La Mort, segant la farandoulo—
 Hoù! Hoù! la Mort-peleto idoulo—
 S'esperlongon alor en lènto proucessioun ·
 Li rengueirado vierginenco
 Li Penitent dins si bourrenco
 E dins si raubo purpurenco
 Lou Parlamen illustre, e vint coungregacioun.”¹

For a time no practical measures, no religious fervour, no patriotic charity seemed able to stem the strength of

¹ “Death with his scythe sweeps down the dance, his hideous skeleton howling --and then the slow procession of the virgin ranks begins, the penitents in black or purple robes, the senators, and congregations by the score.”—*Calendal*.

the pestilence, or to alleviate horrors which were doubled by the inevitable outbreak of brigandage and every form of crime. In the convent of St. Césaire by the Alyscamps the courage and persistence of the abbess alone stamped out the disease before it had entirely devastated her flock. But the consuls were driven from the Hôtel de Ville, and had to meet elsewhere to transact their business, in a town where the very churches had to close their doors for fear of the contagion of the congregations. All four of them died, and their dangerous office was taken up by the four men whose tomb I have mentioned in the Alyscamps. With eight others they now formed a sanitary commission which had originally numbered sixty. Each survivor had to do the work of five. The heat and drought of that awful summer lent the last touch of fatal virulence to the disease. The registers were so crammed with entries that margins and even bindings were inscribed with dead; for four thousand and twenty-five had died within a month.

In their despair, men and women, weak themselves but still untouched, began processions round the town, carrying the relics of St. Roch before them. At last the worst was over. The devoted efforts of the consuls in every quarter of the town—almost in every house—began to bear fruit. The deaf ears of the Deity seemed at last to open to the agony and the supplications of

His worshippers. It was again possible to send armed patrols through the streets to enforce the sanitary ordinances. Great fires were lit in the open spaces, and cannon were fired down the streets. In August only three hundred and forty-one deaths were registered. By the end of September the pestilence was over. The enfeebled population were allowed out into their lands to reap what little harvest there was left. The town was saved at last; and in their work of saving her the consuls died. That little pyramid in the Alysamps alone preserves the names, and the heroic efforts, of Piquet, Franconi, Granier, and Honorat—four of the noblest of the citizens of Arles.

The church of St. Honorat at the end of the long avenue of tombs is a building that seems overcome by the desolation and decay of which it has for so many centuries been the guardian. The raised choir is built over a crypt, as at San Miniato, and its sturdy, round pillars look so squat because the soil has gradually risen above their bases until nearly half of every shaft is buried. It is a very ancient foundation, which has been frequently restored; but the west doorway with its zig-zag carving is evidently of the twelfth century, as is the very beautiful and peculiarly shaped belfry which surmounts the whole, with the most unusual feature of the dome that covers it.

The St. Honorat to whom this church in the Alys-

camps was dedicated was born in Toul. He founded on one of the Îles de Lérins, between Antibes and Fréjus, an abbey which became the Thébaïde of Provence, and now bears his name, next to the Île Ste. Marguerite. This little island, for it is the smaller of the two, and



ST. HONORAT DES ALYSCAMPS, ARLES.

lies beyond the other, still contains fragments of almost every style of building known in Provence from the time of the Romans. It had been deserted by their latest garrisons when St. Honorat first reached it. Probably nothing of his time remains. But the chapel of Ste. Trinité, at the eastern point of the island, is one

of the earliest structures in Provence. The original had a triapsal choir crowned by a small dome, and above the old walls the Spaniards built up a square platform for guns in the sixteenth century. The interior, however, retains features of construction which may well go back as far as the seventh century; and it deserves comparison with the ancient crypt beneath the church of St. Gervais at Rouen, which was built in 406 by St. Victrice, and is the oldest relic of its kind in France. The eleventh century church was replaced by a new church in 1876; but the old original cloister, built in the simple Cistercian style, still remains, with its circular vault strengthened by transverse ribs. The monastery, however, was a far more important building, and the castle which protected it still shows the great square crenelated towers which were finished in 1190. In the eastern division of this monastic keep is an open cloister, which was once three, and is now two, stories in height, and is reached by a narrow passage from the entrance in the north wall. It was probably begun in 1315, and completed, after an interval in which nothing was done, before 1422, probably soon after the body of St. Honorat was brought here from Forcalquier. The upper and lower cloisters together form one of the most interesting architectural features to be seen in Europe.¹

¹ For a description fuller than I can give in this place, see MacGibbon's *Architecture of Provence and the Riviera*, pp. 324-340.

I have mentioned this monastery here partly because St. Honorat, its founder, afterwards became Archbishop of Arles, and partly because such foundations as his, or that of the Abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles, by Cassian, may be taken as typical of that extraordinary religious situation with which the invading Barbarians came in contact. These uncultured and untaught soldiers were suddenly faced by the stupendous and massive edifices erected for Rome's pleasure or dominion, on the one hand; on the other they found the crowding worshippers, the already stately ceremonies, of a Christian faith as different from their own rude sacrifices as was the Coliseum from the hovels and waggons of their roving communities. The double influence went on in other directions as well. If the skill of a well-trained Roman official was indispensable to princes who were suddenly called upon to rule wide lands and scattered populations, so the aid of the Christian bishops, the intellectual aristocracy of these new subjects, was equally invaluable both in guiding their own policy and in conciliating the vanquished. From these considerations arose the association of the Empire with the Church, and the belief in the eternal universality of both.

*"His ego nec metas rerum, nec tempora pono;
Imperium sine fine dedi. . . ."*

If the Empire had grown somewhat weaker, its work had been taken on by the Church, until the two be-

came indissoluble, and the sanctity of one was endued with the strength and the traditions of the other; for indeed no power has ever since been based upon foundations so sure and so deep as those which the Roman Empire laid during three centuries of conquest and four of undisturbed dominion. There are many who see, in the deep-rooted belief of the French people, that to them it naturally belongs to lead the policy of neighbouring states, a survival, for good or evil, of that imperialist spirit of Rome which was so deeply ingrained in her constitution and her soil during the centuries when Rome was ruling in Provence.

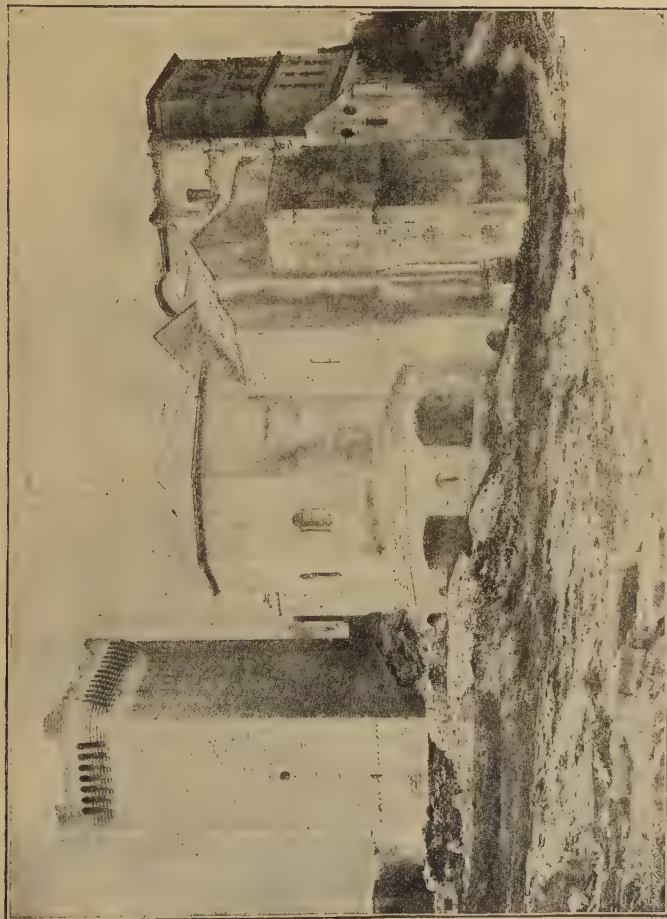
Yet, if it had not been for Christian churches as well as Roman laws, it is doubtful whether Rome herself could have lasted through the chaos out of which the empire of Charlemagne was finally evolved.

The first kingdom of the Burgundians, founded in 406 from Dijon to the Mediterranean, was wrecked by the sons of Clovis in 534, and survived weakly through the Merovingian dynasty in shrunken borders. Arles had already suffered many a siege when the Franks succeeded to what Burgundians and Goths had held. Yet through it all she kept to Roman customs, and remained a centre of religious legislation. In 570 the Lombards fell upon her, and though they no doubt brought certain principles of the art of those Comacine "Freemasons," whose work we shall see at St. Tro-

phime, yet they devastated once more, with fire and sword, a Provence that must have wellnigh reached the limit of endurance. Her greatest name, in those terrible years, was that of Mummolus, who held back the invaders as well as he could, assisted by the military bishops of Gap and Embrun. But even he could not survive the intestinal struggles which desolated Provence from Marseilles northwards, and which originated among those who should have combined for her defence. As if human dangers were not enough, earthquakes began to shake the tortured soil, and plague broke out along the valley of the Rhone.

Amidst all these accumulated horrors, Childebert founded the famous Abbey of Montmajour on the hill just outside Arles, which was then surrounded with so much water that it is called in ancient deeds an island; "*insula S. Petri quae nominatur a monte majori*," as is written in the Act of Exchange by which "the Chapter of St. Stephen of Arles" gave it up for other property in Provence in the ninth century. In 974 it passed into the hands of the Abbot Mauringus by consent of Manassès, Archbishop of Arles. Its lands were almost at once largely increased, and by 1019 Abbé Rambert was asking another Archbishop of Arles to consecrate the chapel of Ste. Croix on the eastern slope of the hill; and the close connection kept up with the metropolis is once more evident in 1040 when the Archbishop Raimbaud

secured to Montmajour some lands endangered by the powerful monastery of St. Victor at Marseilles. By Count Raymond-Bérenger, the fishermen of Arles were ordered to take the first sturgeon caught between Fourques and the sea to the Abbey of Montmajour, a privilege which provided numerous causes for quarrel from 1193 to 1740. The abbot's rights to his own gibbet and justice, brought into question in 1336, were confirmed over the lands of Montmajour and Castellet in 1417. On several occasions the same man had held both the dignities of abbot of Montmajour and Archbishop of Arles before his death. Such were Louis d'Allemand, Cardinal Pierre de Foix, Philippe and Eustache de Levis, and Nicholas Cibo. The Pardon of Ste. Croix, which had attracted a pilgrimage of nearly 150,000 persons in 1409, was given a still higher reputation by the bull of Pope Julius II.; and in 1502 the independence of the monastery was finally assured by Alexander VI. The foundation-stone of the latest buildings was laid by the Archbishop of Arles in 1703, after a magnificent plan suggested by the Benedictine monks of that time; and these are the strangely modern-looking rooms which may still be seen in ruins near the old towers and shrines. The mass of architecture may be easily visited on the way out of Arles towards Fontvieille and Les Baux, and presents a very clear epitome of the history just sketched.



THE ABBEY OF MONTMAJOUR.

I first saw Montmajour as one stage in the most beautiful drive Provence, or perhaps any country, can show, the journey that begins at St. Remy, passes through Les Baux, and so, by way of Montmajour, reaches the town of Arles. The guide pays no attention to historic sequence in showing the visitors a mass of architecture which resumes at least five different periods of Provençal building. But the heart of the whole is the smallest, lowliest, structure of them all, the rough and rock-hewn sanctuary in which St. Trophime is said to have preached the Gospels to the first Christian catechists who burrowed in the very bowels of the rock for safety. This ancient and sacred hiding-place was later on converted into a chapel and enclosed with an arcade cut in the rock. Over this again an outer wall was added to form a chapel dedicated to St. Peter. At its east end are the three rude chambers, hewn in rock without any architectural features except a rude seat cut all round the inner side and the apse. One of these cells was the confessional of St. Trophime. At the west end is a space forming a kind of narthex. Its external buttresses are the lowest feature in the whole mass of buildings, at the eastern end, as you look at them from the garden to the south.

Above this ancient site, on the upper part of the rock, was built the monastery, protected by fortified walls, and by a huge oblong donjon-keep, erected in

1369, by Pons de l'Orme, of square-dressed stones with the surface left rough. The whole forms a parallelogram of forty-eight feet by thirty-two feet, with a slight projection at the south-west angle to hold the spiral staircase which leads to the top, where a magnificent view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The impression of military strength obtained as you slowly pass one fortified room after another, and finally reach the platform upheld by its machicolated battlements, makes a very strong contrast with the purely religious character of the buildings round it; and this combination of religious with military architecture is one that we shall find to be particularly characteristic of the churches of Provence.

The church of the monastery is in the severe Provençal style of the twelfth century, without aisles; for though it was begun in 1016 it was not continued for two hundred years, and it has never been completed. Both the church and the huge crypt beneath it are in the form of a Latin cross, and the upper building forms one great hall with a transept and apse and extremely short nave; the choir too is very short, as is usual in Cistercian churches. The enriched Gothic chapel was added to the north transept in the fourteenth century. The cloister is equally simple, and in this, beautiful as are its proportions, it offers a strong contrast to the richly-chiselled decorations of St. Trophime. The

bodies of Geoffrey, Count of Provence (d. 1066), and of Adelaide, widow of Count William I. (d. 992), were buried here. Its arcades are formed of segmented arches springing from solid piers and fluted pillars, and each large arch is filled with three smaller ones resting on pairs of light shafts with sculptured capitals. The original lean-to roof, covered with stone flags, and provided with large gargoyles and corbels, is here preserved, and will show what the cloister of St. Trophime must have looked like when it was first constructed.

The most interesting structure after this is the separate little chapel of Ste. Croix, which stands by itself beyond the east end of the main mass of buildings. This is a very remarkable church, which seems far more appropriate to the east than to any western home of religion. Its four apses are arranged in the form of a Greek cross, crowned with a square dome. At the west end is a square porch, which will remind you of the entrance to Notre Dame des Doms at Avignon.¹ The triangular pediments and cornices, of egg-mouldings and modillions, and the circular arch of the doorway, are all reminiscent of late Roman work, while the ornamental cresting and other details are thoroughly Byzantine. The inscription which mentions Charlemagne is a forgery, and Mérimée showed that the date of the

¹ See Note on p. 248.

building was 1019. It was probably a mortuary chapel, and the excavations outside it, at the west and at the south-east, are meant to represent the graves of martyrs, which were supposed to lend additional sanctity to the burial-place.

Of the inextricable mixture of eighteenth century work on the hill, and various other unimportant details on the "Island of Montmajour," I have deliberately said nothing, for the place is only mentioned here to give one more instance of the religious activity that was so remarkable among the Benedictines and other religious orders, who were almost the sole guardians of scholarship and culture in an age of ignorance and violence. The taste which guided the builders of Montmajour, not in their architecture only, but in their choice of so noble and impressive a site, is but one indication of the ideals which they upheld so worthily. Desolated, ruined far more by man's brutality than by the kindlier hand of time, these abbey walls preserve an undying memory of all that is represented by their past, a past which began to show its promise only when the Saracens had been finally vanquished; and it is a singular example of that difference in geographical conditions on which I have so often had to insist, that the invading Mohammedans were able to reach "the island of Montmajour" by boats from the Mediterranean.

Though Charlemagne created the Western empire
 France when they attempted to attack the very heart
 of France, the northern provinces within reach of the
 Pyrenees consisted of the mass of the settled population
 from Spain who had begun to work and tillage the
 buildings of Provence as well as they could come.
 It was more than a century before they were drawn out
 with any prospect of freedom; and it was the Franks who
 created Provence of them, for the Franks who held the
 majority of Spain, Majorca, Minorca, and Sicily
 found himself powerless to conquer them without
 help. The long and exhausting struggle for centuries
 which these various western had endured—a warfare
 against hordes of men and women as brave as against
 the population itself—had one good result out of all the
 evil which preceded it: for Church and State, those two
 great entities that were gradually coming out of the chaos
 of individual anarchy, were slowly welded together
 in the conflict of both against the Mohammedans. The
 Church had taken Jesus, Charlemagne, the Frankish King,
 took the Emperor's crown, and between them the Holy
 Roman Empire came into being. The only sovereign
 of the time who could compare with Charlemagne was
 the famous Harun al-Rashid, who, as the head of the
 Moslem world, was the Key of Jerusalem in the hand
 of the Christian world, besides a walking clock, an ape,
 and an elephant, things which impressed the imagination

tion of those times as typifying that Charlemagne had been invested with the sovranity of Jerusalem and the lordship of the world.

The dream did not seem so far off now, the noble ideal of the unity of God and of the religion of all nations. For it was on their religious life that the permanence of nations had ever seemed to depend as far back as nationality could be predicated at all; and the brotherhood of man, depending as it did upon the common worship of so great a section of humanity, seemed likely to unite the tribes which had been divided by their various creeds, just as strongly as the common language and the common law of Rome had welded together the diverse tongues and customs of so many various populations. By Clement, by Alcuin, by St. Benedict, by Paul Warnefrid, by Theodulf, by Agabart, the results of that unification were brilliantly proclaimed, and it became the central governing fact of the world's progress, indissolubly connected with the Church.

A terrible shock was, however, given to this new system, which in the reign of Charlemagne had arisen almost too swiftly, almost too perfectly, by the renewed attacks of the Barbarians when Charlemagne's empire was divided at his death. But that division was rather the result of exaggeration in extent than of intrinsic weakness of quality. However high might be the ideals

of all in spiritual matters, many little material difficulties had yet to be adjusted, many irresistible individualities of race and tradition remained to be reckoned with. One result of this partition of the boundaries was the foundation of the two kingdoms of Burgundy: the upper, called *Burgundia Transjurenensis*, founded by Rudolf, and recognised by the Emperor in 888, included the north of Savoy and all Switzerland from the Reuss to the Jura; the lower, called the kingdom of Provence, founded by Boson, brother-in-law of Charles the Bold, in 879, included Provence, Dauphiné, the southern part of Savoy, and the country from the Jura to the Saône, and its kings were crowned at Arles. But all this had not been accomplished without the sad but certain proof having been given that the Church, mighty as had been her influence in civilising and unifying mankind, could not defend the nation from their enemies; and men whose life in this world had been wholly wrecked were not yet ready to accept, as perfect consolation, her promises of happiness in the world to come. Provence, for instance, had seen Roland, Archbishop of Arles, besieged by the Saracens in his own abbey of St. Césaire on the Isle of the Camargues; she had seen the invaders bought off with difficulty by huge ransoms in money, stuffs, and slaves; she had seen the corpse of the archbishop, attired in all his sacerdotal splendour, carried over a

Saracen ship's side and derisively returned to the care of his fellow-countrymen who had paid so heavily for his release. It was evident that some new machinery for solving the practical problems of life had to be devised; and that machinery was found in the feudalism which lasted until the continued absence of the barons at the Crusades gave the free communes a chance to seize their liberty, and to found, upon the shoulders of the people, the true powers of the king.

Of the feudalism that filled, for a time, the gap so well, Boson, King of Provence, was one of the first and the most powerful champions, and he was elected by twenty-three bishops of the south and east of Gaul in council assembled. His kingdom, as such, has almost vanished from history; but it held the land between the Rhone and the Alps, and in modern geographical terms it included Provence, Orange, the Venaissin, Dauphiné, Lyons, Bresse, Bugey, Franche Comté, Savoy, Nice, and a large part of Switzerland. With the Rhone and Saône to the west, the Alps to the east, and the Mediterranean to the south, its natural boundaries seemed as well marked out as those of any kingdom of France; and all its inhabitants (save a few in what was to be Switzerland) spoke the Latin speech. There was, indeed, no valid reason, in the nature of things, why the kingdom of Arles, instead of the kingdom of France, should not gradually have absorbed all

the territory that eventually became French; just as Saxony or Bavaria might have risen to the place which was eventually held by Prussia in the German Empire of 1871.

The dominion of the Frankish kings of the house of Clovis corresponded neither to ancient Gaul nor to the territory of modern France, and did not extend much further than the Loire. Charlemagne was indeed the Lord of Western Christendom, gathering Saxony, Bavaria, Lombardy, and Aquitaine under his rule, and wearing—as a Teutonic king—the diadem of Augustus bestowed by Rome herself. But to him Paris was only the provincial town occasionally visited by the lord of Rome and Aachen, who spoke his native Teutonic; and though he also acquired the Latin, and could understand the Greek, he could neither speak nor understand the French, if indeed any French language could yet be said to have existed.

Boson was Count of Bourges, of Lyons, and of Vienne, Duke of Aquitaine, and Abbot of St. Maurice in the Valois, one of the richest abbeys of the Empire. He was therefore well equipped to take up the responsibilities of the kingdom of Arles and no doubt the ecclesiastics who elected him fully understood his value as a protection against the attacks of the Saracens and other invaders. He was succeeded on the throne in 887 by his ten-year-old son, Louis Boson, who was under

the regency of the widow Hermengarde, and was once more confirmed in his rule by the election of the Church. That these elective powers surpassed any hereditary principle became clearer still when Hugh, son of Count Theobald, succeeded to the regal power of Louis Boson, who, after a vain attempt on Lombardy and Italy, had been blinded by his enemies, and had languished away in Vienne; leaving much of his wealth to the monasteries and churches of the Rhone. Hugh, more attracted by Italy than by the lands he had a right to rule, only deserved well of Provence by destroying the Saracen stronghold of Fraxinet from which the infidels had been accustomed to ravage the Mediterranean coast, where their memory is preserved in the name of the *Montagnes des Maures*. But he lost all his popularity and power by eventually making a treaty with the Mohammedans which left them far more advantage on French soil than was either natural or right, and after having given up the greater part of his dominions he was at last forced to abdicate the throne of Arles itself. The Saracens were not finally driven out until the time of Count William I., who succeeded to Provence in 968.

By 962 Otho the Great had been crowned Emperor at Rome; and the last emperor whose suzerainty the French kings admitted was the first to found again the real strength of that Holy Roman Empire which Charlemagne began. In 987 the kingdom of modern

France may be said to have begun with Hugh Capet, to whom Lotharingia, Provence, and Burgundy belonged as little as did England, and Aquitaine was virtually independent. Provence had practically fallen by this time into the hands of the territorial magnates, and a thorough realisation of their own powerlessness drew the Counts of Provence who called themselves kings of Arles, to seek the definite protection of the Emperor Conrad II., the first monarch of the great Franconian line, who entered into possession of "the Arclate" in 1032, seven years before he died. Its acquisition was of importance to the Empire, for it was a Romance land; it made the Empire look less German; for several generations it put off the tendency to union between Burgundy and France; and it guarded the Italian frontier. After 1032 it is only as counts, as men who must do homage to the Emperor for their fief, that one can speak of the rulers of Provence; and after that date too we find that the Emperors, as Kings of Arles, were often crowned there, as well as at Rome, at Aachen, and at Monza.¹ And though they may not all have attached as much importance to Arles as to

¹ A notary of Frederick's household, quoted by Mr. Bryce, gives (*Holy Roman Empire*, p. 193) the list of these four coronations as follows:—

"Primus Aquisgrani locus est, post haec Arelati,
Inde Modoetiae regali sede locari,
Post solet Italiae summa corona dari . . ."

their other ceremonial visits, the Emperors began to recognise the value of Provence as a bulwark against France in 1350 when they lost Dauphiné; and the union of Provence with France, in 1481, proved a serious calamity to them, for it brought the French nearer Switzerland and opened to them a tempting passage into Italy.

What Bosc of Provence had represented in feudalism, that was Raymond de St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse, in the Crusades which were preached under Pope Urban II., in 1095. The religious fervour of the people had been stirred at first by the sufferings of their own land from the Saracen; then by the universal terror of the year 1000, which was supposed to be the end of the world; and finally by an outburst of almost fanatical enthusiasm for the call to free the Holy City from the defilement of the infidel. The words of Peter the Hermit fell like flames upon the stubble, and there was a mighty upheaval from one end of France to the other. Not one of the great feudal princes who started for Palestine was so wealthy or so powerful as the Count Raymond of Toulouse, of Rouèrgue, and of Nîmes and Duke of Narbonne; and all the south land followed him.

The character of the Provençal, as it appeared in Count Raymond's army, has been preserved for us by a contemporary eyewitness,¹ and it is worth tran-

¹ Quoted in Michelet, *Hist. de France*, vol. ii. p. 277.

scribing here as an instance of the tenacity of national characteristics: "The Provençal is as different from the Frenchman as a duck from a chicken, in customs, character, costume, and food. Not very warlike, if the truth be told, but their prudence during the time of famine was more useful than all the courage of more military races. Without bread they were content to eat roots or the stalks of vegetables, and carried a long iron rod with which they probed the earth for eatables. Hence came the proverb: 'The Frenchman for fighting, but the Provençal for victuals.' But they were not always honest, for they sometimes sold dog for hare, and donkey for goat's flesh, and were not above killing a stray horse or mule when they had the chance, which they did in a secret manner of their own that much surprised the ignorant; and they were usually offered the carcass by the astonished owner, who was as sorry for their apparent starvation as they were amused at his evident stupidity." Their constant liveliness and loquacity is observed by another historian; and it is clear that with some of the civilisation of the Greeks they had absorbed a little of their cunning; while the industry of their commercial habits was not unmixed with a large share of chicanery; and the whole was leavened by a freedom of thought and life reflected from the many eastern customs with which they had already come in contact.

But there are better associations than this between Provence and the Crusades. In 1080 a citizen of Martigues, Gérard Tenque by name, founded the Hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, which afterwards became the great order of the Knights of Malta; and the husband of Gerberge, Countess of Provence, who was called Gilbert the Good, brought back many relics from the Holy Land which were afterwards to be seen in the churches of Arles and all its district. One of his daughters, as we shall learn later, was wedded to a Seigneur of Les Baux; the other, with the pretty name of Douce, married Raymond-Bérenger, Count of Barcelona, and therewith began a dynasty of Catalan Counts, on the eastern bank of the Rhone. Under this Raymond-Bérenger the many fiefs into which Provence had been divided were gradually brought into a closer union: Forcalquier, which included Avignon, Cavaillon, Gap, Embrun, and other places, besides the County of Venaissin; the Viscounty of Marseilles, which included Toulon, Trets, Hyères, Fos, and Martigues; the barony of Guignan; the county of Sault; and the strongest of all, the barony of Les Baux. Raymond-Bérenger died in a hospitallery of the Knights Templars, who were then at the height of their power, and was succeeded in 1130 by his second son, Bérenger-Raymond, in Provence. The house of Les Baux, seconded by the galleys of the Genoese, now made continuous efforts to secure the

sovranty. They were repulsed for a time by the help of Barcelona, and eventually the second Raymond-Bérenger was firmly fixed in the Provençal dominions by the same puissant aid; but not until Hugues des Baux had been driven out of Arles and conquered, in 1161. The politic marriage between young Raymond-Bérenger and Richilda, niece of the Empress, seemed about to settle him firmly, and for long, in his domains, when he was slain, in 1166, beneath the walls of Nice in a vain attempt to extend the boundaries of the realm he had but just acquired with so much difficulty.

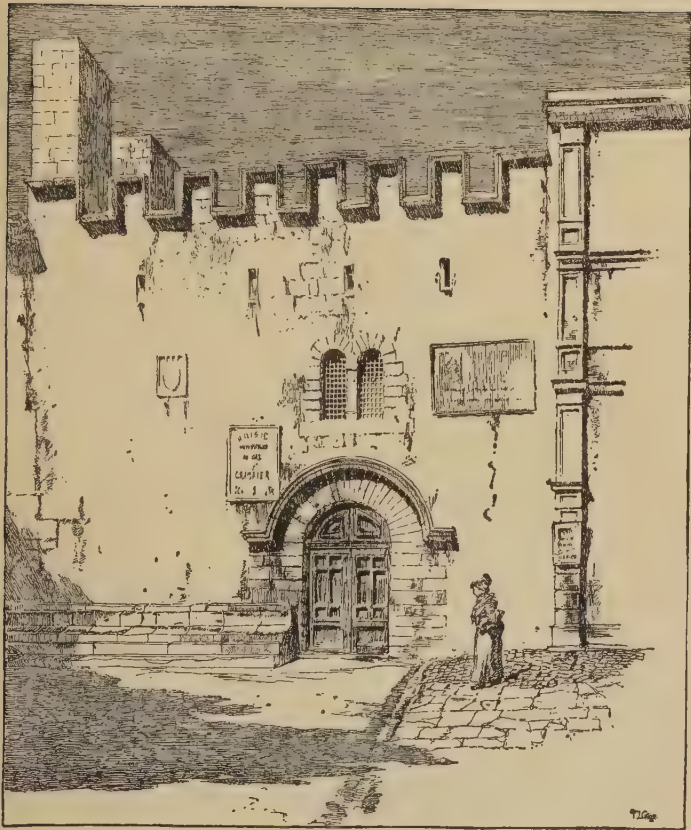
Only twelve years afterwards the house of Les Baux inherited the county of Orange through Bertrand, brother-in-law to Raimbault the troubadour, and thus acquired the title of Prince, conferred by Frederick Barbarossa as he passed through Orange to Arles. Bertrand's son was granted the kingdom of Arles by the Emperor Frederick II., and throughout the thirteenth century Orange did homage to Provence, which in turn was itself a fief of the Empire, and as such was done homage for, to the Emperor, by its counts, until the time of Charles d'Anjou (d. 1285).

The houses of private citizens of this time are so rare that I must now draw particular attention to the Romanesque house at Arles, with the parapets above it, drawn for me by Mr. F. L. Griggs, with that round-arched doorway which will remind us of the decorative arches

of St. Trophime; and at St. Gilles is an even finer example of a Romanesque dwelling, which stands up a by-street opposite the great west front of the cathedral, and is now used as the dwelling of the curé. In this was born Pope Clement IV. (1265-1268), and the house itself probably dates from about the middle of the twelfth century; and though the outside was preserved by Prosper Mérimée as a "monument historique," not much is left of the splendours of the interior except the chimneypiece on the second floor. It was dedicated as the habitation of the priest in 1877.

With the middle of the twelfth century I have now reached the period of the building of the church of St. Trophime, for amid all the changing fortunes that have been already sketched, it will be seen that very little opportunity for building can have occurred; and it is most significant that the art which resulted in the wonderful portal we shall now examine appears to have begun to flourish just when the city of Arles proclaimed itself a Republic, a form of internal government which it preserved from 1131 to 1251.

It was therefore within the walls of St. Trophime that the Emperor Barbarossa was crowned in 1178, and that his son was crowned King of Burgundy after him. But no better instance could be given of the almost inextricable entanglements of suzerainty at this time than the fact that homage for Arles was done to the



ROMANESQUE HOUSE AT ARLES. (Drawn by F. L. Griggs.)

Emperor Henry VI. (who was crowned in 1190) by Richard Cœur de Lion of England; a transaction which represented the fact that Richard had handed over England to the Emperor, and received the fief of Arles in exchange, thus being enabled, as a prince of the Empire, to vote at the election of Frederick II.¹ The kingdom of England was also, of course, graciously returned to Richard, as a fief of the Empire; but the policy involved in the grant of Arles was no doubt that of expressing hostility to France by the most vivid and picturesque means at the Emperor's command.

The review of history that has been suggested to us by the cemetery of the Alyscamps ends, therefore, as it began, with a greater realisation of the meaning and the power of the Church, as the vital expression of the Holy Roman Empire in Provence. For, after the year 1000 had passed away without the sounding of the trump of doom, the Crusades began a development of liberty which was, in its final source, directly attributable to the Church. Feudality had had its reasons; but it left a feudal overlord, who turned into the tyrant of his countryside. But when he had armed his serfs and vassals, when he had led them to Palestine, when he had suffered hunger and thirst and wounds with them

¹ Hoveden (quoted by Bryce) says: "*Consilio matris suae deposuit se de regno Angliae et tradidit illud imperatori Henrico Sexto sicut universorum domino.*"

in war against the infidel, their relations became entirely changed. The poorer men who went to fight came back with broader views on many subjects; the poorer men who stayed at home took the opportunity of their lord's absence to live in greater freedom, and to frame the first idea of the first Communes. The absence of the barons had strengthened the King as much as it had helped the people; and these two extremes found each their own benefit in the rise of the other, being warmly assisted by the bishops and clergy, who were ready to accept anything rather than the continued power of the feudal overlord.

In the north it was Church and King which rose: in Provence it was the people and the Church. The Republic of Arles and the Church of St. Trophime typify the social evolution of the country in the middle of the twelfth century; and perhaps the most illuminating example of the change wrought in men's minds is to be found in the process which developed "Gothic architecture" (as it is so wrongly called) in the north, and which evolved the Romanesque cathedral of the south out of the primitive basilica.

PART II.—ST. TROPHIME AND ST. GILLES

“Ansin la nav de Sant-Trefume
 Que longo-mai l'encèns parfume
 Amount se bandiguè cenacle esperitau
 Di primat d'Arle e di counceile;
 Ansin la glèiso de Sant-Gile
 Emè li Sant de l'Evangile
 Que vihon aplanta sonto si tres pourtau
 E sa viseto qu'en mourgeto
 Es perfourado . . .
 . . Erias li Franc Massoun! La tibro,
 Aplanarello irresistiblo,
 Coume un lume de nive brihavo”¹

WITHOUT some clear realisation of the disorders of the Middle Ages, it is quite impossible to understand their passion for the unity typified by the Roman Empire and the Roman Church. Few and slight as must necessarily be—in a book of this kind—the indications of the violence, the uncertainty, the manifold terrors of the centuries between 500 and 1150, they have been, I hope, sufficient to explain that frenzy of obedience,

¹ “Thus was thrust up to heaven the nave of St. Trophime, and ever may it be perfumed with incense, that holy meeting-place of the councils of the Church and the Archbishops of Arles; thus mounted towards God the church of St. Gilles, with the saints of the Gospel who stand and watch beneath its triple portal, and its little spiral staircase was wrought out . . . Ye Freemasons, its builders, hail! Your trowel that levelled every difficulty shone like a lamp in the dark night. . . .”—*Calendal*.

that unquestioning submission to dogma and to sacerdotalism which was one inevitable result of all that had



A CHOIRSTALL AT ALBI.

gone before. Phrases, which have now degenerated into the mere catch-words of a mechanical and unmeaning liturgy, were then filled with a vital and profound sincerity. Unable, still, to rise far above material feelings, men realised, with a thrill that was as full of awe as of belief, the visible Church militant upon earth; and into language which was equally insistent and intelligible they translated the doctrines of a triumphant Church in heaven, or of a kingdom of the damned in hell. They willingly surrendered all their individual opinions

to one comforting body of belief, which was the constant companion of their thoughts, and which was brought practically into contact with their lives from the first

morning Mass to the last vesper hymn at evening, from their first entry into being at baptism to the last consecration of their ashes after death.

By degrees the signs and symbols of this unseen life so multiplied in number and in strength that it seemed even more real than the phenomena of their own senses. The Church became, not the portal merely from this world to the world to come, but the very incarnation of them both; for if she hallowed and sanctified the one, she visibly displayed the other; and this is the true key to the architecture of the centuries from 1100 to 1400, as it is also the true, and only, reason why that architecture can never reappear. For the state of mind and conditions of life which evolved its best expression can never be reproduced.

Here, in these pages, we have comparatively little to do with that style of architecture called "Gothic," "Opus Francigenum," the art of the Île de France, of which England's pointed style is a younger, a less perfect, though still a very beautiful sister. But if that architecture meant anything—and I am not speaking now of technical details such as the pointed arch, but of the inspiring spirit of the whole—it meant an embodiment of the life around it, a life full of ardent faith, composed of elements which are now as obsolete as the sincerity which animated them. That is why a nation which only half believes, which has lost nearly all its

handicrafts, which is debased as much by wealth as by machinery, and as much by breathless impatience of delay as either, can never reproduce the "Gothic" cathedrals. When a "Renaissance" followed on the exhaustion of the "Gothic," it was necessarily to the perfection of classical models that the new teachers had to go. That perfection happened, in its architectural expression, to be capable of reproduction in its essential details, much as the society by which it was developed was capable of some faint imitation by the princes and courtiers of the Renaissance. But in Provence we are in a different age; and it is only one more example of the separation constantly observable between Provence and France, that the greatest instances of Provençal architecture are entirely different from the greatest achievements of the more northern French. Above the line of the Loire, the rise of king and people produced a style which reached perfection in the "Gothic" cathedrals on the one hand, in the Renaissance châteaux on the other. Here, down the valley of the Rhone, the rise of Church and people produced the perfection of the "Romanesque," because in Provence Rome had never been forgotten, and the Roman Church was but another manifestation of the spirit of the Roman Empire. The Christian Church was the direct descendant of the Roman basilica; and though the turmoil of Western Europe in the years between Justinian and Charle-

magne have left scarcely any buildings of that time still standing, the Eastern Empire encouraged, throughout all that period, the full splendour of architecture and of the arts. Thus, then, we can realise a little better why Provençal architecture has something Eastern as well as something Roman in its composition, and why it differs from more northern work in sentiment, in structure, in decoration, and in style. I do not propose to be more technical than is necessary for the better enjoyment, by the casual, cultivated traveller, of the things he sees; and the various features in St. Trophime at Arles will provide me with quite sufficient material for my purpose. When the best of the other churches in my district have been added as illustrations to the various subjects thus suggested, I shall have mentioned all that is essential to the understanding of some of the most interesting structures on the soil of France.

There was a church on the site of the present St. Trophime in the earliest centuries of Christianity in Arles; within it was held the important council of 314 which condemned the Donatists, and the later councils of 442 and 451. Within it also was consecrated St. Augustine, the apostle to England. It was probably dedicated to Stephen, to whom St. Virgile is known to have consecrated the church he erected on the same site in 606. That building has entirely disappeared, and though some good authorities wish to find remnants

dating before 1100 in the present structure, it would, I think, be dangerous to date any of the work we now see as much before 1152, the year in which the body of St. Trophime was brought from the Alysamps to a more imposing shrine.

Very possibly building was begun sufficiently previous to 1152 to ensure a safe resting-place for the saint's remains; but since the bell-tower, the western porch, and the north walk of the cloisters are the oldest parts, and are all of the same period, it is tempting to suggest that they were begun very soon after the sculptor Brunus had signed his work upon the marvellous façade of St. Gilles, completed in 1150, so near at hand; and it may well be that the portal of St. Trophime was not finished until 1180. I am only now giving a general idea of the chronology of the whole edifice, without discussing details, so I may add at once that the portal is older than the wall behind it, as is the case at Notre Dame des Doms at Avignon, and Ste. Marthe at Tarascon, for the nave is in the Cistercian manner of what may be called the second Provençal style, severely plain, without ornaments. As you look down it from the western entrance, this nave seems closed in at the eastern end by a blank wall which comes down apparently from the roof until it almost shuts off any good view of the choir. This wall is really the bottom of the tower, which rises over the crossing, and the line to which it

descends gives the height of the original church for which the tower, porch, and north cloister-walk were built. When the nave was re-built, and raised higher than any other Romanesque vault in the south of France, it was impossible to raise the arches at the crossing on which the bell-tower rested, so they were left untouched, with the result just mentioned.¹

The present choir and apse were built in 1430 by Cardinal Louis d'Allemand in the style of northern "Gothic," and the transepts have a great deal of seventeenth century work.

Almost the first noticeable peculiarity about these structures, whose various dates have now been given, is that the main structural features of the church show the pointed arch, while for such decorative elements as the portal, cloisters, and windows, the round arch is employed. This use of the pointed arch in Provence is the most remarkable divergence from the usual Roman model in which, of course, both vaults and arches were invariably round. Now it cannot be too often emphasised that the pointed form was adopted, not from æsthetic, but for constructive reasons; it was more

¹ Some authorities are of the opinion that the tower was built at the same time as the nave was raised, and that the arches upholding it at the crossing were deliberately made lower to bear its weight, as at Vaison, Sisteron, and St. Paul Trois Châteaux. But I cannot agree with this view, for the blank wall of St. Trophime is scarcely likely to have been deliberately designed; it was an inevitable accident of reconstruction.

easily built at first, it exerted less thrust on the side walls, and it suited the slope of the tiled roof. Besides this, the pointed arch could be used with greater flexibility, as the northern builders found out later with such surprising results, because, by its means, intersecting vaults could be erected over spaces of any form, either square or oblong, and the apex of all the vaults could at the same time be kept at any desired height. This gradually led to its employment by the "Gothic" architects for all the openings of their building as well, so as to secure uniformity in construction. But the Provençals kept their round arch for decoration even when they found themselves obliged to use the pointed arch for construction; and it is singular to observe that as their skill increased, they gave up the pointed arch even in construction, just at the time when the northern builders finally abandoned the round arch altogether, in the middle of the thirteenth century. This is one reason why such cathedrals as Carcassonne or Narbonne, of purely northern design, have the imported look of an exotic plant, and are quite inappropriate to their southern surroundings.

It is often thought that the pointed arch is the chief differentiation between the "Gothic" and other styles. This is not the case; nor was it to "Gothic" architects that we owe the invention of the pointed arch, if indeed its "invention" can ever be discovered anywhere. It

has been found in constructions of 2000 B.C. in Latium, in the tomb of Atreus at Mycenæ, in the subterranean gallery at Antequere in Mexico, in several subterranean aqueducts near Rome, in the mosques of Caliph Omar in 638. These may be perhaps considered as either accidental or ornamental, or at any rate singular instances. But the form is freely used in an Armenian church at Ani in 1010, and the important development of ribbed ogival vaulting was employed at Durham Cathedral, one of the most marvellous structures in the world, between 1093 and 1104. The first pointed arches in Italian churches are generally said to be in St. Francis's at Assisi (1220), and St. Antonio at Padua, five years later; but pointed arches occur among the round, in 981 and 1053, in two little churches annexed to the monastery of Subiaco on Monte Telaso, and the ribbed vaults of St. Ambrogio in Milan were certainly built before 1129.

The most casual glance at the interior of St. Trophime will do more to show the difference between "Romanesque" and "Gothic" than volumes of learned disquisition, for it will reveal a building with pointed vaults that is the very reverse of such a nave as that of Chartres, or Rheims, or Beauvais, or any other of the great cathedrals of the Île de France. That Provence, wedded as she was to Rome and to Byzantium, and to the traditional dogmas they implied, should have boldly

adopted for herself the simple pointed style of construction, introduced by the Cistercians in the twelfth century, is one of the greatest debts which architecture owes her; for from that style was developed the noblest art of building in the world. But Provence returned, as she was bound to do, to the style of architecture natural to the south, and to the traditional dogmas so deeply ingrained in her soil by all her history; and in the sombre nave of St. Trophime you can see how this came about.

That nave is only lit by the small round-topped windows, let in over each bay in the eighteenth century; for owing to the system of building the aisles in relation to the nave, very little light could reach the middle of the church from them, because the central vault had to be held up by the half vaults of the sides. In a "Gothic" building, the thrust of that central vault would have been conveyed to flying buttresses strengthened by pinnacles, with the immediate result that the side walls instead of being thick and heavy, with small windows, would become so much thinner that at last they would be transformed almost completely into great sheets of coloured glass, divided only by the ribs and pillars that held up the vaults. This vital relation of the vaulting to the window-openings, accompanied as it was by the construction of ribs at the intersections of cross-vaults, is one of the essential characteristics

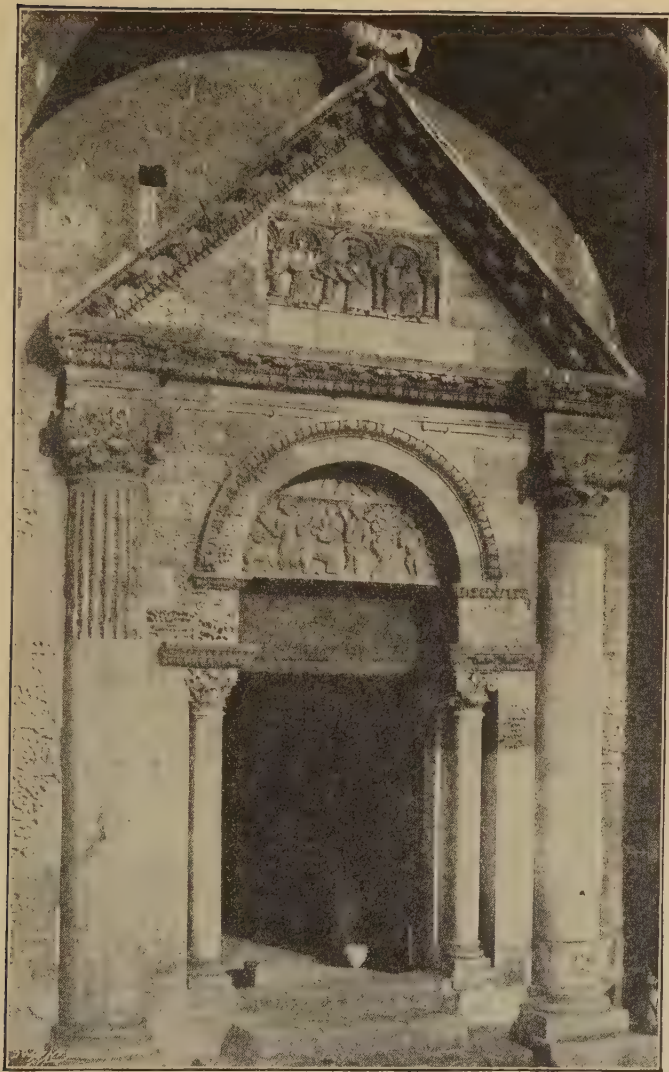
of the "Gothic" work of the Île de France, where a rainy, cloudy climate necessitated sloping roofs, and plenty of light, and thus developed that amazing system of balanced thrusts which is the triumph of northern architecture. In the hot sunshine of Provence, thick walls pierced with small windows seemed natural and convenient, so we find shadowy churches whether the pointed arch is used or not.

The whole difference between the social developments of the north and south is clear in this one feature of their respective architectures. The first is full of vigorous life, on which the light shall stream in its full strength from heaven; the second, earnestly, passionately imbued with a profound belief in ecclesiastical traditions and teachings, prays in a darkened building, and fills its porches and its cloisters with the innumerable symbols of the priestly dogma, with the most fantastically imagined yet wholly reverent details of an austere authoritative faith.

It has been thought that much of the constructive detail in Provençal masonry was derived from those early Syrian, Graeco-Roman churches between Antioch and Aleppo, which were from 1098 to 1268 in the possession of Crusaders who brought over the principles of their architecture to the valley of the Rhone. This link in the development of the art of building I have already mentioned in speaking of the Temple to Diana in the

Roman baths of Nîmes. But I do not think it is necessary to go so far for an explanation of Provençal architecture in a country which is still so full of Roman remains that a whole system could be reconstructed from their stones alone. The Syrian churches had none of the statuary and figure-sculpture which is so characteristic of the valley of the Rhone; but the Graeco-Roman remains throughout Provence provided innumerable models of such work, and when the Byzantine carving began to arrive from the Levant, "Roman" was already in a fair way to become "Romanesque."

How slow and visible was the transition may be seen from a consideration of such a façade as that of St. Gabriel near Tarascon, which might almost have been built during the "Lower Empire," if you judge from its fluted columns, its Corinthian capitals, its high-pitched pediment, and such essentially classic enrichments as the "egg and dart" pattern, which is a conspicuous motive in its decoration. At St. Trophime as at St. Gilles, at Tarascon as at St. Gabriel, the thoroughly Roman idea of an architrave between the columns and the arch has been faithfully preserved; and the notion of placing small columns on the top of flat pilasters no doubt originated in a desire to preserve the old classic rule of proportion in those columns. The Corinthian pilasters on the upper story of the Bell Tower of St. Trophime are another instance of direct



PORCH OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GABRIEL NEAR TARASCON.

development from classic style, very different from the later "Renaissance," which implied a long disuse. So also in the porch of St. Trophime, we can see the classic enrichments, the thoroughly Roman character of the sculpture, which is more freely treated than that in the earlier St. Gilles. This Roman feeling is just as prominent in the mass as is the Byzantine treatment of its detail in jewels and ornaments, or the thoroughly Romanesque modillions supporting the cornice. The beauty of sane development and growth could scarcely be better exemplified than in such buildings; and even in the classical St. Gabriel we find the pronounced buttresses which indicate that the transition towards the Provençal Romanesque is already well on its way. Of the actual borrowing of such Roman materials as columns and carvings made for far earlier monuments, and of their incorporation in later buildings, I need say nothing. The process is especially obvious when the differing heights of the transplanted columns have necessitated bases of varying sizes. It is the influence these details had upon the spirit of the whole which is the most important thing.

Only one more element in this organic, architectural compound remains to be mentioned here: it is that contributed by the Lombards, who built the detached columns at Ancona, Genoa, Modena, and Verona so like the portals of St. Gilles and St. Trophime. Lom-

bardic architecture has been traced back to the ancient guild of the Comacine Freemasons. In Rome the remains of Comacine architecture, buried almost as deep as the classical buildings, are to be traced in panels of complicated "Solomon's knots," or in the spiral columns, or in the crouching "lions of Judah," which were the chief sign and seal of the old guild ever since the beginning of Freemasonry. As the link between the classic "Collegia" and the art and trade guilds of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the Comacines were called "Freemasons" both in England and Germany because they were builders of a privileged class, absolved from taxes, and free to travel about in times of feudal servitude; and this freedom was preserved when Como came into the possession of the Lombards. The edict of King Luitprand, signed in 713, and called "Memoratorio," is an indication of the close connection between the Comacines and Lombardy, which led to their being given the general name of Lombard architects for some time afterwards. Another decree, signed by Otho at the request of the Empress Adelaide in 962, confirms the liberty of "the inhabitants of the Comacine Islands," the place of refuge of which Junius Brutus and the younger Pliny had once been prefects, where once Catullus lived, and whither the guild of architects fled for safety after Rome herself had been destroyed by the Barbarians.

The Comacine masters were pre-eminently sculptor-architects, but their armament was more than mere decoration; it was an eloquent part of their religion, with a meaning for every leaf, for every animal, for every figure; and by degrees it reached the perfect height of symbolism, in which lies its great difference from the "Gothic" northern work; for "Gothic" work is a direct transcript of what the sculptor saw, and its "grotesques" are very different in conception and in meaning from the mystical figures of the south.¹ For the Comacines, animal symbolism represented to the unlettered masses the signs and parables of a mystical religion; and what seems to us "grotesque" is really the earnest expression of a difficult conception by an artist who has not yet got full command over his materials. Already Dionysius the Areopagite, who was consecrated by St. Paul, writes that "only by means of occult and difficult enigmas is it given to the fathers of science to show forth mystic and divine truths."² And again the same writer says, ". . . for this end are chosen many-footed beings or creatures with many heads; canine images or lions or eagles with curved beaks; flying creatures with three-fold wings; celestial irradiations, wheel-like forms, variously-shaped horses, the armed Sagittarius, and every

¹ For some further explanation of this Gothic spirit, see *The Story of Rouen*, by T. A. Cook, chap. vi., and especially p. 125.

² See *Sti. Dionisii De Theologia Simbolica*, ep. i., ad Titum Pontificem. Quoted by Leader Scott, *Cathedral Builders*, p. 76.

kind of sacred and formal symbol which has come down to us by tradition." So on the façades of St. Michele or St. Stefano at Pavia we find the huntsman and his dogs, to symbolize the faithful Christian driving out



PORCH OF ST. TROPHIME. (From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

heresy; or the fisherman-priest casts his line for souls out of the ocean of sin. Pavia gives one good example, but Milan gives even a better, in the old pulpit of St. Ambrogio, supported by a truly Comacine variety of pillars, round, hexagonal, short, and long. Upon the capital of one rests the lion of Judah supporting the

round arch, the original position, before later Romanesque put the column above the lion as in the porch of St. Trophime. The frieze of sculpture above the arches in the pulpit, filled with the mystic symbols of evil, dragons, wolves, and serpents, bound in a knotted scroll of foliage, again suggests the carvings of Arles, as do the quaint animals of San Donato in Polenta, where Dante worshipped, and where Paolo and Francesca may have kneeled to pray.¹

The round arch, which I have noticed in the decorative openings of St. Trophime and beneath the old pulpit of St. Ambrogio, may very possibly have reached Saxon England with those "*Liberi Muratori*," who were sent over by Pope Gregory with St. Augustine in 598 A.D., and who revived in Britain the "*collegia fabrorum*," established there by the Emperor Claudius, and preserved in Como by the "*Freemasons*" after they had fallen into disuse elsewhere throughout the Roman Empire. The well-known "*Whalley Cross*," attributed to Augustine's comrade, Paulinus, is certainly Coma-

¹ Carducci's verses describe these carvings well:—

. . . Da i capitelli orride forme intruse
A le memorie di scapelli argivi,
Sogni efferati è spasimi del bieco
Settentrione.

. . . Goffi sputavan su la prosternata
Gregge: di dietro al battistero un fulvo
Picciol cornuto diavolo guardava
E subsannava.

cine work of the early seventh century, of the same character as may be seen on the crosses at Kirkdale, Newcastle, Ruthwell, Crowle, and Yarm; and the carving on the Saxon font in Toller Fratrum church, Dorset, shows exactly the same pattern as the eighth century well-head at the office of the Ministry of Agriculture in Rome. The church built in the monastery of Hexham by St. Wilfrid (674-680) was copied from Comacine churches of that period elsewhere, and the Saxon towers, there and elsewhere in England, have clearly a Comacine origin, especially in the treatment of the windows and their colonnettes. The beautiful little Saxon chapel of St. Laurence at Bradford-on-Avon should also be noticed in the same connection, for it has now been entirely dug out of its surroundings, and stands free in its own garth. It was built in 708 by Aldhelm, second Abbot of Malmesbury, of large and carefully fitted stones. The arcaded panelling on the outside is like the later chancel at Wing, in Buckinghamshire; and on the whole the Bradford chapel is a most important relic of the oldest style of English architecture introduced by the Comacine architects of Pope Gregory. But Normandy had probably received and practised the best doctrines of the Comacine masters before any really great architecture had developed in England at all; and this becomes clearer when we consider one of the oldest of the churches which the Normans built in London, St. Bartholomew

the Great, in Smithfield, which shows Comacine influence in all its early masonry. The curious affinity of Norman architecture in Sicily rather with Italian forms than with French is also explicable on the same theory, that it was due to Comacine builders; and there is very little doubt that the same builders had the chief influence in the building and decoration of the earliest church of St. Trophime, as may be seen from the lion-supported columns of the central porch, and the frieze of sculpture above.

This sculpture deserves more detailed explanation, considered, as it must be, in the architectural setting designed for it. The first element in that design is the fine flight of steps which at once gives dignity to the portal and removes the church entrance from the vulgar bustle of the market-place outside. I never see those steps without thinking of Mistral's beautiful poem in “Lis Isclo d’Or”:—

Davalavo, en beissant lis iue
Dis escalié de Sant Trefume. . . .¹

¹ As I believe *La Cœmunioun di Sant* has not been translated yet, I will venture here to render its rhymed cadences into simple English prose: “Down the steps of St. Trophime she walked with lowered eyes. The first of the night was falling and the vesper-candles were growing dim. As she passed the stone statues of the saints within the doorway they blessed her, and their eyes followed her as she moved homewards from the church. For she was good and wise; young she was and lovely too. In church no one had ever seen her laugh or talk; but when the organ played and the psalms were sung she thought she was being borne by angels into Paradise. So the stone

At the top of the steps the portal opens, shaped like a triptych, filled with carving as an illuminated manuscript is filled with pictures, the frontispiece to that great Book of Faith which was the Church, the welcome to the entering believer, the warning to the wicked passing by. Fully to appreciate the balance of the masses, the distribution of light and shade, and the clever way in which the plain pedestal gives value to the carving above, as a large margin shows off a delicate engraving, you must stand a little distance away, and thus grasp the central idea of the architectural composition.

At the top, beneath the topmost circle of the central statues of the saints, watching her day by day, as she lingered last of all beneath their splendid portal and walked adown the street, those holy ones, in the goodness of their heart, showed a compassionate loving-kindness for the girl, and spoke of her in the quiet of the evening air through the still autumn weather. 'A white nun she should be,' said Saint John, 'for the convent is a haven from the stormy world.' 'Doubtless,' said St. Trophime, 'but I have need of her within my temple; for there must be light in darkness, and the world needs such good examples.' 'Brothers,' went on St. Honorat, 'to-night when the moon is shining over pools and fields we will go down from our columns for the festival of All Saints. The holy table will be spread to do us honour, and at midnight our Lord Christ will say the Mass within the Alyscamps.' 'Now if you will believe my word,' said St. Luke, 'thither will we lead this young virgin, clad in a mantle of blue over a white dress.' So, on that word, the four saints moved away as softly as the evening-breeze, and they took the soul of the girl, as she passed by, and led it with them. . . . Early the next morning that lovely maid awoke, and spoke to all who met her of the festival she had attended, of how the angels had passed down the sky when the holy table was laid ready in the Alyscamps, and how St. Trophime had read the responses there while the Lord Christ Himself had said the Mass."

arch, amidst the swinging choirs of cherubim and all the heavenly hosts, sits the Eternal Father with the four figures that typify the Four Evangelists on either side of Him. The rest of the scheme falls into three lines: the highest, beneath the Father in glory, is the procession of the Blessed and of the Damned; in the centre are the great figures of the Saints, with a frieze of smaller scriptural subjects above, and flat pilasters with low-relief carvings dividing the larger statues; at the bottom are the lions of Arles, and pedestals with symbolic scenes from Biblical history. The whole is set against a tall and simple wall, almost barren of ornament, the "mounting" for the splendour of the porch. Above the main arch, which conveys a faint suggestion of a point, but no more, at the centre of its semicircle, is a flat gable with a cornice resting on large corbels crowned with the lion, the ox, the eagle, and the angel of the Evangelists, and with other animal heads and large acanthus leaves.

The main idea of the portal, at the very summit of which the archangel blows the trump of doom, is a magnificent conception of the Last Judgment, with all that shall lead up to it, and all it will involve; and, having now realised its splendid framework of architectural line, we can go nearer and examine its detail, the detail which Dante was later on to elaborate in his *Purgatorio*, his *Paradiso*, his *Inferno*.

All the evangelistic figures, except the eagle, hold a book, upon the tympanum in the topmost centre; and these carvings project boldly beyond the line of the containing mouldings in high relief. These mouldings are themselves richly decorated with Roman patterns, the outermost being a Greek fret. Immediately beneath, and above the central pillar of the door, are the Twelve Apostles, seated on a bench, each holding a volume of the Scriptures, the whole cleverly arranged in little broken groups of two, with a good deal of individual expression and far more skill than is sometimes observable in the treatment of a line of similar figures.

On either side of the Apostles is unrolled the story of the human race, from the Alpha to the Omega of existence, from the Fall of our first parents on the angle at the extreme left, to the torments of hell which are its consequence, on the extreme right. In the carving that begins this story on the long line of the main frieze, to the left, the serpent of evil, coiled round the Tree of Life, is represented as having plucked the forbidden fruit; he gives it to Eve who persuades Adam to share it with her. This is an interesting variant on the more usual theme which deserves notice. The scene is immediately followed by the beginning of the Procession of the Just, on the right hand of God the Father. Furthest to the spectator's left are the women; then comes a line of men, all clothed in the same formal gar-

ments; the whole of these fourteen figures being in the straight line above the three front columns. The procession continues round the angle, to be headed by two kings each wearing his crown. On the inward return is a magnificent angel; and it is observable that the transition from the body to the soul takes place just at the very step which leads into the church; for this angel holds a soul, represented as a naked child, towards Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who sit on thrones encrusted with gems, each holding two souls in his lap. On the other side of the arch, after the Apostles, stand St. Raphael with a sword guarding the gates of Purgatory, which stand ajar, with a mysterious hand issuing from the clouds above them. In Purgatory several figures are represented clothed, among whom are two bishops in their mitres. Still further along to the spectator's right begins the miserable cohort of the naked damned, bound with a cord, and walking through flames of fire towards hell itself (on the return angle) crammed with souls in torment, already half-consumed. The theme is completed with two separate large panels beneath, showing the weighing of the souls of the dead at one end, and at the other the torture of the lost by Satan, a hideous prince, naked as his subjects, and revelling in the torments he inflicts.

It should be added that the noble seated figure to the left of the Apostles, and next to Abraham, Isaac,

and Jacob, is supposed to represent the New Dispensation, crushing beneath him the prostrate form of the apostate Emperor Julian.

Above the large statues, and beneath the frieze of the Last Judgment which I have just described, is a line of carvings which show the least skill in actual sculpture of any part of the portal. But they are full of life and interest, and represent the Dream of Joseph, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the angel bringing good tidings to the shepherds, the Presentation and Purification in the Temple, and the story of the Magi, which is told in charming detail. It begins by showing all the wise kings, asleep in the same bed with their crowns on, suddenly roused by the voice of the angel. On the horizon gleams the Star of Bethlehem. They ride to Jerusalem and reach the palace of Herod, who receives them surrounded by his guards, with his sword upon his knee. They pass on to the sacred end of their journey; and are finally shown making adoration to the Divine Child. The Massacre of the Innocents and the flight into Egypt closes this series, and the band of carvings is filled up (on the right) by a weird collection of zoological curiosities. These little carvings are just the height of the capitals of the columns behind which some of them are seen; and the columns themselves, gracefully poised on delicate and differing shafts, show varied carvings both in capitals and bases.

Humanity under the law of Moses is the chief theme represented on these carved pedestals. A man half-clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and holding a crook, signifies the pastoral state of our first ancestors, and his lost immortality is typified by the ox's skull, the well-known pagan symbol of death. On the next pedestal a group of hideous monsters, ready to devour him, signify the vices he must soon encounter on his earthly pilgrimage. The mortal weakness of his nature is shown, further on, in the story of Samson and Delilah, whose undraped bosom is the invariable sign, in all such carvings, of her unchaste life. On the other side of the portal is set the consolation for this fall; for there is carved the triumph of Daniel in the lions' den; thus showing that even as such wondrous human strength as Samson's can turn to weakness by the judgment of the Lord, so also can the weakness of a man, cast even into a den of lions, be made strength by the support of the Almighty. Yet another group of tangled monsters, fighting ferociously, is meant to typify the internecine disorders of mankind before the Coming of the Gospel of Peace. The series is closed with two signs of the zodiac, the Archer, and the Lion of Arles.

I have left till the last the splendid series of the saints who stand behind the columns against the main wall of the doorway, forming a line of panels separated by richly-carved bands. The two end panels represented

the two scenes from the Last Judgment already mentioned, one at each extremity of the porch. The others contain, counting from the left, the statues of St. Peter, St. John, St. Trophimus, St. James the Less, either St. Bartholomew or St. Thomas, St. Paul (on the right of the door), St. Andrew, the stoning of St. Stephen, St. James the Great, and St. Philip. The two most conspicuous positions are given to St. Stephen on the right, to whom the first church on this site was dedicated, and to St. Trophimus, who holds a position of equal importance in the cloister. Each figure bears an inscription; and on that of St. Trophimus, to whom the present building was dedicated when his body was brought from the Alyscamps, is written (in vertical syllables on the pallium): CERNITUR EXIMIUS VIR XTI DISCIPULORUM DE NUMERO TROPHIMUS HIC SEPTUAGINTA DUORUM, a distych which lays stress on the old tradition that this Trophimus was one of the original seventy-two apostles sent out to the Gentiles.¹ With

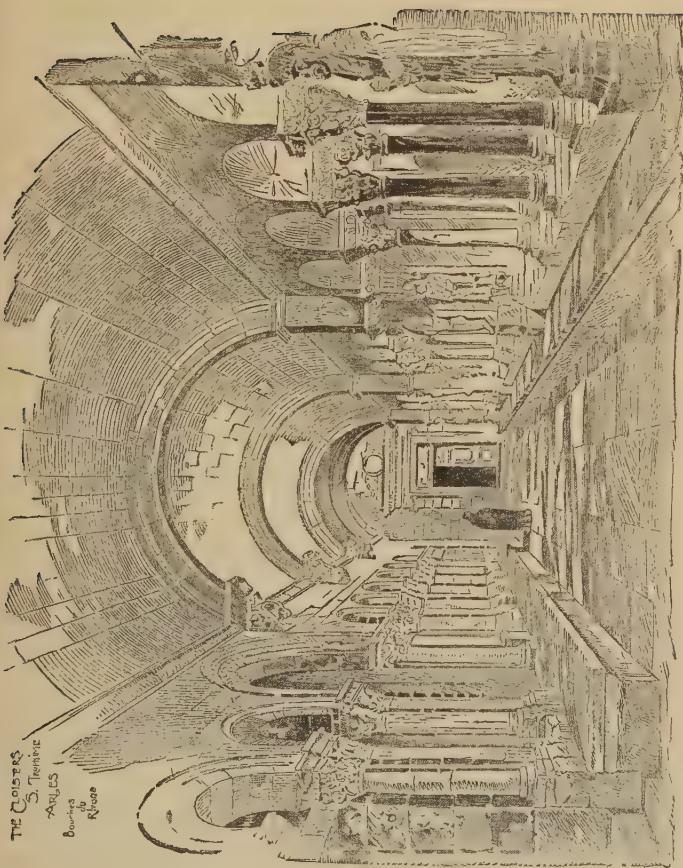
¹ As the bishops wrote to Pope Leo after the death of St. Hilary, "Prima intra Gallias Arelatensis civitas missum a beatifico Petro Apostolo Sanctum Trophimum habere meruit sacerdotem." It was Trophimus, a Gentile and a native of Ephesus, who, accompanied by Titus, journeyed to Corinth with St. Paul's Second Epistle. His longer journey into France is naturally placed by tradition as in the sacred boat which brought the three Marys to Provence (see first volume), and this explains the traditional dedication, "in her lifetime," of the chapel to the Virgin Mary in the Alyscamps. Mistral has described (*Miréio*, xi.) the coming of St. Trophime and his holy companions to Arles, and the scene they saw in the Greek theatre: "A flight of

Tychicus, also of Asia, and others, Trophimus was one of those who waited for St. Paul at Troas (Acts xx. 4), and were with him when Eutychus was restored to life during the week's sojourn there, and went on with him until the parting at Miletus, where Trophimus was stayed by sickness. On the stole of St. Stephen is written: PRO CHRISTO PROTOMARTYR ANIMAM SUAM POSUIT STEPHANUS. The inscription for St. Peter runs as follows: CRIMINIBUS DEMPTIS DESERAT PETRUS ASTRA REDEMPTIS. The motto of St. John is: XPI

young girls moved to the sound of music, and loudly sang its chorus as they danced and leaped round the marble statue of Venus: 'Let us sing to Venus, the great goddess who giveth happiness and joy, to Venus queen, the mother of the land and of Arles!' and above them in the clouds of incense the goddess seemed to lift her brow in pride beneath her laurel diadem. Then the old saint Trophimus broke out in indignation, and called in a loud voice: 'People of Arles! Listen to my words, listen in the name of Christ!' He spoke no more, but when he frowned the marble idol shivered, and with a groan fell headlong from her pedestal amidst her fainting votaries. A thousand blades flashed in the air, a thousand voices cried 'Death' upon the intruders, and the place was filled with shouting and with tumults. But when they crowded nearer, they saw the salt of the sea encrusted on the garments of the saints; they saw as it were a halo above the calm face of Trophimus; they saw the Magdalen all bathed in tears and lovelier than their fallen goddess; so they stood back, and Trophimus spoke to them again: 'Listen, and then slay me if you will. The power that broke your goddess into pieces was not mine but that of God, of God who hath no temple, but whom Night and Day behold in heaven, and who hath made the earth, and the sky, the sea, and the high mountains. Looking down from above He beheld the misery of the slave and the triumph of the sinner, and to wash away the sins of man He sent His only son, to be born of a pure Virgin in a manger. . . ."

DILECTUS IŌÆS EST IBI SECTUS. On the phylactery of St. Paul are the words: LEX MOISI CELAT PAULI SERMOQUE REVELAT NAM DATA GRANA SINAI PER EUM SUNT FACTA FARINA, an obvious reference to the old story of the "Gospel-Mill." The statue which is attributed either to St. Bartholomew or to St. Thomas remains doubtful, because the names of both are placed upon the pages of the book held by the figure. Beneath the feet of the Apostles are the crushed monsters of the heresies they have overcome, and these monsters are represented as devouring the men who embraced the errors which they symbolise. Among them a bird of prey endeavours to devour the egg from which its own progeny should emerge, typifying the matricidal fury of the heretic who struggles against Mother Church.

Scarcely less famous, and certainly as fine as the portal, are the cloisters of St. Trophime, which are reached by some steps in a small passage out of the south transept of the church. The rectangle is charmingly irregular, and presents an epitome of Provençal architecture, the west being the oldest side, which passes along the main church wall, and is called the northern walk. This is of the same date as the portal, though some authorities consider it may be older than the twelfth century. The eastern walk, to which this leads, is slightly more modern, but cannot be later than the end of the same century. Still further to the right,



THE CLOISTERS
S. TROPHIME
ARLES
Boulevard
du Rhone

THE CLOISTERS OF ST. TROPHIME, ARLES. (From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

the south walk is a restoration towards the end of the fourteenth century, and the last, or western walk, is frankly "Gothic," probably built at the beginning of the fifteenth century, though some historians have placed it later still. The entrance door brings you to the corner where the northern and the western galleries meet, and in the middle of the first pier you see is the statue of St. Trophime.

Nothing finer than this northern gallery exists in the early decorative style of Provençal architecture, and it deserves the most careful examination. As I did in the case of the portal, so here I will describe the structural setting of the place before I go into its innumerable details. In this northern walk, and in the eastern, which turns to the right at the end of it, solid piers of masonry are built at each corner, and at regular intervals along the gallery, with round arches resting on coupled columns in the intermediate spaces. The piers give room for large statues and for broadly decorative fluted panels, which are sometimes also used for sculpture. At the angles these piers are designed to receive the springing of three transverse ribs, one at right angles across each of the adjoining galleries, and one diagonally under the line of the junction of the two barrel-vaults; and the way this complicated piece of masonry is thought out and constructed is most interesting. In the older galleries it will be noticed that the

statues they bear have been cut out of the solid stone of the structural mass, while the Gothic statues carved from separate stones have disappeared from the more modern galleries. The intermediate piers which are not at the corners are strengthened with an external square buttress, towards the cloister-garth, which is fluted and carved with a Corinthian capital, after the classic manner, and may well have been taken from the theatre or some other classic monument of Arles. The arcades between these piers consist of three wide bays, each containing four small round arches on coupled columns, both piers and arches standing on a broad continuous base; and the delicate round or octagonal columns have capitals of grey marble like themselves, which are superbly carved, with an almost bewildering wealth of imagination, each pair cut from a single block, with an abacus which is generally decorated as well with wreaths and foliage.

The walks are roofed with a rounded tunnel-vault, that is stopped on the enclosing walls at a higher level than its origin over the arcades, giving an elliptical or segmental section, strengthened with boldly moulded transverse ribs thrown from a projection applied to the piers between the bays, on one side; to large corbels or consoles, on the other; and these corbels, carved with grotesques and foliage, form part of a plain string at the origin of the vault upon the inner wall. This ar-

rangement is probably due to an alteration of some older construction which existed before these galleries were elaborately carved, and which was probably of the same kind as that already described at Montmajour (see p. 33). The original old roof no doubt was made of tiles laid outside the vault and leaning against the church, and the change in the segment (resulting in the use of the consoles) was necessitated by the raising of the outer wall sufficiently to form a fairly level promenade, with stone seats, upon the roof of the gallery. The height of the original outer wall can be seen by the hollowed ledge which was the gutter of the old construction, and now runs along the outside, as you look from the cloister-garth, just above the capitals of the external, fluted pilasters. The slits in the wall are made to allow the water to fall from the higher level into the original gutter. There is not much to notice in the inner walls, which have been considerably restored and altered. The entrance from the cathedral is featureless, but the wall of the church next the north cloister-gallery contains a beautiful little Romanesque arcade with fluted pilasters. One other thing is also noticeable. As you pass the end of the north walk, above a door on your left is the eagle which commemorates the crowning of Frederic Barbarossa in St. Trophime in 1178, when the carvings of these cloisters were in all the freshness of their first creation.

My simplest plan in dealing with this extraordinary mass of sculptured detail will be to describe the carvings that a visitor will find on his right hand as he goes round the galleries, entering at the door from the cathedral, and beginning with that angle-pier in which St. Trophimus forms the central figure, as the patron saint of the building. The inscription beneath¹ has no reference to the statue, but was placed there by some ecclesiastic connected with the church in 1188, after the carving had been finished. On the right of St. Trophimus is St. Peter, and on the left St. John. Between the statues of St. Trophimus and St. John is a panel representing Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome; so that the legend of the three Marys is intimately connected in the carver's mind with St. Trophimus. Beneath them are the disciples at Emmaus. Between St. Trophimus and St. Peter is a carving of the Resurrection, with "SEPULCRUM DNI" on the open tomb in the centre, from which the winding-sheet is hanging. The next capitals represent the raising of Lazarus, the sacrifice of Abraham, and Balaam's ass. The middle capital shows Abraham walking with Isaac on one face, the angel arresting the sacrifice on another, and the ram laid upon the altar on the third. The story of Balaam is similarly divided into various episodes, of which Balak forms the first, and the camp

¹ ii. Kal. Oct. Jordan. Dec. Sci. Trophimi Anno Dni MCLXXXVIII.

of the Israelites the last. On the pier which follows are three statues, St. James of Compostella between two pilgrims, a Christian, and a Moor of Spain. On the next capital is Abraham fetching an ox for his angel-visitors at Mamre, which is succeeded by St. Paul before the Areopagus; the third capital has no figures carved upon it. Three statues, as before, are found upon the next pier. In the midst, Christ shows His wounds to St. Thomas on His right; on the other side is St. James the Less, holding a book inscribed with his name. Only the first of the ensuing three capitals have figure-subjects; and on this Moses is shown receiving the tables of the Law. On two other sides of the same capital are carved the burning bush and Moses shepherding his flock.

Epitaphs on the internal wall, which is decorated with arcading, show that a monk named Gavallerius died here in 1203; that Canon Poncius de Barcia was head schoolmaster in the twelfth century; and that Canon Poncius Révoil died in 1183. These are chiefly interesting as indications of the date of the wall on which they are placed;¹ and the last name fixes the "clerk of the works," or the canon responsible for

¹ In the order given the epitaphs are: (1) iii. Non. Februarii die festivitatis Sancti Blasii aggressus est viam universe carnis Gulielmus Gavallerius anno Domini Incarnationis MCCIII. Orate pro eo. (2) vi. Id. Oct. Obiit Poncius de Barcia caput Scholae et canonicus regularis Sancti Trophimi anno MCI. . . . (3) vii. Kal. Jan. anno Domini MCLXXXIII obiit Poncius Rebolii sacerdos et canonicus regularis et operari ecclesiae Sancti Trophimi. Orate pro eo.

architectural upkeep, whose name "Rebolii" I have ventured to translate as *Révoil*, for the sheer pleasure of adding that we owe the present preservation of the fabric to that famous modern architect, M. Révoil, who certainly inherited the spirit, if not the name as well, of his ancient predecessor.

Having now reached the end of the north walk, we find another large angle-pier at the junction of the northern with the eastern gallery; and in the place of honour is St. Stephen, to whom the first building on this site was consecrated, and whose skull is preserved within its "treasure." His name is carved upon the book he holds. Between him and the statue of St. Paul, who holds the roll of the law, is a panel carved with the Ascension of Christ upon the Mount of Olives. The other panel, between the centre statue and St. Matthew, represents the stoning of Stephen the Martyr. The arrangement of the rest of this east walk follows the plan of the north walk with as great fidelity as did the corner pier.

On the capitals of the coupled columns are represented the Mysteries of the life of the Virgin, and the first capital shows her birth. St. Anne is in bed; an angel cares for the child; the father stands between two columns. Then is carved the Annunciation by the Angel Gabriel, followed by the salutation of Elizabeth, and the infant Jesus is shown in His cradle above, with

the ox and the ass near Him. Over the arches are carved the symbols of the four Evangelists. The second capital is decorated with four eagles and an angel. The third contains the figures of the shepherds to whom the angels bring the tidings of the birth of Christ. The carving of the flagellation has disappeared from the centre of the next square pier; but on one side of it may still be seen Judas carrying his blood-money, and on the other is a soldier wielding a scourge. Above is Godefroy de Bouillon fighting a bear, a subject we shall find again upon the façade of St. Gilles. The story of the infant Christ is continued on the next three capitals. On the first is the Massacre of the Innocents; Herod stands in front, and Rachel at one side. On the second the Virgin with her Son is seated on an ass, which Joseph leads, on their journey into Egypt, accompanied by two angels. On the inner side of the column are the three kings asleep, receiving the angel's warning in a dream. On the third, King Herod is in front; at one side of him are the Magi with their presents, and their horses behind; at the other are the king's priests and scribes and courtiers; above the pier which follows are carved the lamb and cross of John the Baptist. The statues on the pier itself represent King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The adoration of the infant Christ by the Magi is the subject of the first capital afterwards; and the next shows, on the inner side, the Entry of Jesus

into Jerusalem, and on the outer, the Conversion of St. Paul, who falls off his horse beneath a little tower carved full of faces. The last capital represents the preaching of the Gospel to all the world by the Apostles. Over the last two arches are sculptured the wise and foolish virgins with their lamps. The last large pier, at the angle of the eastern and southern galleries, has an ancient well in front of it, and formed of the base of some old Roman pillar, with channels cut in it to direct the cords of the bucket. The chief statue on the east side of the pier is that of Gamaliel, as is shown by the name on the book he holds. The centre is occupied by a shell for holy water supported by another statue. As before, there are two panels filled with carving on the pier: the first (to the east) representing Christ washing Peter's feet; the Last Supper; and the kiss of Judas in the Garden of Olives; the second (to the south) showing first the baptism of Christ, and then the three temptations of Christ by the Devil; in the desert, on a pinnacle of the Temple, and on a high mountain.

On the internal wall of the east gallery are two more shields with the imperial eagle of Barbarossa, which was taken later on as the arms of the chapter of St. Trophime, and three epitaphs: to Canon Durand, who died in 1212; to William of Miramar, buried in 1239; and to William Boso, died in 1180. These are the last of such an ancient date, and as you turn into the

southern gallery the change to more modern work is very obvious.

The south walk was begun by François de Couzié, Archbishop of Arles in 1389 and 1390, and was finished by his successor, Jean de Rochechouart; and the style differs accordingly. The arrangement of the columns and arches is different from that in any other walk. Columns and piers are arranged alternately, the piers being in turn alternately disposed into threefold pilasters, with a "baldaquin" above, from which the statues have disappeared. The best sculpture is to be found on the capitals of the double columns, which are again in a single block, but the subjects of the carvings are generally taken from ecclesiastical history of the first century, or from later symbolism, rather than from the Biblical stories of the two earlier galleries we have just examined. On the first, Jesus Christ is preaching to the people; on the second, the Virgin and Child are worshipped by the faithful; on the third, Christians in bonds are praying to the Christ in glory, while their executioners wait behind; on the fourth, the martyrs, bound in chains and surrounded by the torturers, kneel to receive the Holy Eucharist even at the price of death; on the fifth, other Christians are being hanged and tortured, while the providence of God (represented by a hand above their heads) is fortifying them to bear their pain; on the sixth and last the bishop is represented

administering the consolations of the Church to more martyrs who have been chained by the executioners near them. At the west end of this gallery is a seventeenth century altar, restored by Jean-Baptiste de Grignan, whose arms are on the wall near it, and used for the funeral Mass of the monks buried in the cloister-garth. On one side of it is the name Galantier, and the date 1749, which records the death of a priest who fell lifeless as he was celebrating the Mass.

The newer style, and the pointed vaulting of the western gallery, are even clearer than was the case in the south walk. Colonnets and pillars alternate all the way, and the thicker piers are plain, without decoration. The capitals of the double columns are carved with the stoning of St. Stephen, Samson, St. Martha, and the Tarasque—Mary Magdalene in the house of Simon the Leper, the Annunciation, the crowning of the Virgin, and the descent of the Holy Spirit at the Feast of Pentecost. The inner wall contains the epitaph of Bertrand de Athillanus, a canon who died in 1221, which shows that all the cloister-walks were originally built at much about the same time, and that only the north and east walks remain as they were built.

I should add to the description of these carvings something of the ecclesiastical treasures preserved in the church, of which a record was kept in a book of accounts, drawn up in 1478, containing a list of archi-

fects and workmen, and of the liturgical chants used up to 1544, the whole written in a mixture of Provençal and Latin before the age when the national speech had become definitely crystallised. The terrible famine of 1709 resulted in a transformation of much of the church plate of St. Trophime into bullion; but there still remain a fine cross in rock-crystal, the oliphant of St. Trophime, a bishop's staff, and a beautiful little ivory coffer. The reredos in the chapel of St. Trophime is a painting which preserves the form of the original archbishop's cross, together with an interesting view of the Greek theatre. But there is no trace, even so slight as this, of the crown, the sceptre, and the hand of Justice which were borne before the Emperors at their coronation. Perhaps the most remarkable relic of this kind is the leathern belt and buckle of St. Césaire, bishop of Arles, in the sixth century, which is in the "Treasure" of the Church of La Major. The ivory buckle represents two soldiers asleep before the Holy Sepulchre, in the Byzantine style.

The only church in Provence, or indeed in France, which can be compared with St. Trophime, is St. Gilles, which well deserves a visit, though practically nothing of its original splendours is left except the unique and gorgeous façade, the magnificent crypt, and the spiral staircase of the ruined choir. The best way to go there is by the little railway across the plain from Nîmes.

In Greek the name of St. Gilles is *Αἰγίδιος*, and

the holy man is said to have been born in Athens in the middle of the seventh century, "with the blood of the Greek kings in his veins." He reached Arles in 663, but went further up the Rhone into what was called the Flavian Valley, where Wamba, King of the Visigoths, who had just reduced Nîmes, was out a-hunting in the spring of 673. The stag took shelter in an ancho-rite's cell, and the javelin hurled after it by one of the Visigoths transfixes the hand of St. Gilles, its protector, to whom the generous Wamba immediately gave a large tract of the surrounding country, as some consolation for his wound, adding a sufficient sum of money to begin building a monastery, of which the saint was the first abbot. He visited Rome to hand over the whole property to the Pope, and in the Bull of April 28, 685, Benedict II. formally took over the monastery of St. Gilles under the protection of the Holy See,¹ a protection which unfortunately availed little to save it from worse ravages than almost any other church of its importance in the Rhone Valley.

¹ The Bull begins as follows: Gratia Dei summus Pontifex Benedictus omnibus fidelibus Beato Petro Apostolo obedientibus salutem a Domino et Apostolicam benedictionem. Cum omnis Ecclesia eidem a Domino sit commissa, sunt tamen quaedam monasteria sic in nostra manu posita ut nemo illis dominetur nisi nos et successores nostri: cum quibus monasterium venerabilis viri Aegidii noviter ab ipso nobis est traditum . . . maneat semper locus ipse liber et quietus, cum omnibus sibi pertinentibus, sub protectione Beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli et hujus Sedis Apostolicae—Datum Romae in Laterensi Palatio, per manus Lini, Archidiaconi, vi. Kal. Maii Bened. II. PP.

The first danger to the infant community was the attack of the Saracens in 719, before whom St. Gilles fled to Orleans, taking with him the holy vessels and relics. Charles Martel sheltered them all under his own personal care until those perils were overpast; and it was given to St. Gilles to die in peace, in the monastery he had founded, in September 721, to be succeeded as abbot by Atticus, and to be made a saint by two bulls of Pope John VIII. in 878.

In the eleventh century the crypt beneath the present church was constructed to receive the tomb of St. Gilles, and the high altar was consecrated by Pope Urban II. in 1095. It extends beneath exactly the same amount of ground as is covered by the modern reduced building. Since the religious wars of the sixteenth century both tomb and crypt had disappeared. The Protestant army conquered the Counts of Suez and Sommerives in a battle near the town of St. Gilles on September 27, 1562, and proceeded immediately to celebrate their victory by massacring the priests, who were slain, with the choir boys, and their bodies cast into the well that may still be seen within the crypt. The constant sieges the town had to undergo from that year until 1575 completed the ruin of the building, which was alternately desecrated by the reformers and used as a fortress by the churchmen. Henri de Rohan ordered its complete destruction in 1622. The Byzantine bell-

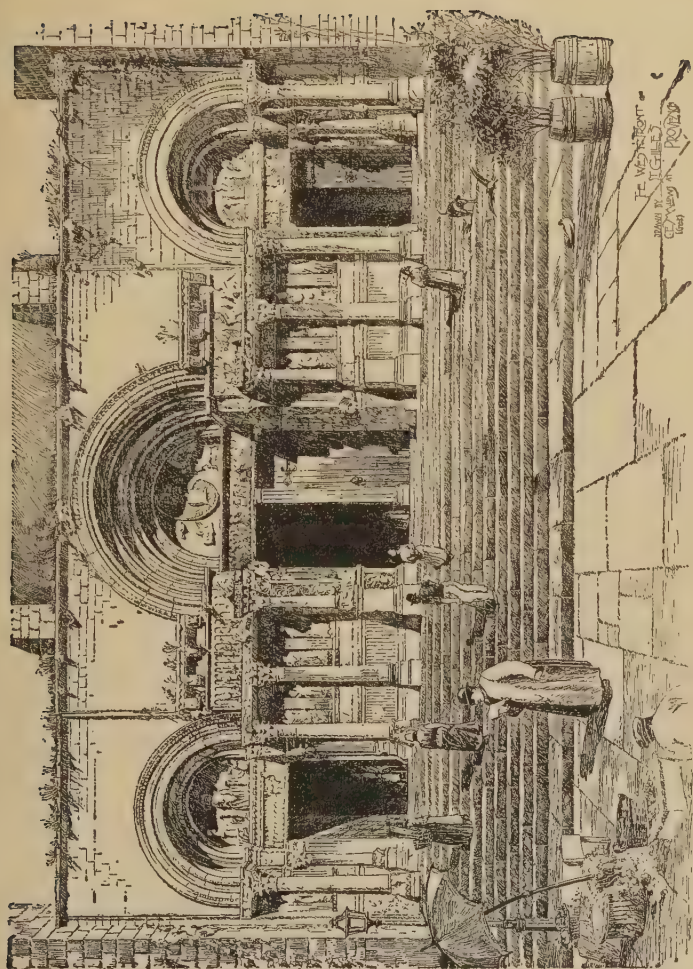
tower was cast down, the whole of the choir was dismantled and destroyed; the crypt, robbed of its holy tomb, was filled with rubbish; and the façade itself seems only to have been left standing in order that its carvings might the more openly be debased and mutilated. In 1650 a new sanctuary was built by the zeal of the faithful at the end of the ancient nave where the transept had originally stood, and this is the rounded apse with plaster walls which you may see to-day, joined to the old façade by an interior which is entirely different from the magnificent constructions at its eastern and western extremities. The Revolution of 1790 nearly completed the degradation of a façade which even the religious wars had to some extent respected, and the ruins of the old choir were almost entirely levelled, though much of the disposition of its walls and pillars can still be traced. On the arches of the dishonoured crypt some pious hand traced the pitiful record of that barbaric devastation: "Les siècles à venir sauront qu'en 1793 l'église ci-dessus fut totalement ravagée et toutes les saintes images brûlées sur la place."¹

¹ The succession of abbots up to 1532 (after which the monastery was laicised) contains a list of names, among which may be selected those of Rangefroi, afterwards Bishop of Avignon (940); Pierre de Situlvero, afterwards Archbishop of Narbonne (1130); Jean III. de Mareuil, Bishop of Uzès (1472); Julien de la Rovère, Cardinal-Archbishop of Avignon, and afterwards Pope Julius II. (1483); Théodore Jean de Clermont Taillard, afterwards Bishop of Senes and Vice-Legate of Avignon (1532). From then to the Revolution occur,

amongst others, the names of Martin de Beaune, chevalier de la reine, and Bishop of Puy (1562); Guillaume v. de Noset, Archbishop of Seleucia and Vice-Legat of Avignon (1622); Claude de St. Bonnet de Toiras (1625); Antoine Denis Cohon (1642), and Jean vi. de la Parissière (1732), who were all three Bishops of Nîmes; François iv. de Béringhen, Bishop of Puy (1738), and Louis François Vivet de Montclus, Bishop of Alais (1745).

of those still remaining in Toulouse, and of the bones brought to light by M. Goubier, it was possible to announce with certainty that the complete skeleton of the saint was at last accounted for. The Abbé Goubier at once proceeded to complete his work by the restoration of the crypt, which was magnificently carried out by M. Révoil, the state architect of "*Monuments Historiques*," and to these two men is owing the recovery of one of the most interesting ecclesiastical buildings in France.

The well, which is connected with such sad associations in the massacre of the religious wars, stands to the south, near the cloister door, and is traditionally said to have been supplied with water by the spring which refreshed the anchorite Aegidius in the seventh century. It was the first part of the crypt to be cleared out. The tomb of St. Gilles was made the central point of the whole building, and was placed upon a mosaic pavement within an iron screen, with candelabra at each corner. At the head of the tomb is the old altar used by St. Gilles for saying Mass. From it are steps rising to the ancient choir. The crypt is lighted by five low windows, but is naturally very dark, and can only be visited when the sacristan descends with a candle from the nave of the upper church. The original staircase by which the monks descended to celebrate the office can still be seen to the south-east, but is not yet con-



WEST FRONT OF ST. GILES. (From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

nected again with the building above, and serves merely as a kind of retreat in which various fragments of carving have been placed for safety. It is a place in which you realise the possibilities of an earnest sincerity in faith, and it is here that I should chiefly recall the energy of the Abbé Goubier, who revealed the very existence of this crypt itself, and the zeal of the Abbé d'Everlange who wrote the history of St. Gilles after he had been made its curé in 1873. The good Abbé journeyed to the parish of St. Giles in London to receive the blessing of Cardinal Manning, and to be sent on by him to John Archer Houblon in order to visit the beautiful little Gothic chapel of St. Giles at Hallingbury. It was a pious pilgrimage; and it deserves the return which every English visitor to the Valley of the Rhone can make, if he will not only see the great façade of St. Gilles, but will also walk across to the old Romanesque house where its present curé lives, and help him to keep up that magnificent relic of Christian devotion and of Christian art that is now almost unknown in the little village of which it is the precious jewel.

The town of St. Gilles stands on a little hill above the river, and the walk from the station through an avenue of trees, then to the left up the long main road, and so round towards the great church is full of unexpected interest. To your left of the façade, a small street goes upward, past the locked door of the ruined

choir, and through the buildings of the Mairie. Once beyond them you come suddenly upon the brow of a great cliff, that falls sheer down towards the river and the plain; and ancient stone seats are placed upon the very brink for you to rest and look upon the view. The landscape, thoroughly Provençal in its every feature, seems full of the history that once gave the town a far nobler place in the Valley of the Rhone than it has now, and enriched the great church with a far finer setting than the few squalid streets which are all that remain to-day.

St. Louis was particularly well affected towards the town of St. Gilles, because his favourite private secretary, Guy de Foulkes, who afterwards became Pope Clement IV., was born there, and now lies buried in Viterbo, where he died in 1268. On the base of one of the columns of the church is a rough carving of King Louis, and beside it is the name of Joinville. A more tragic memory, which connects the place with the fearful outrages of the Albigensian Crusades, is that Pierre de Castelnau, legate of Pope Innocent III., was murdered here in 1208; and of the horrors which began with that assassination we shall hear more at Carcassonne. Fifty years earlier the carvings on the façade of St. Gilles were finished.

This marvellous portal is fitly framed between two low towers on each side, with a string course drawn

straight between them above the arch of the central doorway. It is approached by a splendid flight of steps along its whole length. Each of its three round-arched entrances has a separate tympanum, with enriched vaults, the centre arch resting upon a small projecting cornice, supported by four carved consoles on each side. A fluted pilaster stands in the middle of the door, supporting the carved tympanum, whose extremities rest on two other fluted pilasters, crowned by an eagle and a bull. The arrangement of detached columns in front, on each side of the centre door, no doubt suggested the more elaborate, but less splendid porch of St. Trophime. The northern tympanum, which bears evident traces of painting, represents the Virgin with her Son, who blesses the three Magi. In the right-hand corner an angel is appearing to St. Joseph. The central tympanum is carved with Christ in glory, seated between the four animals of the Evangelists. The southern tympanum shows the Crucifixion of Christ. John and Mary are at the foot of the Cross. Mary Magdalene and another woman are near them. Beside St. John is the prostrate figure of a woman hidden in a cloak, representing the downfall of the Synagogue. On the frieze are other carvings of the life of Christ. He is teaching His disciples, while one of them throws his cloak over the ass on which the entry to Jerusalem is to be made. Thirteen dis-

ciples follow Him on the way into the city, which is represented in the distance with its battlemented walls between two towers. Two men throw branches and garments in His path, and other spectators look on from the boughs of the palm-trees. Upon the fluted part of the frieze is shown the story of the prodigal son. A representation of the Temple divides this from the scene in which Christ is driving out the merchants from the sanctuary. Further on is shown the resuscitation of Lazarus. In the next portion is the scene where Peter denied his Lord and the cock crew, and above the principal door the carving on the lintel begins with the washing of the Apostles' feet, and the Last Supper. On the return-angle, St. Peter cuts off the ear of Malchus; then comes the kiss of Judas (which the revolutionary Vandals seem to have thought alone worthy of protection); followed by the flagellation, and the bearing of the cross, which completes all that can here be deciphered until the last archway on the right is reached, where the frieze begins, in the angle, with the council of the Pharisees, and Christ before Pilate. After this Mary Magdalene wipes the Lord's feet with her hair in the house of Simon the Pharisee. On the lintel are shown the holy women buying aromatic herbs from the merchants and approaching the Sepulchre of Christ surrounded by the sleeping soldiers, while an angel with a sword shows them that the tomb is empty; and in the

last carving the women tell the great news to the Apostles, while Jesus is seen rising to the skies.

The whole of this splendid frieze rests upon a kind of prolonged abacus, which stretches from one capital to another above the columns, and is thickly sculptured with hideous figures of wild beasts, typifying the evil passions of mankind. On the main wall behind these columns are the Twelve Apostles, stretching from the right side of the north door to the left side of the south entrance, each with his appropriate inscription, except the four last, who would be SS. Andrew, Matthew, Philip, and Simon. The statue of St. Jude, the first on the left between the northern and the central door, bears the inscription *BRUNUS ME FECIT*, and no doubt this same sculptor did all the six on the left of the centre. The façade itself reposes on a solid base, part of which is fluted; and all round the central door it is filled with carvings in low relief. On the right the marble bases of the detached coupled-columns contain the carving of David playing on his harp among his flocks, with an angel appearing to him. The corresponding bases represent David slaying Goliath. Other carvings show two monkeys roped together, a camel and a prostrate man, a lion holding down his victim, the sacrifice of Cain and Abel, and Balaam with his ass. Medallions, surrounded by circular frames, contain centaurs, stags, chimeras, and lionesses. Beneath the feet of the Apos-

ties are magnificently carved lions, representing, as at Arles, the heresies which have devastated mankind.

The time taken by the completion of this wonderful portal may be judged from the fact that the date just quoted from its carvings is 1150, while the date given on a lost inscription which was once carved on the old wall near the cloister is 1116,¹ the year in which the church was begun by Alphonse Jourdain, son of Raymond, fourth of the name, Count of Toulouse; and another interesting fact is that the unequal heights of the columns of the portal show they were taken from some previously existing classical edifice, as was so often the case elsewhere. From the lions carved round the doors, the abbot, who sat in the gate to render justice, between them, often dated his charters "*Inter Leones.*"

No visitor should leave the church without gaining admission to the enclosure in which the ruins of the original choir can be studied, for in no other way can an adequate idea be gained of the splendour of the first structure. The most fascinating relic for architects in this enclosure is the extraordinary little spiral staircase at the north corner of the sanctuary in a separate tower. Known as the *Vis de Saint-Gilles*, it is famous all the world over for the skill and perfection of its stone-cutting.

¹ It runs as follows: "A.D. 1116 hoc templum sancti Aegidii aedificare cepit mense Apr. Feria 2A in Octava Paschal."



DETAIL-CARVING FROM THE CHURCH OF ST. GILLES.

Imagine that the round arch of the door is hung by its left-hand pillar to a tall central shaft in such a manner that it can slowly revolve round that shaft and rise while it turns, and you may perhaps begin to realise the delicacy of measurement and workmanship involved in the vault that covers the ascending steps. The masonry can be closely studied at the very top, where the breakage of the crown reveals the twisted stone courses.

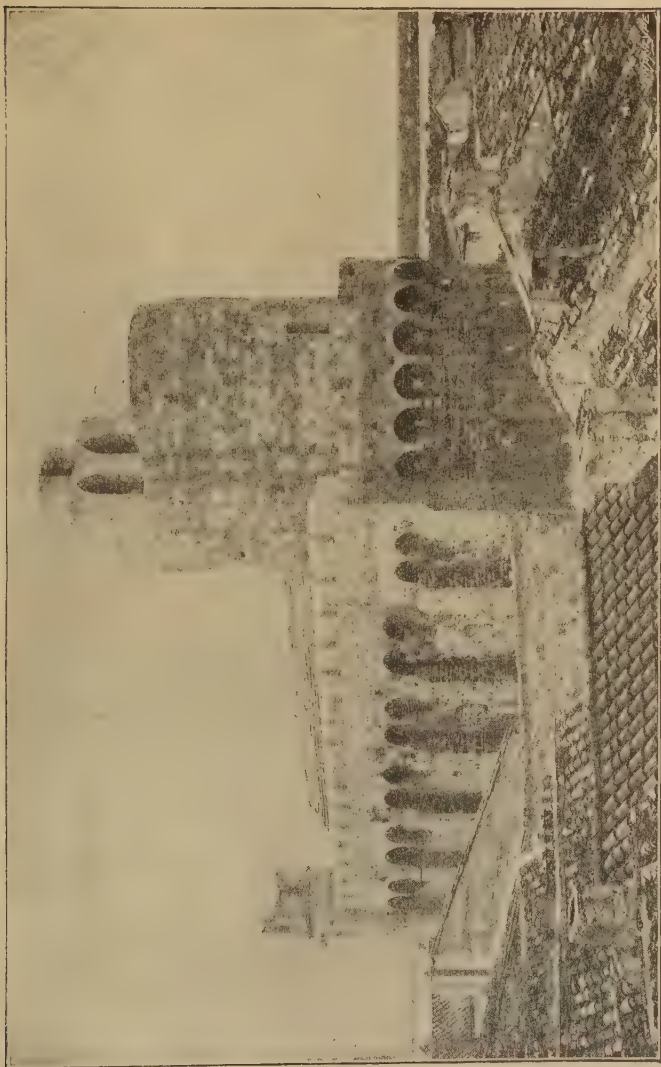
Few people, as yet, have taken the trouble to visit St. Gilles from Nîmes, yet it is one of the journeys most worth while in this land of wonderful excursions, and if you start early enough in the morning, so as to have the morning sunlight, you will be able to go on to a still more extraordinary, though far less elaborate church, at Stes. Maries, which I mentioned at the end of my third chapter.

The building is a very remarkable relic of the twelfth century upon the site of a far older shrine destroyed by the Saracens, consisting of a single nave of seven bays, roofed with a pointed barrel vault, and surmounted externally with a crenelated and machicolated parapet, which has all the effect of a fortification with a donjon keep at the east end. In this tower is the apse, which contains three chapels, one above the other. In the lowest is the tomb of Sarah, the middle is the choir of the church, and on the topmost level are the relics of

the holy women who came over, as the tradition says, in the boat from Palestine to Provence.

The time to visit Les Saintes Maries, if you wish to see its most characteristic sight, is on the 24th of May, when the great double ark is let down slowly from its shrine in the roof, and the faithful sick are healed, who will wait there all that night as they have waited all the night before. Long processions pour in and out of the little town for three days from every part of Provence. On the 25th, the Archbishop of Aix accompanies the little model of the Holy Boat and the Marys down to the seashore, and into the waves, which brought the Mother of Christ to these lands so long ago. The railway will of course spoil the simplicity of a religious fête which was once the most sincere and impressive in all France; and not the least interesting part of the ceremony was the fervent adoration of the shrine of Sarah by the gipsies.

In structure the church of Les Saintes Maries is typical of many other of the fortified churches in Provence, which give the country one of its most striking peculiarities. No doubt the style originated in the constant alarms of the Saracens, the Albigensian wars, and the corsairs. At Narbonne, Béziers, and Fréjus are good examples of the way in which the spiritual shrine was turned into a temporal salvation; and in the palace of the Popes at Avignon we shall find the princi-



CHURCH OF LES SAINTES MARIES.

ple carried to its extreme in one of the strongest fortresses ever built within a walled town in Europe. A still later example of these ecclesiastical crenelations is shown in the drawing made for me by Mr. Mallows of the door of Albi Cathedral, and one of the most imposing instances is to be found at Agde. But there are many more which every traveller will notice for himself, and with these few examples of fortified churches I must leave the subject and pass on to the fortresses themselves.

CHAPTER X

THE FORTRESSES OF THE SOUTH

PART I.—LES BAUX

“O princesso di Baus! Ugueto
Sibilo, Blanco-flour, Bausseto,
Que trounavias amoun sus li roucas aurin,
Cors subre-béu, amo galoio
Dounant l’amour, largant la joio . . .
.
.
.
L’auro que rounflo encaro, forto
E ponderouso, entre li porto
E dins li tourre à brand de si viei casteu rout,
L’auro d’ou Rose dins si veno
Revolunavo . . .”—MISTRAL.¹

As types of the fortified towns of feudalism there are no finer examples in the world, within so short a distance of each other, than Les Baux, Carcassonne, and Aigues-Mortes. I place them in that order with no idea of comparing their merits, but rather to indicate that Les Baux suggests the greatest age, in the

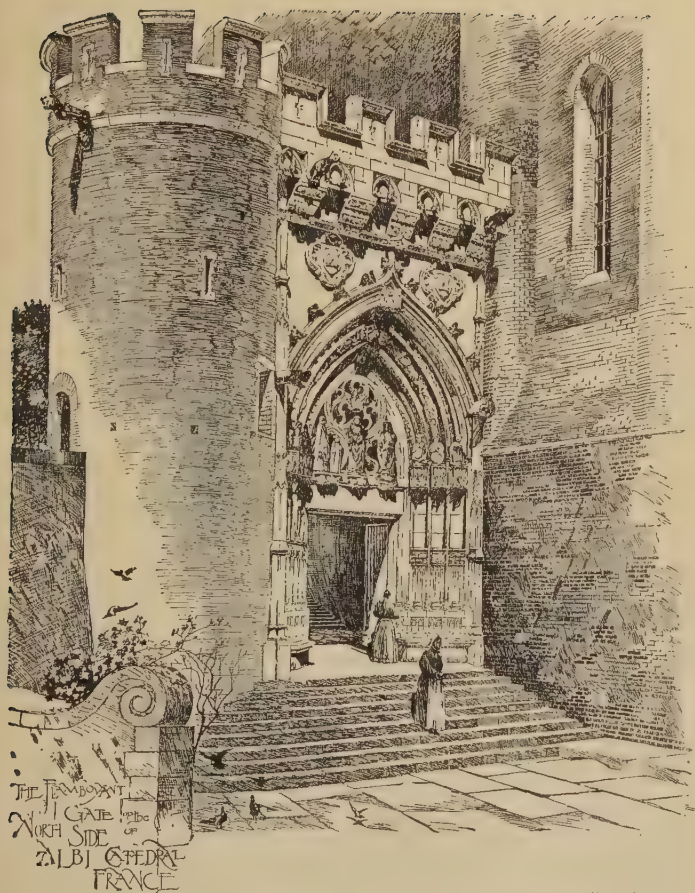
¹ “Princesses of Les Baux, Huguette, Sibylle, Blancheffleur, Baussette, who throned it on high upon your rocks of gold, lovely were ye in form, and joyful of spirit, gracious in love, and generous of delight . . . The wind still howls in all its mighty strength between your ruined doors and through your tottering turrets. The Rhone-wind riots down your corridors . . .”

insistent mortality of its irretrievable decay; while Aigues-Mortes, where prisoners were languishing within the Tour de Constance during the eighteenth century, has modern associations in spite of all the Crusading galleys of St. Louis, to whose son it owes the towers and ramparts which remain, untouched, as Boccanegra built them after the model of captured Damietta. Carcassonne I have added, because, though not strictly within the geographical limits of Provence, its most heroic history is inextricably associated with the horrors of the Albigensian crusade of which we have just seen traces at St. Gilles; and also because no excuse is needed for reminding the traveller in Provence that he is within reach of the most magnificent fortress in Europe, which has been held in turn by Visigoth, by Frank, and Frenchman, and is now restored, by a very miracle of tasteful knowledge, to all the primitive splendour of its rugged beauty, its isolated strength, its marvellously complex architecture.

Of Les Baux we shall never know either the real origin or the primeval glories. But it is the tomb of many mighty memories, of warriors who were princes of Cephalonia and Neophantis, of Orange, Tarentum, and Achaia, Counts of Spoleto, Avelin, and Montecaglioso, Podestats of Arles, and Milan, even Emperors of Constantinople; whose royal alliances were counted in the houses of Provence and Barcelona, of Poland,

France, Savoy, England, Nassau, and Brunswick; and who traced their descent and took their arms (the star with sixteen rays) from that Balthasar, the wise King of the East, who came with his two comrades to worship the infant Christ in Bethlehem.¹ Their motto was of evidently later origin; but they lived up to it until the last one died—"Au hasard Balthasar!" It is significant, too, of much that went before, that the last descendant of that race of reckless fighters and fair women was a woman, the Countess Alix, at whose death the star that had watched over the fortunes of her house came down to shine within her chamber, and vanished into night for ever as her last breath left her body. The latest discovery within those ruins that are haunted by so many restless souls was a woman's skeleton, with all her wealth of golden hair still perfect. It was found in a vault of the church, beneath the oldest Romanesque nave on the south side, under a stone bearing the date 1471. The dead hands held a Book of Hours, which fell into dust when they, too, vanished at contact with the outer air. But the long, light golden hair, of the colour Titian loved to paint, was saved, and is now in the "Museon Arlaten," which Mistral founded in the

¹ This tradition is preserved in the Convent of the Celestins at Casaluccio, near Aversa, upon the tomb of Raymond des Baux, Grand Chamberlain of Queen Jeanne of Naples: "*Illustrissimae Bauciorum familiae quae a priscis Armeniae regibus quibus stella duce mundi Salvator innotuit originem duxisse patet.*"



DOOR AT ALBI. (From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

town of Arles to preserve all that was characteristic of the Old Provence that will so soon be changed.¹

The "Cabelladuro d'Or" may perhaps have been the hair of some Italian girl who came to Les Baux, while it was the property of Jeanne de Laval, wife of the good King René, as the betrothed of the seneschal, and who died just before her marriage; for her tresses were bound with a slight ribbon of light blue, and she was buried near the Altar of the Virgin. If so, it would have been the Princess Strella of Florence.

It is a squalid little village that nestles to-day in the centre of the old robber-stronghold, "like a rat in the heart of a dead princess," feeding, apparently, on "Gaulish tibias, skulls of Roman soldiers, dead cats of the Stone Period, and a miscellaneous assortment of rusty iron."² The place is a confusion of ruins, grown fragmentary and deserted through the gradual withdrawal of the population from a site destroyed by Richelieu's soldiers, and dishonoured many a century before—a mediaeval Pompeii, a Herculaneum without its lava, set among the scarred boulders of the Alpilles,

¹ Towards the end of 1904 the Nobel prize for imaginative literature was divided between Frederic Mistral and Echegaray, the Spaniard; and I learn that Mistral, with his usual patriotic generosity, intends to devote the money to the improvement of his Provençal Museum, which will probably be removed to a house more worthy to contain its many treasures.

² Mary Darmesteter, *Contemporary Review*, November 1892.

in a melancholy landscape all of cinder-grey, as might be imagined in some far-off and extinct planet of the frozen inter-stellar space.

Some thirty-six hundred souls is all this rugged site could ever have contained in normal circumstances, and if there were ever more its numerous sieges must have kept the average down. Yet the extent of the ancient fortress-château of its barons must have been at least as great as that of the vast Castle of the Popes at Avignon; and its ruins have an effect of nightmare exaggeration even in broad daylight. Huge masses of grey stone lie scattered here and there, indistinguishable from the thick walls and towers which were themselves hewn deep within the living rock. Staircases wind upwards to end in gaping caverns. Cellars yawn hungrily for food beneath. The shattered columns tremble on the verge of shaking walls. The fierce wind of Provence seems to have revelled in its task of utterly demolishing what was left; for the walls and rocks are honey-combed and worn so deep with the fury of the blast that the very earth seems ready to give up its dead through every crack and crevice in its wounded surface.

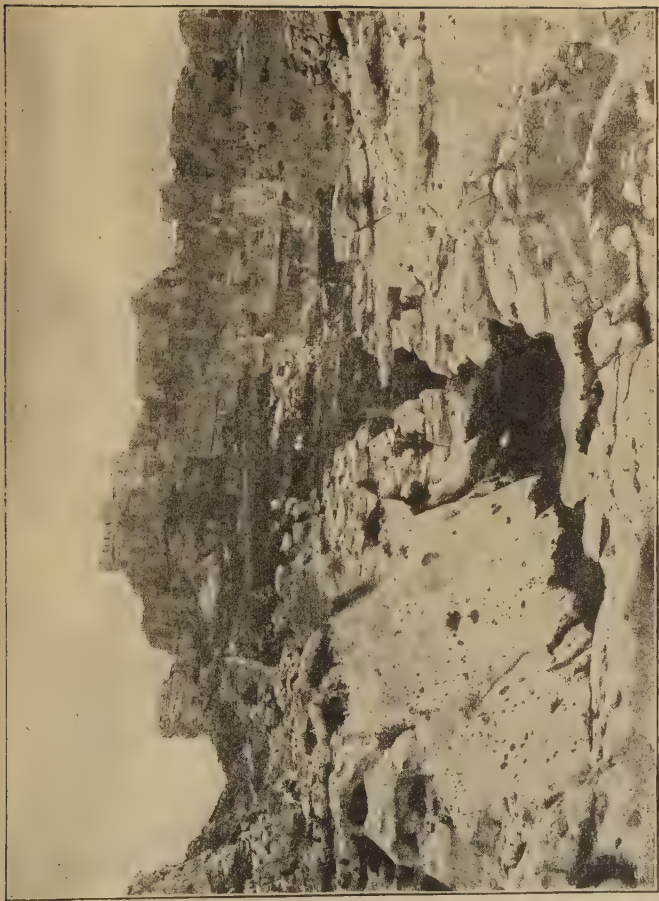
I have driven to Les Baux both from Arles and from St. Remy. The first excursion makes too long a day, and usually involves covering the same ground twice, though it is worth seeing now the gorge of limestone, which shuts in each horizon soon after leaving Mont-

majour, gradually narrows into a mountain pass lined by fantastic boulders, which leads precipitously upwards to the fortress-town. You feel at last as if a blood-stained band of mediaeval cut-throats were lurking behind every crag, or slowly retreating, as you mounted, to lure you on to final, irremediable fate.

From the Hôtel de Provence in St. Remy it is, however, much wiser to hire a light carriage that will take you at about nine o'clock on a bright spring morning past Les Baux and Montmajour to Arles. The best road to travel by does not lead past the "Plateau des Antiquités," as might be imagined, but by way of the Hôtel Dieu (along Route Nationale No. 99, de Montauban et Tarascon à Aix) along fields of flowers bordered by olive-trees and cypresses to the Café Massane at the corner of a road where there is a children's school. From here the way turns sharply to the left, southwards, and you come in sight of an old ruin, called the "Tour du Cardinal," opposite a grove of mulberry-trees, which is followed by the rows and rows of pansy-blossoms, grown by a rambling old farm that nestles in the shelter of the low spurs of the Alpilles. The red earth, that was so strong a colouring in the landscape from Tarascon to St. Remy, is still visible, but now the limestone begins that will soon swallow up all the rest and spread its uniform grey tint across the landscape. But there are still some lovely little wild flowers visible here and there,

and suddenly, in a narrow cleft of rich ground, ringed in by hills, appears a tiny vineyard, almost the last sign of cultivation before the shouldering buttresses of mountain close in completely as the road winds slowly up.

Wild lavender and thyme and yellow gorse still fringe the road a little further, with here and there an almond-tree; but soon the road begins to cling to one side of a cliff, with a sheer drop on the outer edge, guarded by lines of scattered stones. Then a wild, desolate valley opens out to the east, and the guardstones of the winding road crowd close together like the battlements upon a fortress, while the steep mountain-sides burn blue and gold with countless tiny blossoms set among the scanty green. Alone and bare, and straight ahead, a gaunt crag of wind-swept limestone marks and bars the valley's end. The road, now built upon a wall, crosses over to the northern side, and the stone-carts from the quarries above begin to swing down with their first freights for the day. Quite unexpectedly the horizon opens out towards the plains of Orgon and Cavaillon on the east, and westwards to Tarascon and Beaucaire. Above the rocky amphitheatre from which the road seems to have emerged the silver line of the Rhone shows like a glittering thread in the morning sunlight, just where the elephants of Hannibal crossed it so long ago, just where Nicolette first saw Aucassin coming downwards from the castle gate. Through towering walls of white, a way



LES BAUX.

has been cut for the carriage road sheer down into the limestone, and quarries begin to gape on every side, until suddenly upon the right a little slip of green valley pushes its way into this rocky desolation, and from some hidden building in it a bell rings slowly, like the dirge for a dead world that has already turned to stone.

Fantastically grouped, and weirdly shaped, the rocks lie here and there on the roadside; some like bleached, giant skulls; some perching, like monstrous reptiles of the prime, upon the edge of an abyss that is their den; some shaped in form of menhirs or of dolmens—all with that strange look of charmed silence which makes you momentarily expect some sudden crash, some ghoul-ish trump of doom, that shall arouse this hideous medley of grotesque creations to a fearful wakefulness, and call the sleeping warriors from their dusty tombs, to mingle in the final Armageddon for which the scenery is ready. I can conceive no more eerie place by moonlight, and it is a fit setting for the tragedy of the mountain citadel of Les Baux.

Of the traces left near this wonderful site by the Romans, I have already spoken, and the carvings known as "*Les Trois Maries*"¹ are the first things the visitor should ask to see. Even older than the campaign of Marius is the tradition of the "*Kabre d'Or*," that fabulous hidden treasure which was left by the Phoenicians

¹ See the end of chap. iii. vol. I.

when the sea washed the crags of Les Baux, and which has never been discovered yet. Older, too, is that "Fairy Grotto" near the "Gorge of Hell," in which the sorceress Tavèn healed Mirèio's sweetheart; for it is probably a Celtic cavern, and may have been used by even remoter prehistoric races, who were sheltered in the very bowels of the earth when they returned from hunting in the foothills. But the first link of Les Baux itself with history is at the time, soon after Euric, the Visigoth, had taken Arles in 480, when his son Alaric drove out the Christians from the capital of Constantine, and they took shelter in this rocky fastness of the Alpilles, much as the Catholics fled from here to Arles a thousand years later during the Religious Wars, when Jehan de Manville was Seigneur under Charles ix. From this lofty eyrie the refugees could look down from Mont Ste. Victoire on the east to Aigues-Mortes on the west; from Mont Ventoux on the north to the sea beyond the Crau and the Camargue, southwards. Even the amphitheatre of their native Arles was visible on a clear day before rain, beside the blue ribbon of the Rhone, ever widening in its long, slow course towards the lakes and the Mediterranean. The escarpment on which Les Baux was built is not much more than nine hundred metres long by some two hundred broad; and though its position gives an idea of inaccessible solitude, it is in reality less than a thousand feet above the

sea, and is formed of compact masses of calcareous limestone, still full of fossil shells, deposited by the prehistoric waters of the Mediterranean, and now covered with small, aromatic plants, and scanty, coarse grass.

The first Count of Les Baux, whose name alone we know, was Leibulf, at the end of the eighth century, whose son Pons, or Poncius, owned large lands in Argence. This latter name suggests a possible origin from overseas; but we are still in a merely conjectural atmosphere, and there are no documents to guide us until the name of Pons the younger, of Les Baux, is mentioned in a deed of gift to the Abbey of Montmajour by Boson of Arles in 971; in another, by Pons himself, to what is now St. Trophime, in 975; and in a third, by the same, to Montmajour in 981. This last definitely speaks of land "near the château called Les Baux," and it is the first claim of the site to a historical position, noteworthy chiefly from its connection with religion, a connection that needs to be borne in mind in judging fairly of the far from saintly aspect of so much that follows.¹ By 1024 we find a bull of Pope Benedict VIII. giving the names of Hugues, Seigneur of Les Baux, of Montpaon, and of Meyrargues, and husband of Emaur, the daughter of the Vicomte de Cavaillon. His posses-

¹ The Latin name in the deed is "Balcius." I do not pretend to offer any etymological explanations of the word.

sions were extensive in Marignane, in Martigues, and elsewhere, and he was evidently one of the most important of the feudal barons who rose to power during the weakness of the Kings of Arles. His son, Guillaume-Hugues, followed his friend Raymond, Count of St. Gilles and of Toulouse, to the first Crusade in 1095, and there distinguished himself alike by courage and by strength, being chosen as witness to Count Raymond's will, which was made shortly before his death in Palestine.

His son, called after his friend, Raymond, succeeded him, and with him the house of Les Baux begins to take a larger place in the history of Provence. Possessing no less than seventy-nine towns, châteaux, fortresses, or estates, in what were known as the "*terres Bausenques*," Raymond des Baux could count the Bourgneuf at Arles, Berre, Myremas, Meyrargues, Castillon, le Castelet, Salon, Pertuis, St. Remy, Aix-en-Provence, and Montdragon, among his many possessions. Some of these, but comparatively few, came to him through the important marriage with Stéphanette, daughter of Count Gilbert of Provence, the last of the dynasty of Boson, who died in 1109, with grave suspicion of murder. Stéphanette's sister, Douce, contracted an alliance, even more fruitful of consequence, by her marriage with Raymond Bérenger, the Count of Barcelona, who already owned part of Provence as Count of Forcalquier.

In 1113 Douce added the other part, as her dowry from her mother, and it seemed as if the whole of Provence were about to pass into foreign hands. But for the moment Raymond des Baux concealed his natural resentment. The Saracen corsairs were harrying the coasts from the Balearic Isles, and as Admiral of the Provençal galleys he assisted the Count of Barcelona in repelling the enemy and taking possession of Majorca. Two years afterwards, in 1116, this was recognised by a gift, from Douce and the Count of Barcelona, of the important seignury of Berre, and other lands seized from the murderers of Gilbert of Provence, whom the Count of Les Baux had vigorously attacked and punished.¹

In 1122, with Guillaume de Sabran and another, Raymond des Baux showed his restless spirit by attacking and plundering the Abbey of St. Gilles; for which he and the Count of Toulouse were duly excommunicated by a bull of Pope Calixtus II., until the stolen

¹ This deed of gift is preserved in the archives of the Bouches du Rhone (Reg. B. 1069. fo. 230. vo.), and begins as follows: *Notum sit omnibus quod Raimundus Berengarii, Barchinonensis comes, et Dulcia conjux ejus, fecerunt placitum cum Raimundo de Baucio. Illud vero placitum fuit tale: quod comes dedit Raimundo de Baucio omnem honorem illorum sceleratorum qui fuerunt de morte Gilberti comitis inculpati: quod est citra Duranciam, excepta villa Sancti Maximini. Et dedit ei dominium quod habebat in Berra, et justiciam et arbergia; et dedit illi in villa de Mejanis arbergia et bastimenta quae faciet ibi, et Factum est hoc placitum in villa de Fos, in secundo anno postquam redierunt de Maiorgas . . . anno Domini incarnationis M.C.XVI.*

property had been restored. Still, nothing was done in the important matter of Provence itself, and the inequality of the division of Count Gilbert's property between his two daughters still rankled. The death of the Count of Barcelona, and the marriage of his son, Bérenger-Raymond, with Béatrix de Melgueil, in 1135, gave the signal for that revolt for which Raymond des Baux had so long bided his time. Sixty-six Provençal knights joined his banner, among whom were the Count of Toulouse, a relation of Raymond des Baux, who claimed the guardianship of Béatrix de Melgueil; the Count of Forcalquier; Rostang and Guillaume de Sabran; Arnaud, Ponsodol, and Bertrand de St. Remy; Hugues and Guillaume de Porcelet; Rostang-Raymond, Isnard, and Rostand de Tarascon; Gantelme de Ventabren, Hugues des Arènes, Pierre Garcin de Trinquetteille, and Pons Aicard. But the defenders of Douce were just as powerful; and many families were divided among themselves in this internal struggle, which for long desolated Provence.

The help given to Douce's son by the Count of Barcelona and the Genoese mercenaries was at first most valuable. But the latter proved fickle allies, for they soon betrayed Bérenger-Raymond, and killed him in a sea-fight off Melgueil in 1144. His son, who bore the same name, was left the heir at only seven years old. His widow, Béatrix, married the Seigneur d'Alais, and

took her dowry with her. But the Count of Barcelona, who was also King of Aragon, at once made up his mind to face the situation, and his vigorous measures soon forced the rebellious barons to make oath of allegiance to his young nephew, Raymond Bérenger (II.), at the Assembly of the Three Estates, held at Tarascon, in 1146.

Raymond des Baux, thinking his opportunity had come at last, had done homage to the Emperor Conrad III., King of Arles, for the whole county of Provence, in which his rights were recognised by a prince whose interests were fully served by the quarrels of the Provençal nobles, and the weakening of the feudal barons. As a consequence, Raymond des Baux went on fighting even after the disastrous surrender of Tarascon, and only in 1150 was he forced to give in his own submission. His proud heart broke, and he died in Barcelona, leaving four sons by Stéphanette: Guillaume, who entered the Order of St. John; Gilbert, Hugues, and Bertrand. Hugues succeeded to the Seignury of Les Baux; and by his mother's direct assistance a treaty was made in Arles, between Les Baux and Barcelona, which ended for the time this internecine strife, on a basis of total amnesty for the past, and the cession to Barcelona of the châteaux of Trinquetaille, Meyrargues, Aix, Berre, Méjanès, and other lands, together with promises of homage and fealty.

As might have been expected after so one-sided a treaty, Hugues des Baux soon grew dissatisfied. He was encouraged by the recognition of his rights, in 1156, by the Emperor Barbarossa, who followed the same artfully disintegrating policy as that of Conrad; and, supported by his cousin, the Count of Toulouse, and other friends, Hugues refused to give up Trinquetaille. War broke out again at once. The local seigneurs, headed by the Count of St. Gilles and the Viscountess of Narbonne, intervened; and peace was patched up in the church of St. Trophime, on the basis of taking everything from Les Baux except the citadel itself, Castillon, and Vitrolles. Very naturally, Trinquetaille held out as obstinately as ever. This roused the Count of Barcelona to furious reprisals: he besieged and sacked Les Baux and all its territories, and finally beset the town of Arles, and after a tremendous struggle, which has remained legendary in the Rhone valley, he took Trinquetaille by means of a bridge of boats, and levelled it to the ground. Soon afterwards died the gallant princess Stéphanette, and her son Hugues once more broke his treaties, and was again besieged and conquered. The Count of Barcelona, seeing that fire and sword were powerless against his indomitable foe, tried the more fatal snares of policy, and by the marriage of his nephew, Count of Provence, with Richilda, niece of Barbarossa, secured the revocation by the Emperor of all previous

recognitions of Les Baux, and assured the sovereignty of Provence to his own family. Even so, the seigneurie of Trinquetaille went back to its old masters; but the power of Les Baux was for the moment gone. Hugues would not stay and see his lands diminished. He left Les Baux to his brother Bertrand, and went off to Sardinia to found a new family.¹

The destinies of Les Baux in Provence were safe in the hands of Bertrand, Princess Stéphanette's fourth son; for not only were his lands restored him by the Count of Barcelona, as the price of formal submission, but by his marriage with Tiburge, he became, in 1175, Prince of Orange on her brother's death, and was granted all those privileges of coining money, and of marching through the country with his flags flying, which the Emperor Barbarossa bestowed upon that house, and which it enjoyed until the union of the principality with France in 1700. He was assassinated in 1181, and his estates went to his three sons: Les Baux to Hugues, Berre to Bertrand, and Orange to Guillaume.²

¹ He married Précieuse de Lacon, from whom his son Hugues de Baux (or "Bassis") inherited the chief office of Sardinia. The last important survivor of his line was Eléonore de Baux, wife of Brancalione Doria, who was fined and exiled by John of Aragon in 1392.

² Bertrand also had Meyrargues, Puyricard, Eguilles, and Mari-gnane; and in 1213 he married the daughter of Mabile, Viscountess of Marseilles, whose dowry largely increased his wealth. William of Orange fought on the side of the Church in the Albigensian Crusade, and was taken by the "heretics" near Avignon, where he was flayed alive. He married twice, and left two sons.

The new Hugues des Baux faithfully followed the traditions of his house, in their hatred of Barcelona, by revolting against Alphonse, Count of Provence; and he was only delivered from the consequent imprisonment at the united request of many Provençal noblemen, who paid ransom for him. Some considerable financial difficulty followed, which was partly solved by the sale of the vast lake of Valcarès, in the Camargue, to the Republic of Arles, of which he was a "Consul" in 1206. But Hugues held firmly to Castillon, and Les Baux itself, and by marriage with Barrale he became Viscount of Marseilles, with large lands near the city. The Albigenian Crusade, however, soon threw the country into still further disorder, and it is with some surprise that we find a member of this stormy house in the character of peacemaker, a rôle apparently filled with such success by Hugues des Baux, between his friend the Count of Toulouse, and his rival the Count of Provence, that most of the possessions of Les Baux had found their way back to him before his death in 1240.

His son Barral, who married Sibylle d'Anduze, niece of the Count of Toulouse, incurred the excommunication of Pope Gregory ix. for holding the heretic Comtat de Venaissin safe in its allegiance to his uncle by marriage. He was equally firm in holding all his possessions near Arles, and especially the much-disputed fort of Trinquetaille, for which he did homage to the arch-

bishop in St. Trophime; and when this wily political prelate was seen to incline too much to the side of Charles d'Anjou, who was now Count of Provence, and very much determined to humble those sturdily independent towns of Arles, Avignon, and Marseilles, Barral des Baux was joyfully acclaimed Podestat of Arles by the citizens in defiance of their ecclesiastical superiors; and Archbishop Daussan had to retire in high dudgeon to Beaucaire, in 1249.

Soon afterwards Charles d'Anjou landed at Aigues-Mortes from the Crusades, followed by the Count of Poitou. Their strength was too much for Barral, who abandoned Arles, and became Podestat of Avignon instead, which was the deathstroke of the Arlesian Republic. By 1251 he was compelled to make peace with Charles, and to sue for the remission of the interdict from the archbishop; in order to save anything of the Comtat Venaissin, he gave up Avignon as well. The star of the Counts of Provence,¹ now passing to the mighty house of Anjou, was in the ascendant. Barral wisely continued his friendship with the strong, by put-

¹ The Count Raymond Bérenger (iv.) of Provence had four daughters: Marguerite married St. Louis, King of France; another married King Henry III. of England; a third married his brother, Richard, King of the Romans, and Duke of Cornwall; the fourth, Beatrix, was the wife of Charles d'Anjou, and thus Provence, as her dowry, became the county of the brother of St. Louis, and the uncle of three other kings of France. This was not enough for Beatrix, and she was not content until her husband was not merely Count of Pro-

ting down a rebellion in Marseilles for his overlord; and in 1254 he followed Charles d'Anjou to Italy, when the Pope called him in to conquer the kingdom of Naples, which was to prove so fatal to France for centuries afterwards. Barral's son, Raymond, in command of the advance-guard against Manfred in the battle of Benevento, was rewarded by the county of Avelin; his brother Bertrand received a revenue of four hundred golden crowns and twelve castles in the Abruzzi; and these two were the first knights chosen for the hundred companions Charles d'Anjou selected for his proposed duel with the King of Aragon. Their father became Podestat of Milan, and was Grand Justiciary at his death in Italy in 1270.

Barral's sons distinguished themselves later on, as might have been expected from so brilliant a beginning. Their sister Cécile was so beautiful that she was known throughout Provence as "Passe-Rose," and she married into the house of Savoy. Raymond became Grand Seneschal of Provence, taking command, in turn, of the cavalry and of the fleet in the Italian campaign; but he

vence, but King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem; Senator of Rome; Vicar Imperial of Tuscany, and Seigneur of Placentia, Cremona, Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Reggio, and many towns in Piedmont and Romagna. The Sicilian Vespers were but a part of the price the French had to pay. Provence had lost her independence when France continued that debt of defeat and death which "the fatal gift of beauty" exacted of her to the full in those ill-starred Italian campaigns I sketched in *Old Touraine*.

was cut off in a night surprise by the King of Aragon's troops, and slain by his own men in the tumult. His brother Bertrand succeeded him as Baron of Les Baux, Count of Avelin, Seigneur of Pertuis, and Baron d'Aubagne. He married Philippine de Poitiers, and his fine fighting in Italy resulted in the peace of 1290, after he had himself been ransomed from captivity by the Comte d'Artois. His personal strength and prowess in the tournament were particularly remarked by his contemporaries. These expensive pastimes, added to the continuous drain of the Italian war on his resources, soon compelled him to raise ready money by the sale of his lands; and among these, the famous château of Trinquetaille was sold to the Archbishop of Arles. He ended his days in Palestine in 1304, after visiting the Tomb of the Apostles in Rome.¹ He was succeeded

¹ Though Bertrand's son Raymond, Comte d'Avelin, succeeded him at Les Baux, his third son, Agout, is the only member of the family of Les Baux, whose name I can find in *Froissart*, and as might be imagined, it is honourably connected with a stubborn siege, during the English expedition in Languedoc, led by the Earl of Derby in 1344, in which took part the Earls of Pembroke, Oxford, and Stafford, Sir Walter Manny, and others, five hundred knights and squires with two thousand archers. The fighting is described in the first book of *Froissart*, beginning at the hundred and second chapter. "Sir Agous de Baus" is mentioned as the captain of la Réole in chapter one hundred and nine, and when he "knewe that the people of the towne wolde yelde up, he went into the castell with his company of soudyers, and whyle they of the towne were entretyng, he conveyed out of the towne gret quantyte of wyne and other provisyon, and then closed the castell gates, and sayd, howe he wolde nat yelde up so sone." Then

by another Raymond, who was Captain-General of the kingdom of Naples in 1308, and Grand Seneschal of Provence seven years afterwards. His son, Hugues-Raymond, followed him in this latter office, and in 1343 he married Jeanne de Chateauneuf, and as Grand Seneschal, he received the homage of the knights of Provence for the famous Queen Jeanne, who made him her Grand-Admiral.

But his patriotism was stronger than his loyalty to that extraordinary woman; for when public opinion

Lord Derby accepted the surrender of the town, hoping that thereby he would get the castle later, and in the town Sir Walter Manny found his father's body entombed, which he removed to Valenciennes. But Lord Derby, after eleven weeks, found he could not undermine the rock on which the castle stood; yet he got some way and the garrison grew alarmed; so "Sir Agous dyscendedde downe fro the hygh towre, and dyd put out his heed at a lytell wyndo, and make a token to speke with some of the host" . . . and when Lord Derby had brought Sir Walter Manny and Lord Stafford to speak with him, he offered to yield the fortress if he and his men might depart, "our lyves and goodes saved." This the Englishmen refused. Then Agout des Baux asked for the lives of his soldiers, saying: "Sir, knowe for trouthe, that yf the lest of us shulde nat come to mercy, as well as the best, we woll rather sell our lyves, in suche wyse that all the worlde shulde speke of us" . . . So Lord Derby granted honourable surrender, with their armour. . . . "Than they dyd on their harnesse and toke their horses, wherof they hadde no mo but sixe; some bought horses of thenglysshmen, the whiche they payed for truely. Thus Sir Agous de Baus departed fro the Ryoll, and yelded up the castell to the Englysshemen, and Sir Agous and his company wente to Tholous." I confess that this honourable feat of arms, so handsomely recognised by the English, lends its best interest, in my eyes, to these barren Provençal ruins that are stained with so many less attractive memories.

openly accused her of the murder of her first husband, Andrew, of Hungary, and after she had made her second marriage with Louis of Tarentum, he seized her and threw her into prison until the Pope himself had given his assurance that she would not give up Provence. When the Italian estates were attacked, he went, apparently with the object of assisting her, to Naples, with ten Provençal galleys; but he was flying for higher game. He arranged a truce with the avenging King of Hungary, in 1351, on the basis of marrying his own son Robert to Marie, sister of Queen Jeanne, who first married Charles, Duc de Durazzo, and had also lost her second husband, Philip of Tarentum, through whose mother, Catherine, she had become titular Empress of Constantinople. As soon as the first part of this magnificent plot had been safely carried through, and he had put Queen Jeanne and her husband on shore at Gaeta, he set sail for Provence with the Empress, as his daughter-in-law, on board. But an unlucky delay near Gaeta, on the way, proved fatal. Louis of Tarentum, helped by the treachery of the crews, boarded his galley and stabbed him to death with his dagger. His sons, Robert and Raymond, were imprisoned, and the Empress "kept in safety" by her sister.

The tragedy was not over yet; and long negotiations ensued, in which Pope Innocent VI. tried in vain to secure the liberty of Robert des Baux. At last, in

1354, the Empress herself, in despair at her anomalous position, forced her way into her husband's prison, with four armed men, watched them assassinate him, and threw his corpse out of window upon the sea-shore.

Queen Jeanne at once showed her displeasure; but the pompous funeral she gave the murdered man did not remove the suspicion of her own complicity. In the next year Louis de Durazzo was fighting through the kingdom of Naples, while his brother Robert, helped by the Seigneur de la Garde, attacked Provence, and actually took Les Baux. Raymond des Baux, the Grand Seneschal, at once roused the country against the marauders, and besieged the Duc de Durazzo in Les Baux. Raymond came to his own again chiefly by the help of a huge military machine, probably a balista, for hurling rocks over the walls; and in memory of their deliverance the inhabitants set up the "Croix de Machine," which still may be seen on the left of the path that leads down to the "Tremaïe" and the "Gaïe," on the road out of the north side of the village. The invader surrendered in August.

All these alarms and excursions had naturally a lamentable effect on public safety and the well-being of Provence. A band of brigands and discharged soldiers, reaching the alarming total of four thousand, began to ravage the Comtat Venaissin under Arnould de Cer-

voles, Seigneur de Castelnau; and unfortunately for the reputation of Les Baux, a member of that turbulent house was with them. The "Archiprêtre," as de Cervoles¹ was grimly nicknamed, was bought off at a high figure by the Pope, and the Seigneurs of Les Baux promptly took advantage of his armed rabble to intimidate the rest of Provence, assisted by still further levies of the same haphazard character under the appropriate leadership of a renegade priest from Salon, named Galapascum. Provence at once became again the theatre of fratricidal strife, and Count Jean d'Armagnac was called in to the help of Marseilles. He promptly attacked Les Baux, and the family itself became divided

¹ "In the same season," writes Lord Berners, translating *Froissart*, vol. I. chap. clxxvi., "ther was a knyght called Sir Arnolde Cervoll, and most comonly named archpreest, he assembled togyder a great company of men of warr of dyvers contrees suche as lacked wages in other places: after the takyng of the Frenche kynge, they wyste nat where than to wyne any thyng in Fraunce: so first they went towarde Provence and toke by force many stronge townes and castelles, and robbed all the countrey to Avygnone, and they had none other capytayne but this knight the Archpreest: the pope Innocent the Sixt, and the cardynalles beyng at Avygnon had of that company great dout, and kept there men day and nyght in harnesse, and made good watche. When this archepreest and his company had robbed all the countre, the pope and the clergy fell in treaty with them, and so on a sure apoyntment they came to Avygnone and they were as honourably receyved as thoughe there had ben a kynges sonne; and often tymes this knyght had dynded with the pope and with the cardynals, and they had pardon of all their synnes, and at their departyng they had in rewarde xl. thousande crownes for hym and his company; so some of his company departed, but styll the archpresst kept his company togyder."

in the struggle which followed, for the house of Orange was opposed to its parent stem, now chiefly prominent in Antoine des Baux, who devastated Aix and its territories with fire and sword, heartily assisted by the "Archiprêtre" and all his gang of cut-throats. Their reign of terror was only ended by Antoine's death in 1371; and the Pope did his best to annihilate even the memories of past disorders, by granting complete amnesty and absolution to the survivors.

The last in the direct line of Les Baux was Alix, daughter of Raymond and of Jeanne de Beaufort, born in 1367, soon after her father's death. She was placed under the guardianship of Guillaume Roger de Beaufort, Vicomte de Turenne, whose harsh and self-willed nature seemed to thrive and flourish in congenial soil, as soon as he was in the "Robber's Nest" upon the strong heights of his ward's castle of Les Baux. Two members of his family had reached the papal throne, Clement VI., in 1342, and Gregory XI., in 1370. He married Éléonore de Comminges, sister of that Cécile whose influence over the Pope arranged the alliance and the transfer of the title of Turenne. Their son, Raymond de Turenne, was perhaps the worst enemy Provence ever had (except Anne de Montmorency). The death of Louis d'Anjou, King of Naples and Count of Provence, in 1384, gave him his first opportunity of making trouble; for many towns united in revolt against

Marie de Blois, the widow of Louis, and joined the party of Charles de Durazzo, who also claimed the possessions of Queen Jeanne. The Vicomte de Turenne had spent certain sums of good money on Les Baux and its territories, as much for his own sake as for his ward. He proposed to get his interest back, and something more, and with that object he forced Alix des Baux, when she was only thirteen, to marry Adon de Villars. But the bridegroom, who had merely been called into existence as a convenient vassal to be squeezed for money, proved quite recalcitrant. Pitying, as we may justly surmise, the forlorn state of his child-wife, he stoutly espoused her cause against her guardian, and asserted their combined independence against his control. Turenne burst out at once, only too glad of the pretext of a quarrel; and though the Pope immediately advised Marie de Blois to treat for an armistice of two years, Turenne forthwith began to devastate the country.

It may be surmised that the visit of Jean Lefèvre to Alix, in 1382, to purchase for the Duke of Anjou the rights of the Seigneurs des Baux to the empire of the East, did not tend to diminish Turenne's appreciation of his ward's value. The army of bandits which he raised earned for themselves the name of "Tard-venus"; and the cruelty of their leader, Ferragus, when he seized and sacked Les Baux itself, was sufficient to be con-

spicuous even among those scenes of cruelty and high-handed violence. Like a swarm of vultures, these daring ruffians defiled the eagle's nest, and from the safety of their rocky fastness carried destruction far and wide, plundering and burning towns and villages, and sparing neither age nor sex from their brutality.

The city of Aix roused its militia in self-defence. The Pope sent armed men to the help of Alix and her husband. Turenne replied by rousing the corsairs of the Mediterranean, and ravaging the coasts of the country he was depopulating. Attempts at bribery completely failed. A meeting with the royal ambassadors at St. Remy proved equally ineffectual. In 1393 Les Baux was besieged, and Marie de Blois acknowledged the help given by Arles to her forces, and to those of the Pope, before its walls. But Les Baux held firm. In the next year the Pope tried excommunication. Turenne only laughed, saying that a thousand florins would get him more soldiers than seven years of plenary absolution from the Holy See; and his boast held good. The Pope it was that died.¹

For so great an emergency a great remedy was needed; and it was forthcoming at the hands of Marshal Boucicaut, who had been sent down by King Charles VI. of France to besiege Benedict XIII., enthroned, contrary

¹ Froissart adds that "Les gendarmes ne vivent pas de pardons ni n'en font point trop grand compte, fors au détroit de la mort."

to the royal wishes, in his castle of Avignon. The Pope fled promptly to Chateaufort,¹ and the town of Avignon surrendered. Boucicaut was then able to turn to his next task, the pacification of Provence. For this he seemed very fortunately qualified, not merely by his high and honourable reputation as a soldier, but by his recent marriage with Antoinette, the only daughter of Turenne, and one of the loveliest women in all France. He soon found, however, that his father-in-law was not going for a moment to listen to any sentimental arguments. The Vicomtesse de Turenne, approached by a friend at Meyrargues, refused all attempts to negotiate. By slow degrees the attack developed. Les Baux, Roquemartine, and Vitrolles were simultaneously besieged, and Pertuis was taken. Three thousand partisans of the traitor were cut off from the Rhone by the Seneschal of Beaucaire, under direct orders from the king, and at last Turenne, compelled by famine, came to terms in 1399. Boucicaut drew up the treaty, which delivered Provence at last, and was rewarded by the gift of large lands from the queen, and of the body of St. Roch from the grateful Provençals, a relic which he eventually handed to the Religieux Trinitaires of Arles,

¹ Mistral's poem, *Nerto*, describes the flight of Benedict from Avignon to Chateaufort, and the subsequent proceedings in Arles. It is one of the best "historical imaginations" of the Popes in Provence ever published, as is also the well-known tale in Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin*.

who passed it on to St. Trophime after the Revolution, and in that church it still remains.

One final effort at revolt Turenne made, in defiance of the treaty, but was forced to take refuge in Tarascon, where he was surrounded, and was finally drowned by falling out of his boat as he tried to escape by the Rhone in 1400. At last the "Fléau de Provence" was dead. So long had this deliverance been vainly prayed for, that the proverb "Aco es long coumé la mort de Tureno," still preserves the execration of his memory in the Valley of the Rhone.¹ Two years afterwards, Alix des Baux, then a widow of thirty-five, married Conrad, Count of Fribourg and Neuchâtel, adding to her title of the Countess of Avelin, those of Alais and Beaufort, and the Viscounty of Turenne. Louis de Châlons, who had become Prince of Orange through the marriage of Marie des Baux, the heiress, with Jean de Châlons in 1386, received by her will the rights to the Turenne estates; and at her death, in 1426, Les Baux passed with the county of Provence

¹ Turenne's portrait is worth preserving here in the language of a contemporary eyewitness: "Ce fléau de Provence . . . estoit de taille pleine et quarrée, plus tost grand que petit, avoit les membres forts et robustes, la teste grosse et ronde, le visage plein et gras, le teint couleur de miel, les sourcils et les yeux de mesme, à l'entredoux des sourcils ayant la chair surenflée, ce qui causait deux plis qu'il faisoit en se renfroignant; avoit le nez tirant sur l'aquilin, les lèvres grosses et rouges, avec un peu de moustache noire . . . ressentant son homme de haute et bonne maison. . . ."

into the hands of Louis d'Anjou, King of Jerusalem and Sicily.¹

I have deliberately here collected more details concerning this extraordinary family than would be suitable elsewhere in a book of this kind, because the story of the house of Les Baux is so little known, and the site of their fortress-town is so remarkable as to be unique, of its kind, in Europe. It can never again be repopulated, and its appropriate denizens are the ghosts of its once famous rulers, those sturdy robber-barons whose policy was friendship with Toulouse, and hatred for Barcelona, and whose unyielding feudalism fell only before the gradually growing strength of the Counts of Provence, and the great house of Anjou; before, in fact, the royal family of France. The democratic spirit of the rising communes may have helped their downfall; but it was only to the Fleur de Lys that the star of the sixteen rays ever openly acknowledged that its light was dimmed.

That house of brave men was a home of fair women also; and from the inventory made for the Crown, on the death of Alix des Baux, we may still glean some faint notion of the gentler life they sometimes lived amid

¹ The fortunes of the house of Orange, in which Les Baux had so large a share, have been sketched in the third chapter of the first volume, in its last pages. The branch of François des Baux, Duc d'Andrie and Seigneur of Berre, lost its estates in 1374, but was carried on by Raymond des Baux des Voisins, Prince of Tarentum, whose modern representatives are the family *Del Bazzo* of Naples, who bear the arms of Les Baux and Orange.

the turmoil and the bloodshed that so constantly surrounded them.

The entrance-courtyard of the château lay to the south. The Chapel of Ste. Marie, with its vaulted roof, was in the rez-de-chaussée, near several large reception-rooms, with kitchens, bakery, larders, and cellars beneath them. Above were fifteen more out of the thirty-five rooms. That in which Alix died was situated in a tower, beneath a granary. It was furnished with two candlesticks of silver, with plate of silver and of gold, with many lengths of tapestry, and with fine Eastern rugs. In the oaken chests were robes of silk and velvet, of cloth of gold, and "vair"; furs, belts, eight rosaries set with pearls, prayer-books, and books of hours, bound in red cloth of gold, with clasps of silver-gilt. Within the "Chambre de la Rose" were more books of prayer, bound in cloth of gold and pearls, and set in a case of stamped leather, bound with a silver band all gilt with fleurs de lys. The chapel and its vestry were filled with rich ecclesiastical garments and plate, chalices, patens, candlesticks, and reading-desks, in gold and silver-gilt, enriched with gems, enamel, and embroidery, a number of illuminated liturgies, and a set of tapestries, showing the adoration of the Magi, with Balthasar, the traditional ancestor of the house. In other rooms were tables with huge legs enriched with carving, long seats that opened to form linen-chests,

sideboards in solid worked wood, cupboards let straight into the stone, and lined with cedar. In the larders and cellars were tuns of wine, both white and red, great store of nuts and grain, piles of salt beef and pork, rows of fishing-nets, and stronger nets for hunting the stag and the wild boar; with herds of cattle, pigs, and sheep, in the pastures below, and nearly fifty chickens. In the halls and passages were trophies of arms, cuirasses, helmets, arbalètes, couleuvrines, bombardelles, lances, and swords; "the most of them rusty," for their day was over. The furniture was partly sold by order of the king, partly bequeathed to the Bishop of Tortosa, and partly sent over to the Château of Tarascon.

The Lady Alix was the last of many famous predecessors in that boudoir, which was scattered to the four winds at her death. Some of them went into the church, as Ermeline, Abbess of St. Sauveur at Marseilles, in 1203; Aybeline, a nun at Mollégès, in 1283; Barbe, Béatrix, Florette, Constance, Catherine, and Nazarèthe, who were in turn in the Convent of Noble Nuns at Aix. But the daughters of so strong a house could not often choose so quiet a lot. Both policy and blood called them imperiously to a larger life, and, if we may trust their traces, they lived it as heartily as their brothers in their own fashion. That Stéphanette, whose sister's dowry brought such trouble to Provence, was a distinguished leader of the poetically amorous society, which was

chiefly cultivated at the court of her rival and brother-in-law of Barcelona. The songs and sighs of Troubadours did not invariably end in merely music. The first lady proclaimed by the unhappy Guilhem de Cabestan was Bérengère des Baux; but, for his sorrow, he then chose Tricline de Carbonelle, the wife of Raymond de Seillans, who slew him, and made a dish for the lady's table from his heart. Fouquet the poet was so stricken with grief at the death of Adélasie des Baux that he became a monk, and eventually rose to be Abbé de Thoronet, Bishop of Marseilles, and Archbishop of Toulouse, leaving numerous compositions upon the virtues and beauty of his lady on his death.

Sometimes the woman refused the homage of the Troubadour, as did Baussette, who scornfully rejected the verses which Roger d'Arles brought to the castle of Les Baux; sometimes, again, the barons themselves did not disdain to turn a pretty rhyme or two in competition with the Troubadours, as did Raimband des Baux for Marie de Châteauvert in 1236, or that Guillaume d'Orange who derived from the same strong family. But the ladies of Les Baux were chiefly content to provide inspirations, as did that Passe-Rose of the lovely name whom I have mentioned earlier; or Clairette, the theme of Pierre d'Auvergne; or Alasie, the Queen of Beauty at the court of Signe, as Jeanne at that of Avignon; or Rambaude whose charms were



"PAVILLON DE LA REINE JEANNE" AT LES BAUX.

sung by Sordel; and there were doubtless many more to whom such lines were addressed as that ancient Provençal love-song of "Magali," which I have reproduced in my appendix from the version, and the pretty tune, saved from oblivion by Mistral. But I shall have more to say, perhaps, of Provençal poetry another time; and I must pass on from the ladies of the house of Les Baux to the next lady who lived in the halls they had deserted: an appropriate successor; for she was Jeanne de Laval, the second wife of the royal Troubadour, the good King René.

The lands and castle of Les Baux passed to René by virtue of his title of Count of Provence; and it is owing no doubt to the money he spent in embellishing the place for his wife that we have the lovely little "Pavillon" in the valley still left us to admire. There is now only a field of grain within the walls that once held Jeanne de Laval's garden, and all the pleasant walks and shrubberies in which her courtiers and her maids-of-honour strolled and flirted. At each angle was set a tiny summer-house, of which only this one is left; a little gem of rustic Renaissance architecture, with its round arches set between Ionic pillars, and the delicate frieze beneath its tiny dome. The place is called Baumanière in the Vallée de la Fontaine; and it is good to know that René's successor, Charles d'Anjou, approved and ratified the privileges he had

granted, privileges which still kept for a little longer the peculiar flavour of independence and of aristocratic solitude around Les Baux. But in 1481 Les Baux passed, with all Provence, to the kingdom of France; and the king was Louis XI. Romance seems to shudder and fly hurriedly away at the very name of him; and but a little more need now be added to explain the desolation of Les Baux to-day, and to say something of the other ruins that remain in it apart from its old castle.

In 1528 the barony of Les Baux was given by François I. to Anne de Montmorency, Grand Constable of France, and Master of the King's Galleys. The hideous results to Provence of the invasions of the Emperor Charles v., whose path was devastated before him to prevent his progress, must have fallen more lightly on Les Baux owing to the presence of the Constable himself. The king recognised his value; and François I. came all the way to Les Baux to thank him, and it is at this visit that we first find the name of Claude de Manville, as captain of the town under Montmorency,¹ a name which

¹ The Manvilles seem to have originally come from Normandy, where Henri and Pierre de Manville served under Pierre de Brézé in the fifteenth century. Jean migrated to Toulouse in 1483 and held office in the town before his death in 1481. His son Claude, it was, who was captain of the galleys at Marseilles, and then captain, under Montmorency, of Les Baux, of which the king created him Seigneur in his own right in 1544. He married Philippine de Brion, but, being without issue, handed on Les Baux to his nephew, Jehan d'Aymar of Toulouse. A collateral branch was represented in Languedoc down to the Revolution by the Prince de Manville-Bianchi.

is inseparably connected with the Huguenots at Les Baux. Of the Protestant party Baron des Adrets was the head, in the Rhone valley, and after the Massacre of Vassy, in 1562, he seized the town and château of Beaucaire. The year before, de Montmorency had been taken prisoner in the battle of Dreux; and he was killed at St. Denis in 1567. Jehan de Manville, who had taken charge of Les Baux in 1561, was unable to prevent the Huguenots from getting in, and for three months they worked havoc on the emblems of Catholic religion in the castle and the town. In September they were turned out again, with considerable severity; but by 1563 the agreement between Condé and Catherine de Medicis gave them complete freedom for the practice of their religion and the enjoyment of their civic rights. In 1570 Jehan de Manville was back again.

His house is the fine Renaissance building which is almost the first ruin you see on the left hand, at an angle of the little street leading up into the town from the inn, the street called the "Grande Rue." Over the window of the oratory, which still shows indubitable traces of its former beauty, is carved the famous motto of the Reformation: *POST TENEBRAS LUX*, and the date 1571. In the church is the chapel of the Manville family, which was built by Claude in 1546, with their arms of a golden lion and a silver fortress, and a prettily vaulted roof. Several of their dead lie beneath it.

This same Claude de Manville built the Hospital of St. André, in 1542, part of which was behind the Romanesque chapel of St. Blaise (in the Rue des Fours, continuing the Grande Rue) and part in the valley. The lands given him by François I. extended outside the walls immediately beneath the rock on which the château was built. These are now the property of the Prince de Manville-Bianchi, by whose generosity the ministry of Beaux-Arts has been able to restore the church, and to preserve some of the ruins that were only classified as "Monuments Historiques" when it was too late to save them all.

In 1614, François de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, in the course of a formal progress through Provence, made his entry into Les Baux on a Saturday afternoon at the end of May. He and his suite seem to have spent a very pleasant Sunday in the château, and salvoes of artillery were fired as every toast was drunk. The duke desired to show his comrades that he was as expert in one form of entertainment as in the other, and loaded one of the cannon with ball, aiming at a broken wall among the ruins. The piece exploded; part of his right leg was blown away; and in a few days he was buried in the church of St. Trophime at Arles. By 1621 de Manville had to consent to give up the protection of the Protestants in Les Baux; and the Catholics have remained "in power" there ever since.

The last man who held the title of Seigneur and Baron of Les Baux was Antoine de Villeneuve, who was a partisan of the Duc d'Orléans against Louis XIII. The king sent Charles de Grille, Sieur d'Estoublon, to take possession of Les Baux by royal authority; but de Villeneuve's men resisted, "even to effusion of blood," and though many of de Grille's soldiers were introduced disguised as women, they could not hold the place. The king's lieutenant at once sent Captain de Saucourt and a company to summon the town to surrender; but the citizens held out "in the king's name"! They were straitly besieged, and sent despairing messages to the king, refusing to open their gates, until de Saucourt showed them a letter from Louis himself, dated the 18th of June 1631, from St. Germain-en-Laye. But this was not all. His Majesty's advisers apparently bethought them that this strong place had been somewhat too wilful. Orders for destruction arrived, and were slowly carried into effect. A mason of Tarascon, named Pol Reboul, struck the first blow on the château on the 11th of March 1633. The engineer, Bugon de Baril, completed the work of demolition with gunpowder on the 8th of April. In less than a month the walls that had stood for some seven centuries were ruined.

One more strange turn of fortune's wheel remained for Les Baux, even after Richelieu had wrecked it; and this was caused by the ambition of Spain to be-

come possessed of Monaco. The young Honoré de Grimaldi, seeking the protection of Louis XIII., who had no desire to see the Spaniards conveniently planted between Genoa and Nice, so near to his own territories, arranged by the treaty of Peronne for the independence of Monaco, and the protection of a French garrison, in 1641, together with sufficient lands in France to compensate for the loss of any Italian revenues confiscated by Spain. Grimaldi got the Spaniards out of Monaco by a cleverly audacious ruse, and was rewarded by lands in France which were called his Duchy of Valentinois; and in 1643 Les Baux was created a marquisate in the possession of the Grimaldis, Princes of Monaco, and Dukes of Valentinois. The title that had been held by Diane de Poitiers, and by Caesar Borgia, added perhaps the last touch of sinister romance that was needed to complete the history of Les Baux. A little country pleasure-house, beneath the ruins of the fort, was enough for the Grimaldis; and even that was knocked to pieces by the Revolution, which also cut down every forest on the mountain-slopes.

The last Grimaldi who was Marquis of Les Baux was Honoré Camille Léonor; and in 1791 Les Baux became the property of the nation. It has become poorer and more desolate every year since then; and I must renounce the task of even trying to pick out some semblance of a story from the crumbling stones that

still cumber its mean streets. There is a "Hôtel de Monte Carlo," in Les Baux,¹ no doubt in memory of past Grimaldis; and there is an admirable guide called M. Farnier, who "has constituted a little museum of the relics he has picked up," to use his own expression. To him I can cheerfully leave the explanation of the Maison du Notaire Royale, with its handsome chimney-piece; of the Hôtel des Porcellets, with the pietà above its doors; of the Chapelle des Pénitents, with a sun-dial above its entrance; of the great Hall of Ceremonies, with its sixteen-rayed star, a floor that has been dug out four feet deep for limestone, and traces of round-headed Romanesque, pointed Gothic, and square Renaissance, all mingled together upon its outside walls; of the Tilting Yard, called "Les Arènes," built for mild bull-fights, in 1840, out of the castle ruins; of the queer arrangements for catching rain-water on the sloping glacis behind it; and of the still imposing remnants of that marvellous castle in which so much of the history of Provence was made.

For myself, I like to leave Les Baux with the memory of Alexandre Dumas, who leaned over its escarpment and looked out along the plain for those pale hedgerows that the Provençal farmers made out of the bones of Marius' battles. He wondered at the little church, as

¹ Where "lunch" is a perilous adventure, and any other form of hospitality impossible.

you will wonder too, for it is the only building with any pretence to being weather-tight in the whole place. Its charming entrance, its altar for the sheep-shearers, its dark and massive arches, its little presentment of the Holy Maries in their boat—all are in sombre keeping with these silent ruins. Dumas, I regret to say, took away with him the little wooden figure of a saint; but it caused him such pangs of conscience that he said before it, when he got back to Arles, one of the heartiest prayers he had offered for many a long day, and maybe he has long ago atoned for a theft which was a loss to no one. For as he entered the little, cold, dark building (in the days before its restoration) he heard a sound of sorrow at the eastern end. Upon an open bier, before the high altar, lay the dead body of a little girl. Her two tiny sisters knelt on either side. Her mother sat crying in a corner, and continued sobbing after the good Alexandre had thrown her his whole purse. Her little brother tried to toll the bell for a service at which no priest was present. A dozen or so of beggars had looked in to see the sight. They comprised the whole population of Les Baux.

PART II.—CARCASSONNE

“ . . . The baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind . . . ”

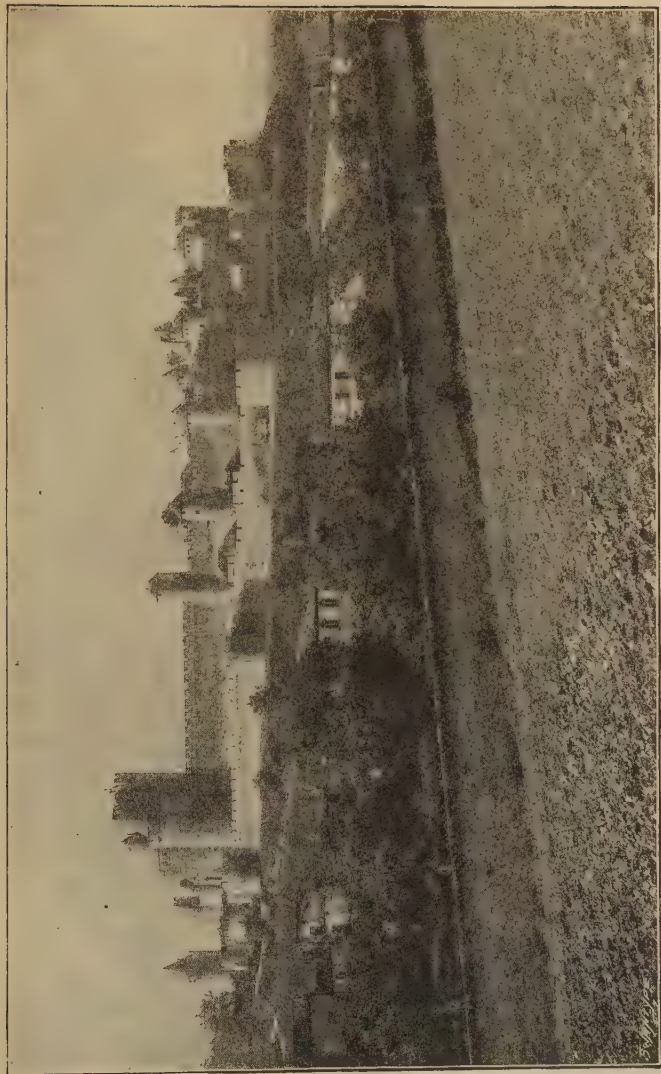
—
“ Il n’a jamais vu Carcassonne.”

THERE was once a farmer in Languedoc who always promised himself the happiness of a journey to Carcassonne; but whether it was the market of the “*Ville*,” or the battlements of the “*Cité*” which was the greater attraction I cannot tell. Seed-time and harvest, winter and spring, followed one another, and as he lay a-dying the gossips echoed Nadaud’s sad line which I have placed at the head of this chapter, “He has never seen Carcassonne.” It might no doubt be the epitaph of many an Englishman who has spared himself a week upon the Riviera, or even journeyed past Toulouse; and it applies to more than merely pilgrimages unfulfilled. It shall never be said of any traveller in Provence who reads this book if I can help it.

There are two places with the name of Carcassonne to-day, but there was only one before the middle of

the thirteenth century; and the "new town," laid out in squares and parallels like any urban mushroom in the Western States, was founded at the will of St. Louis, and built under Philippe le Hardi, after the same squarely mathematical alignments which controlled the internal architecture of Aigues-Mortes. With this I shall have little to do; for, estimable as may be its present inhabitants, and untarnished its long record of development, it is but the stepping-stone, the very doormat (as Henry James once said) of its elder sister on the hill across the Aude.

To many of us a mediaeval fortress is a thing of stage-craft, a matter of nimble trickery behind the foot-lights; at most the rapid flash of such intuitively created mystery as stops our turning pages at one of Doré's best vignettes in the "*Contes Drolatiques*." But here, by the river Aude, within an easy morning journey from Toulouse, is the reality of six centuries ago, with no theatrical carpentry too visibly at work, with nothing between you and the Visigoths save the unrealised and priceless healing of a sympathetic architect. "Restorer" were a name soiled by too base uses for such work as Viollet-le-Duc has here achieved. He has evoked, with a sure hand, the lines and towers of the past; set them so firm upon the untorn bases of their first foundation, that even the encircling air about that immemorial place of arms seems dim with its full host



CARCASSONNE.

of mail-clad warriors, still stirring with the pennons of their chivalry, and echoing to the shout of onset and defiance.

Look at it first from a distance, from that little stilted bridge across the river, to which you are led willingly down a long avenue of acacia-trees. Aloof, alone, high-set upon its solid hill, the ancient Cité stands within her double ring of frowning walls and lance-like pinnacles, each rounded roof a massy helmet, each buttress a colossal shield. By two gates only may you enter: by the Porte Narbonnaise, magnificently flanked by tall defences and bristling with solid outworks, cunningly interlaced and triply guarded; and by the Porte de l'Aude, which looks towards Toulouse and is approached by a steep paved way, now grass grown. The green that typifies forgiveness now clasps the base of those enormous ramparts which once rose straight from the forgotten moat, as if in heavy folds of some stone curtain stretched from tower to tower between the fortress and the world.

"Die Welt ist nichts als ein Orchester,
Wir sind die Instrumente drin . . ."

And as the overture is finished, it is time for that curtain to go up, and to let us look closer at the stage it shrouds, at the scenes where so many actors—heroes and villain both—played their last part in the tragedy of Carcassonne.

Though known to the Roman generals, Carcassonne showed nothing of her future fortunes until Rome had fallen. With Theodoric, King of the Visigoths, who held the entrenchments on the hill in 436, began the first fortifications that can still be traced, in an oval line which was only smaller than the existing interior line at the south-western angle. Its towers were cylindrical outside, square on the inside, and based upon huge uncemented blocks that may well have been of late Roman construction. They were joined by a tall rampart with the sentinels' walk along the top, defended by square battlements. On the outer face, at about the level of the internal ground, were round-headed windows, furnished with wooden shutters swung on horizontal bars, through which the archers shot. For a large part of their height these towers are solid, and were therefore a fine defence against the mines or battering-rams of the period.

The little plateau, thus so early and so strongly fortified, is set at an angle which commands the valley of the Aude, the natural pathway from Narbonne to Toulouse, between the foothills of the Pyrenees and the Black Mountain, and it is also the key to the roads from the Mediterranean to the ocean and from France to Spain. For this reason Clovis besieged it, ineffectually, in 508. For more than two hundred years afterwards the Visigoths stayed on, until the Moors and Saracens swept over

the Pyrenees and held the southern towns of France. They left no traces in the masonry of the place except in the breaches they made in several parts of the walls; but one of their queens, Carcas, is said to have given her name to the fortress after her heroic defence of the town against the Franks whose archers had shot her husband on the walls. The legend probably arose from the inscription, "*UNICA SUM CARCAS*," once set up over the stone bust of a woman at the Porte Narbonnaise; a sentence which is more likely to have typified the pride of the inhabitants of the ancient city and their claim that alone it should be called Carcassonne, after the new town across the river had been founded.

Pepin took the fortress for the Franks in 759, and Oliban, who held it for Charlemagne, was the first count who declared his independence, and handed on his power. His descendant, Roger, thoroughly strengthened the Visigoth walls, founded the church of St. Nazaire, though nothing of his work is left, and began to collect around him some of the elements of a court, for which a flourishing industrial quarter soon grew up in the faubourgs round the walls, supplying leather and clothwork for the nobles and their ladies. After Roger's death his vassal knights revolted and besieged the fortress. But the Countess Hermengarde, wife of Raymond Trencavel, roused the Carcassonne militia, called out and armed the neighbouring workmen, under

the leadership of her son Aton, and soon dispersed the rebel barons.

The Trencavel dynasty thus seemed firmly based upon popular affection, bound to them by the best ties of victorious comradeship in arms; but in 1096 Bernard Aton was in such trouble with his burgesses that Pope Urban II. had to come in person to make peace between them, and to give his blessing to the nave of the present church of St. Nazaire, which was just being built. One result of the quarrel was that a certain number of the inhabitants were bound over for the future, as "châtelains," to keep the towers and walls in good repair, and to be responsible for the safety of the town. In about 1130, under Roger III., the château itself was built into the old Visigoth ramparts behind the Porte de l'Aude, and for the next fifty years the inner line of fortifications was constantly strengthened; but there was only the inner line when Carcassonne suffered the greatest siege of its history, and went through the tragedy which is the darkest association of its historic name.

To understand the position on that fatal first of August, when Simon de Montfort led a French army against a French fortress, I must go a little further afield to explain the horrible episode in Provençal annals which is known as the Albigensian Crusade.

What is now roughly known as the Albigensian

“heresy” began in the mountains of Piedmont and Dauphiné, where men revolted against the symbolism, the mysteries, and the poetry, through the medium of which the Christian faith was universally offered for acceptance. Their opinions were fortified and spread by Pierre de Bruys and his disciple Henri de Lausanne. In Lyons one Pierre de Vaud was the head and front of their offence, as in Italy was Arnaldo da Brescia. They refused baptism, the Mass, the adoration of the Cross, the traffic in indulgences. What was originally a logical revolt of pure reason against dogmatic authority soon took unfortunately varying forms, and then reached unpardonable extremes. Their demand for separation from the Church—a thing unimaginable before, and never to be tolerated then—was the measure at once of their earnestness and their lack of worldly wisdom. The persecutions they endured, down to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and even later, are the proof of their sincerity. With the truth of their convictions, in the later and more adaptable doctrines of Luther and the Reformation, these pages have no concern; but it may at least be said that nothing based on lies could have endured so long or could have roused the heroism of nations in a cause that will never die while the religious formalities, which express individual belief in the Divine, exist. Religious persecutions form a subject that is most repugnant to every

thoughtful mind; but unfortunately they bulk large in human history from the time of the first Pharaohs downwards, and they have left some of the deepest scars upon that small portion of the universe which it is my present business to describe. Something, therefore, must be said of them; but merely as an explanation of the facts before us.

A little consideration of the geographical conditions of Languedoc and Provence will at once show how favourable was their soil to any new and attractively imaginative propaganda. I use this last epithet because the revolt against the excessively mystic symbolism of the end of the thirteenth century was, in a sense, the last step possible in "imagination." The destruction of all symbols became inevitable because their work was over and they could mean no more; extremes, in fact, had met, as is so commonly the case after a course of over-nurtured decadence. The reaction, of course, did not take this form alone. Besides and beyond the passive resistance, the destructive criticism, the negation, that appealed to some minds, there was the brilliant vitality, leavened by common sense, illuminated by artistic feeling, which roused in other, subtler intellects, the magnificently exuberant fruition of the genius called "Gothic." As little with that side of "Gothic" as with its architecture are we here concerned. The "Albigensians" show the reverse of the picture; the

foreign, exotic side, as opposed to the characteristically French.

Consider the colours on the palette. Languedoc had held the Saracen capital in Narbonne. Jews swarmed all over it; centred in Carcassonne, Montpellier, Nîmes. The Counts of Toulouse were Counts of Tripoli as well, and something more than the flavour of Oriental luxury had returned out of the East with the Crusaders. The literature of the Troubadours was the literature of love; and near the Rhone Valley love can never be Platonic; the "decisions" of their "Queens of Love" remain to prove it. "No true love can exist between wife and husband," said Eleanor of Guienne, and "a man may take a second lady-love to prove the temper of his first." Ermengarde, Countess of Narbonne, declared that a divorced man might well be the lover of his wife when once she had another husband. Such sayings should be taken, not as individual blots upon a fair reputation, but as symptoms of a temperament, indications of a frame of mind that was ready for every breath of novel doctrine. And there were many; though "Manicheism" has somewhat overpassed the rest, because of its great council held at the very centre of its heresy, Béziers, Carcassonne, Toulouse. Brought here from Bulgaria and Constantinople, it carried the old Persian theories of dualism into every phase of thought: the universe and the individual soul; the one

race and the other; the God of Good, and the God of Evil; the spirit and the flesh. Thus taught the Manichean Pope, Nicetas of Constantinople, in his Rome which was Toulouse.

Inextricable confusions of interpretation were the natural result for every orthodox critic, and their self-contradictory accusations of doctrine need not concern us. But one clear cleavage leaps to light. The danger to the true Pope and to his Church, his World, was irrefutable. We need not refuse, either to him or to his workers, an equal ardour of sincerity, an equally unselfish flame of zeal. The foundation of the Dominican Inquisition, the abuse of the confessional, these were but the symptoms of that zeal, not here to be examined otherwise.

Politics, both external and internal, lent the shadow of a darker background to the whole. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Germany's hostility to the Holy See was weakened by division. The crown of France was docile, even to taking back a hated queen. The Greeks had been subdued, for the empire of Constantinople had become (for sixty years) a French dependency. The Rhone and Languedoc alone seemed separate. Their lords were a King of Aragon and a King of England, both of uncertain faith, and drawn together by their common variance with Rome. That variance implied a difference from the rest of France, a difference

which the movements of Crusading armies had already revealed to astonished northern captains marching southwards to the sea. After Toulouse or Avignon had been reached, the people seemed to change as greatly as the face of their country. Bargaining and market-ing took the place of chivalrous ardour; disdainful opulence appeared instead of sturdy soldierhood, in this land of olive-oil, of garlic, and of figs.

In such a powder-magazine the spark was not long in blazing.

The Abbé of Citeaux strove to convert these heretics by the glamour of his ecclesiastical and luxurious pomp. He was soon taught stronger measures by a fanatic Castilian noble, who was Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, that fatal weapon in the hands of Innocent III. Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, roused the Pope to final conflict by reckless plundering of ecclesiastical property, by continuous defiance of the Papal will, by flaunting his immorality,¹ his agnosticism, his friend-

¹ Even the broadest views of aristocratic licence revolted against four wives, three of whom were living at one time. They were Beatrix, sister of the ill-fated Comte de Béziers; the daughter of the Duke of Cyprus; his cousin, the sister of Richard Cœur-de-Lion; and, after the death of this last, the sister of the King of Aragon. When he was ill, he insisted on being carried to Toulouse in order to be near his "bons hommes," the heretics. Little wonder that contemporary orthodoxy called him "limb of Satan, son of perdition, and firstborn of the devil, a fervid persecutor of Holy Church, a supporter of the infidels, a torturer of the faithful, a criminal apostate, the gutter of whose heart is open to every form of sin."

ship with heretics and Jews. Pierre de Castelnau, the legate of the Pope, roused him to anger by his denunciations, and suffered the fate of Thomas Becket, at St. Gilles in 1208. The hour struck; and vengeance delayed not in her coming.

In titles, the Count of Toulouse was strong indeed. Marquis of Northern Provence; Master of Quercy, Rouergue, and Vivarais; of Agenois through the King of England; of Gevaudan through the King of Aragon; Duke of Narbonne; and suzerain of Nîmes, Béziers, Uzès, Foix, and Comminges; he was yet uncertain of receiving loyal help from all. The Vicomte de Béziers, for instance, with whom rumour unceasingly connected the assassination of de Castelnau, held by the Comte de Foix, and asserted independence; and he was not alone. The Count of Toulouse began, therefore, by the outward signals of submission, and was scourged in the church of St. Gilles, where Pierre de Castelnau lay buried. The Pope accepted his repentance, but exacted further punishment. To save himself, the wretched count had to see, even to appear to assist, the whole fury of the Pope's crusade concentrated upon his nephew, the young and heroic Vicomte de Béziers. The point of attack was well chosen. The vicomte's territories were the centre of the greatest number of the heretics, and he was not strong enough to make too widespread a resistance; whereas, had the Count of

Toulouse been chosen as the scapegoat, a head and leader of a United South might necessarily, and involuntarily have been called into being. As a matter of fact, the Pope at first succeeded in uniting his friends against a divided foe.



ENTRANCE TO CARCASSONNE. (From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

The Papal Crusades of 1209 were led by the Archbishops of Rheims, Sens, and Rouen, the Bishops of Autun, Clermont, Nevers, Bayeux, Lisieux, and Chartres, the Duke of Burgundy, the Counts of Nevers, St. Pol, Auxerre, Bar-sur-Seine, and many more. With them was Archdeacon Theodosius from the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, a master of siege-craft, and a

mighty maker of engines for assault and battery. At their head was Simon de Montfort.

Béziers was the first town he besieged; and the names of the accused were read out for surrender. But the men of Béziers refused to give them up, and as soon as de Montfort's army began to entrench their camp, they burst out of the town and attacked it. The sally was repulsed easily by the guards; and the officers, following the routed men of Béziers in their flight back through the gates, found themselves masters of the city. A temporary embarrassment arose as to which were infidel and which were orthodox. "Slay them all," said the Abbé of Citeaux; "God will know His own." Over forty thousand persons perished. The Abbé himself modestly restricted his own claims to twenty thousand in reporting matters to the Pope.

"Then," says the Chronicle of Languedoc, "those in the town who could, both men and women, withdrew into the great church of St. Nazaire, and the priests of the church tolled the bells until all within it were dead. Neither the sound of the bells, nor the priests' garments, nor the clerks, availed to save any from the edge of the sword. Not one escaped. This butchery and murder was the most pitiful thing ever seen or heard of. The whole town was pillaged, and fire was set to every house till all was devastated, as may still be seen, and not a living thing survived. This

was a cruel vengeance, seeing that the vicomte himself was neither heretic nor sectarian . . . and people from all nations of the world assisted in it to the number of some three hundred thousand, who had come together, as was said, because of the promises of pardon and indulgence given them."

The horror of that holocaust spread far and wide. Every town opened its gates to de Montfort's army. Carcassonne alone stood firm, and in it was the hot heart of the Vicomte de Béziers, bleeding from the slaughter of his men. He was straightway besieged. His son, Raymond de Trencavel, was sent for safety to the Comte de Foix. His uncle, the King of Aragon, begged for terms. Safe-conduct was offered to the vicomte, with twelve others only. He refused at once, saying he would be flayed alive first. "Not one of my men shall the legate have, by my will; for it is for my sake that they have put themselves in peril." The siege began on August 1, 1209, and the defence was desperate. So hot was the fighting, aided by the skill of Archdeacon Theodosius, that in spite of constant sallies at night, in spite of unceasing heroism along the ramparts, de Montfort won the place after fourteen days of continual slaughter.

Want of water and famine had done what sword and mine had failed to accomplish. Every family from the countryside had fled for refuge within the

vicomte's walls; when the wells were tainted there was no more hope. The vicomte held out until all the crusading forces were gathered round him; then made a way of escape for his vassals by a subterranean passage which let them out into free country; and then fought until there were no more left to keep de Montfort out. Even so, four hundred and fifty wounded men were left. Four hundred of them were burnt; the others hanged. The vicomte himself, treacherously promised his life, was at first imprisoned in one of his towers during the rest of August. But his indomitable courage and his undying popularity throughout the country were too dangerous. By November he was dead.

This second massacre had turned the gorge of the best leaders of the Church's army. But some one had still to watch by the smoking cinders and the clotted blood. Some one had to be rewarded with these blackened ruins and maimed victims of St. Dominic and Innocent III., the guerdon for keeping watch that heresy did not once more raise her head from among the corpses and the ashes of her punishment. Simon de Montfort accepted both the task and its reward. The Crusading army fell away from him, glutted with butchery. The Comte de Foix at once appealed both to Philip Augustus and to the Pope, but was put off. The Count of Toulouse was offered such terms of reconciliation as even

he could not accept. De Montfort's wife roused him a new army; and fresh soldiers hurried from the north on hearing that the harrying of the south was still in progress. The miserable Albigeois, burnt and hacked out of Carcassonne and Béziers, now fled to various isolated forts. A multitude took refuge in the Château de Minerve near Narbonne. They were besieged without a hope of succour, without a single prayer for mercy. The whole hundred and forty of the survivors threw themselves into the flames, men and women alike, when de Montfort's soldiers took the place. The same hideous scenes were renewed at the Château de Termes; and here, as before, Archdeacon Theodosius showed his holy skill in the machinery of assault. The cross was fixed above his engines, and for all who were unhappy enough to survive them his fires were lighted. At the taking of the Château de Lavaur the Seigneur of Montréal was led out with eighty other nobles to be hanged. He was a tall man, and his weight broke down the hastily-erected gallows, so the rest had their throats cut, and his wife was hurled down a well, which was then filled up with stones. The few of the garrison who remained were burnt alive.

It was now time to turn to the Count of Toulouse. His town was deliberately condemned to the same fate as Béziers by its bishop; and the clergy left it in procession, singing their litanies, and calling down death upon

their people as they went. But even de Montfort seemed to have slaked his thirst for slaughter; or perhaps because there were so few heretics left to kill, he moved away from before the walls of Toulouse, where Count Raymond was helped by the Counts of Foix, of Béarn, and Comminges. At Castelnaudary, de Montfort was only saved from defeat and death by the discipline of his troops, who just managed to keep off the fiery onset of the house of Foix. Then Don Pedro, King of Aragon, challenged Simon de Montfort to bring his men to battle. The Crusader grimly accepted, gave his knights the Sacrament, and showed them Don Pedro's love letter to an inamorata in Toulouse. At Muret, near that town, the armies met, and Don Pedro did not survive the utter destruction of his forces. The Albigensian "Crusade" was over; the "heresy" had been stamped out in blood and fire. When the details were brought to Innocent III., his confidence in the justice of his cause, in the righteousness of his instruments, was rudely shaken. The blood of the slain seemed to cry out for vengeance; the love for Holy Church seemed hardly likely to increase. He was yet further troubled by the representations of the Comte de Foix. But all hope of reparation had long passed. Whole populations are not massacred with impunity for an idea. That idea was visibly shaken. The only certainty that remained was the immense loss of life, the widespread desolation.

In 1218 Simon de Montfort was slain beneath the walls of Toulouse; his strong heart had been broken long ago. His son, Amaury, gave up to Philip Augustus, King of France, all his blood-stained heritage of the south, save a few towns that still clung to independence.

Young Raymond de Trencavel, son of that Vicomte de Béziers so foully slain in Carcassonne, had married the sister of the King of Aragon, but when he claimed his heritage from Louis VIII., in 1226, it was denied him. Carcassonne had become a part of the royal domain under the king's seneschal. So he gathered troops in Aragon and Catalonia and took Montréal, Montolieu, Saissac, Limoux, Azillan, and Laurens, and then marched on Carcassonne. Two accounts of the siege have come down to us: the first from Guillaume de Puy-Laurens, Grand Inquisitor for the district of Toulouse; the second, the formal report addressed by the royal seneschal, Guillaume des Ormes, to Queen Blanche, the mother of Louis IX.¹

The fortress still had only its single lines of defence, an oval of about four hundred metres long by half that width. The château was behind the triangular defences which joined the barbican of the Porte de l'Aude to the main circumvallations of the western face; and it will be easy to appreciate these dispositions on the spot if you remember that the Cité is to the east,

¹ See *Bibl. de l'École des Chartes*, II. Série, t. ii. p. 363.

and the Ville Basse to the west of the Aude, while the still-existing twelfth-century bridge over the river points in almost a straight line from west to east, slightly inclining towards the south, as you may verify from the lines of the Cathedral of St. Nazaire, which lies south of the château within the walls.

As the invading army of September 17, 1240, came from the south they had no need to cross the Aude in order to invest the place; but the only reinforcements possible to the besieged must come from the north-west, over the river, so the Vicomte Raymond de Trencavel held the bridge, and arranged his army so as to cut off the fortress from the stream. For the same reason he at once seized the faubourgs all round the Porte de l'Aude, and strengthened his position by the fortified mill on a bridge across a small arm of the Aude, two hundred and fifty metres to the south of the big bridge. Others of his forces encamped on the ground between these bridges, facing the steep hill of the fortress; and others again watched the northern extremity of the walls, and the Porte Narbonnaise. All were strongly entrenched. A sally of the defenders against the captured faubourgs was repulsed, but to prevent its recurrence furious attacks were simultaneously made on the great barbicans of the Porte de l'Aude, and of the Porte Narbonnaise, and on the projecting piece of plateau which then extended beyond the main defences of the

southern angle. The arbalétriers kept up such a storm of missiles that no defender could show himself alive beyond the walls, and a huge mangonel was raised against the western barbican. The eastern gate was attacked by mines, the hollow ground being eventually filled with burning wood which gradually produced the sinking-in of the defences above it.

The first breach in the walls occurred on the southern plateau between the cathedral and the angle of the fortifications; but the besieged were ready with a palisade that stopped all further entry; and when the northern angle just seemed to be sufficiently undermined to be on the point of falling, the garrison stopped further progress by a countermine. The vicomte was pressed for time, owing to the probable arrival of the enemy's reinforcements, and he no doubt attacked before the defence was sufficiently weakened; for the general assault he ordered on the twentieth day was everywhere repulsed, and four days afterwards he was forced to retreat before the appearance of the royal army. He had not been successful; but his attempt had taught the French a lesson. King Louis ix. determined that this key-fortress of the south should be henceforth impregnable.

The first of the royal commands having this object showed a clear appreciation of events. The faubourgs were levelled, and their inhabitants bidden to find a

home elsewhere. It was built for them, later on, in the *Ville Basse*.¹ The next step was even more important. The whole of the external line of walls and towers, as we now see them, was forthwith built, enclosing the weak point on the plateau to the south, and extending the defences of the *Porte Narbonnaise* at least thirty metres eastward. Philippe le Hardi carried the work to completion before his death in 1285, and Carcassonne was the base from which he attacked the King of Aragon, and the sure refuge to which he could always retreat in case of accidents. The date of the walls between the south-west angle and the *Porte de l'Aude* is fixed at 1280, owing to the order given by the king, in August of that year, in Paris, that four barred windows might be put in them for the convenience of the bishop, on the understanding that they should be walled up in case of siege; and they may still be seen. The outer walls were finished before any reparation was done to the inner line, in which the bossed stone-work is all later than the exterior buildings. But nothing was added after the thirteenth century was over; and the work was so well done that the fortress was never taken by storm

¹ The Act empowering the building of the *Ville Basse* was signed at Aigues-Mortes in 1248, in the form of a letter to Jean de Cravis, Seneschal of Carcassonne, bidding him give house-room, by arrangement with the bishop, who was indemnified for the site, to all the inhabitants of the old faubourgs, except those suspected of treachery with the vicomte during the recent siege.

again.¹ It never opened its gates after the rest of Languedoc had been taken by Edward the Black Prince in 1355, though he had stormed and burnt the lower town, and the whole countryside had just been desolated by the plague. The copies of the Archives, preserved in the Cité, made up for the losses incurred by the conflagration in the lower town. “La chevauchée du Prince Noir” was the name given to this raid in Languedoc, from which the prince brought back a thousand waggons of plunder to Bordeaux.

The French king, though he had raised an expensive levy, did not think it worth while actively to oppose what does not seem to have been much more illustrious than a raid for the frank purposes of booty. The lower town suffered heavily, and the only bright spot in a somewhat sordid adventure is the heroic defence made by the

¹ Viollet-le-Duc has calculated the minimum of the defenders necessary for the double line of walls, as follows:—

Fourteen towers on the outer wall at twenty men each, .	280
Twenty men in each barbican,	60
Reinforcements for attack at any other point of the walls	
undefended by towers,	100
Twenty-four towers on the inner wall at twenty men each, .	480
At the Porte Narbonnaise,	50
Along the inner walls where unprotected by towers, . .	100
Garrison of the château,	200
One captain to each division,	53

1323

With a further number of some two thousand workmen, servants, and common soldiers, a total of three thousand men would be enough, at need, to hold the fort.

consul Davilla, who died in the breach he could no longer defend, and whose funeral was honoured by his foes as well as by his countrymen. The town was rebuilt by Jean d'Armagnac, the king's lieutenant in Languedoc.¹

Both towns remained inviolate, thanks to the efforts of the seneschal, Pierre de Villan, from the ravages of the bandits called "Grand Companies," which du Guesclin was soon to lead over the Pyrenees. In the disorders that followed the death of Charles v. in 1380, Languedoc, which had formerly been under the governorship of the Duc d'Anjou, was passed on by him

¹ It may be interesting here to preserve the offer of twenty-five thousand crowns of gold which the Black Prince refused before he sacked the town. It runs as follows:—

"Au très illustre prince et seigneur Edouard, prince de Galles, fils aîné du roi d'Angleterre: le prieur des Frères Prêcheurs, le gardien des Frères Mineurs, le prieur des Carmes, le prieur des Hermites de Saint Augustin, avec leurs religieux. Les prêtres de l'Eglise Saint Michel, les prêtres de l'Eglise Saint Vincent, le Commandeur de Sainte Eulalie de Palajauel, le commandeur de Saint Antoine, l'Abbesse des sœurs de Sainte Claire, la prieure des sœurs de Saint Augustin, la prieure des sœurs repenties, avec leurs religieuses, très humbles suppliants de votre Excellence, vous demandent, autant qu'ils peuvent, qu'il vous plaise par votre charité et douceur que le bourg de Carcassonne ne soit point brûlé et qu'un autre nouveau dommage ne soit point ajouté à celui qu'il a déjà souffert. Si votre Excellence nous refuse cette grâce, il sera nécessaire que leurs maisons soient brûlées et leurs Eglises abandonnées, et le service divin cesse . . . et afin que l'abondance de votre pitié paraisse plus, nous vous supplions qu'il vous plaise agréer l'offre que les habitants du bourg ont faite à votre Excellence, offre d'une rançon de vingt-cinq mille écus d'or . . . c'est la très humble grâce que nous sollicitons.—4 Novembre 1355."



CARCASSONNE. (From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

to the Duc de Berry; but Gaston Phœbus (III.), Comte de Foix, refused to acknowledge his demission from the post of lieutenant which was similarly handed on to the Comte d'Armagnac; and the Cité stayed by Gaston until the Council of Regency in Paris peremptorily ordered their obedience. The desolation caused by these quarrels was reflected in a general insurrection of the unemployed poor, which was only subdued by very drastic measures in 1383. Six years afterwards, the young King Charles VI., then in his twenty-first year, visited Carcassonne, and passed on to Foix, where I have seen that tall donjon-keep which looks out from a strong spur of the hills towards the Pyrenees on one side and the plains of Languedoc upon the other, a fitting memorial of its famous masters. Gaston Phœbus received the king with a picturesque loyalty all his own. A hundred gentlemen of Béarn and Ariège appeared before the king at Foix, each driving a pair of oxen, which they presented to his Majesty.

In 1412, Carcassonne once more held out defiantly against the attacks of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy; but by the middle of the century famine and misery once more oppressed the country, and the bands of brigands known as "écorcheurs" roamed up and down it. But a hundred years later it had recovered sufficiently to give a brilliant welcome to Francis I. It is to the credit of Guillaume de Joyeuse, governor of

Languedoc, that though Charles ix. personally visited the fortress in 1565, he absolutely refused to carry out the orders for a "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" here, or at Limoux, Castelnaudary, or Béziers. But toleration seems to have been impossible for long in a land so seared with the traces of religious struggle; and in 1584, the Calvinist Montmorency, head of the party called the "Politiques," held the fortress against the lower town, which was of "the old religion" as represented by Joyeuse, the champion of the "Ligue." But the accession of Henri iv. led to the loyalty of the Cité, and the estates of Languedoc were held there soon afterwards.

The church of St. Nazaire within the double walls of the hill-fortress must not be forgotten by the most casual visitor. The beginning of its nave I have already mentioned, and the work in it cannot be later than the end of the eleventh century, or earlier than 1085. The transept, with the apse and the chapels, dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century; but the whole was reared upon the foundations of more ancient work which is still traceable in the crypt. On the south side of the transept is the tomb of Bishop Radulphus, dated 1266, and carved with statuettes of the canons of the cathedral in their surplices. The choir and transept, built by Bishop Pierre de Roquefort from 1300 to 1320, are exquisitely finished, and very rich in decoration.

The stained glass is especially remarkable; and the tomb of the bishop himself is in quite the best style of the fourteenth century. The tomb and statue, often attributed to Simon Vigur, Archbishop of Narbonne, who died here in 1575, are in reality fourteenth-century work; nor is the slab, supposed to commemorate the famous Simon de Montfort, any more authentic; but the bas-relief, let into the wall of the right-hand chapel of the sanctuary may well represent the death of de Montfort in his attack on the walls of Toulouse. The whole church was carefully and beautifully restored between 1844 and 1860 while the fortress itself was being brought to life again, and it is a curious note of later northern "Gothic" amid the walls and ramparts of an earlier age, and of a more southern character.

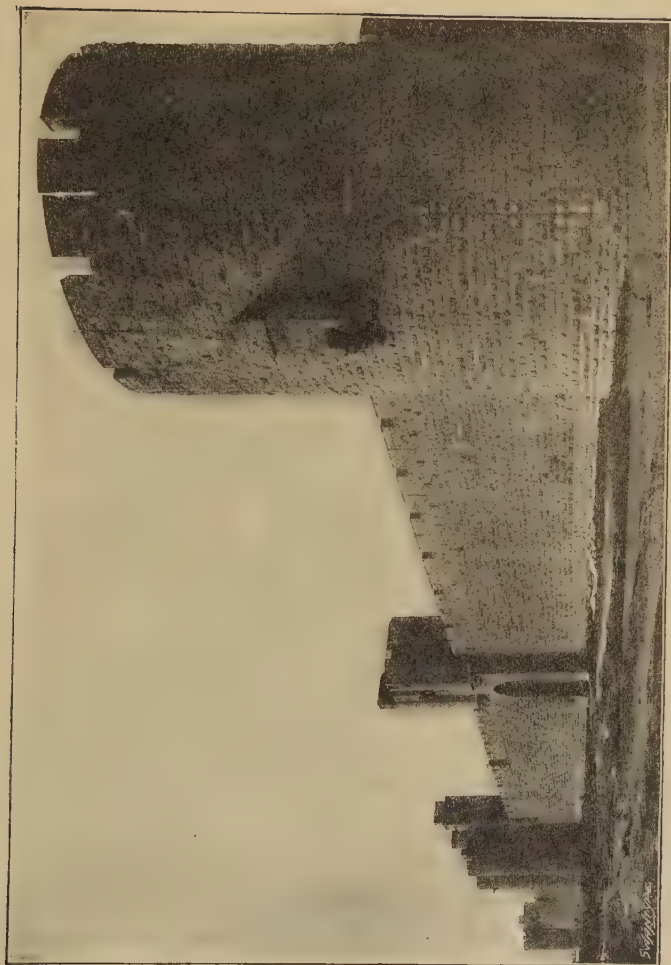
PART III.—AIGUES-MORTES

Aquae multae non potuerunt extinguere charitatem nec fulmina obruent illam.

I HAVE twice visited Aigues-Mortes, from Nîmes, by railway; and after hearing the accounts of more adventurous travellers who have either tried the canal from Beaucaire, and seen nothing, or gone by road, and seen too much—for huge swamps varied by level plains are

not inspiring—I have concluded that the railway is best. By whatever route he may select, the traveller who has seen Carcassonne must on no account forget that the only fortress which can be compared to that magnificent stronghold is the walled quadrangle of Aigues-Mortes, which is chiefly famous for two royal visitors, St. Louis and the Emperor Charles v.; and the memory of the great Crusader has lasted the more strongly of the two.

This City of Dead Waters is thoroughly well named; and the process that has been going on along Provençal coasts could scarcely be better traced than in the four lines of “littoral” which are still visible between the old Abbey of Psalmodi and the sea: the four coastlines, that is to say, which have gradually been pushed further and further out to sea by the slow waters of the sand-filled Rhone, flowing into a tideless Mediterranean, past a triangle of soaked soil, in which there is scarcely as much land as water. The very gradual nature of the process here during the last seven hundred years may be judged from the fact that the Crusading fleet of St. Louis only touched the open waters of the Mediterranean at almost the exact spot where those waters are flowing now. The old canal he used is used no longer, and the “*Grau St. Louis*” at its mouth is almost entirely choked up; but the route he followed westwards, from beneath the spot where he had built the *Tour de Constance*, can



still be imagined, along the north of the Étang de la Murette, and so through the Étang du Ponent to the Grau St. Louis. By the sixteenth century the port had been changed to the south-east of the town; and when the Emperor Charles v. sailed up to the Grau de Croisette to meet the Pope and Francis I., in 1538, he struck due east across the Étang du Repausset, and so past what is now the Beaucaire Canal and into the north corner of the Étang de la Ville.¹

The solitude and apparent abandonment of Aigues-Mortes are perhaps in keeping with the forgotten majesty of its unassailable and lonely strength. Surrounded by marshes that exhale perpetual ague; beside the sea, yet not a practicable harbour; it is guarded by huge walls of masonry that no man would ever desire to scale, and its sentinels are disease and desolation. Those mighty ramparts have been untouched since Boccanegra built them for the son of the Crusading king; and they are as strong to-day, as you may see by walking round them, as when they were set up. Those who have strolled round the walls of Chester or of York will remember a strange feeling that ordered life has lasted there, uninterrupted, from the days of the Romans until now; and modern buildings and the stir of modern occupations seem not inappropriate within the girdle of their ancient certainty and peace. But he who walks

¹ See map on p. 197.

along the sentinel's pathway round the ramparts of Aigues-Mortes experiences a very different feeling. They guard nothing that we know as modern. The shadows and the ghosts of old Crusaders are the garrison they hold, and it is a shrunken population, in a withered chessboard of haggard-looking streets, which seems to struggle into the semblance of activity and life. I shall not easily forget the shock with which I came upon the flaring poster of some travelling dramatic troupe, stuck up against the pedestal of the statue of St. Louis: "*Les Folies Aiguesmortaises*": it would be difficult to conceive a more ghastly invitation to be gay.

Some travellers delight to be "modern" everywhere, as some artists (both with pen and pencil) rejoice in drawing the sharp contrast between ancient splendour and the frequent jarring notes of everyday necessities, of squalid commonplaces which may be seen from China to Peru, but may be surely now and then forgotten. To such as these I would recommend the visit to Aigues-Mortes of Alexandre Dumas, the elder. His travelling foot-steps are a delight to follow everywhere, and he had the art, even when he emphasised the moment's slender circumstance, of expressing it in terms that have fitted the emotion of all centuries. Need I say that he discovered the bleached bones of an actual Crusading galley on the shore from which he



first set eyes on the Mediterranean he was to make so much his own? And shall we criticise the obvious error that no such galley ever left material traces of its sojourn, at least if we may judge by his description of the interesting relic so appropriately displayed by his zealous host the very next morning after his arrival? He had driven from Nîmes along the Montpellier road to Lunel, and from there turned eastwards on a causeway through the marshes to the Tour Carbonnière. Not a sound or sight of life broke the stillness of the watery solitudes, save when sometimes a heron, screaming, flew slantwise from the sedge. The gateway of the tower was opened by a douanier, yellow with fever, trembling with a fit of ague, and dying slowly at the Government's expense.

The Tour Carbonnière was the advanced post of Aigues-Mortes, which can be seen in the distance when you have gone ten minutes further along the road. It was built at the same time as the greater fortress, and the suns of Provence have even here bestowed on it the fading gold of autumn leaves which is the distinctive beauty of Provençal monuments. It was strengthened and restored by the military authorities of Nîmes in 1858, and is destined to as long a life as the dead town it guards. Close by it the name of Sylve Godesque, on one side of the Canal de Beaucaire, preserves the memory of the ancient forests long since

vanished; and on the other side, a little northwards, is the site of the old Abbey of Psalmodi, which was sacked by the Saracens in 720 A.D., but continued its existence for some time afterwards. An interesting detail about it is that a deed of gift of 788 preserves the fact that it was then called "*Insula Psalmodia*" (much like the "*island of Montmajour*" already mentioned), which shows that the sea cannot then have been far from the "*earliest coastline*" marked on the little map here given of the marshes of Aigues-Mortes. This proves, again, that the second and third of these coastlines were formed much faster than the fourth, and that after the fourth had established itself very little change has been observable for several hundred years. The period of transition and change, in fact, may be said to have approached its end by about the year 1000 A.D., and any further alterations will take far longer to become visible. The best way to realise the lines of this very watery landscape is to look at it from the top of the Tour de Constance, at the north angle of the town.

It was from the Abbot of Psalmodi, in August 1248, that St. Louis bought the site of Aigues-Mortes, where there seems already to have been a tower called "*Matafère*"; and it is significant of the separation of Provence from France that the French king had to take this means of securing any Mediterranean harbour at all for his

Crusading fleet. The site given by the abbot to him and to his heirs for ever contained, at that date, "the town of Aigues-Mortes with its fortifications," and certain territory round it, both to north and south; and the "consideration" for the bargain was certain royal property near Psalmodi, which was granted in exchange to the abbot, though the king's rights of high and low justice were reserved.¹ The "town" was no doubt rebuilt with the straight streets that can now be seen intersecting each other at right angles, and leaving an oblong "place" in the middle, much after the pattern of the lower town of Carcassonne, which was laid out in the same period. The "fortifications" were also probably limited to the Tour Matafère, or some primitive donjon-keep, which was expanded into the Tour de Constance, beside the magnificent walls of Boccanegra. But it is certainly true that a canon of Maguelonne records in 1160 that ships from Genoa, Constantinople, and Alexandria had brought merchandise here. This indicates that St. Louis chose wisely when he found

¹ The deed, as quoted by Lenthéric, runs as follows: "*De quitatione terrae de Aquis Mortuis Domino Regi facta ab Abbate et conventu Salmodii et permutatione ipsius: Omnibus praesentes litteras inspecturis, Remundus, permissione divina Abbas Salmodii et ejus loci conventus, salutem in Domino. Notum facimus quod nos, unanimi et deliberato consensu, territorium in quo sita est villa de Aquis Mortuis et fortalicia ejusdem loci. . . . Domino Nostro Ludouico Deo Gratia illustri Regi Francorum quittavimus et concessimus ab ipso et heredibus ejus perpetuo possidendum. . . .*"

another seaport necessary, which should be his own property, besides the Marseilles which his wife Margaret of Provence had prevailed upon her sister, the Countess Beatrix, to lend him for the occasion. The port of Narbonne was already silted up. Maguelonne was under its own bishop. Montpellier's harbour was under the King of Aragon. Agde and St. Gilles belonged to the Count of Toulouse. Provence itself was not to become French for another two centuries. St. Louis, in fact, had very little choice. As soon as he had secured Aigues-Mortes, he saw to its future prosperity, by granting the inhabitants many valuable privileges and exemptions, so that when the walls were finished later on they are said to have sheltered as many as ten thousand souls.

When Alexandre Dumas arrived, the population had shrunk to between two and three thousand, a quarter of the houses were empty, another quarter were ruined, and a third quarter were pulled down to make room for gardens. It is true that in visiting the place ten years after I had seen it first, there was a noticeable difference in the liveliness of the town, and especially in the excellence of the hotel in the central marketplace; but you must not expect any of the southern spirit that may be seen elsewhere, and I should still shrink from sleeping there at night. The good Alexandre was so fortunate as to be the guest of the mayor; and, after the

heroic adventure of the royal galley already mentioned, he went a-fishing near the lighthouse; and he records with joy how he hooked a monstrous dogfish so heavy (it was at least eight pounds, it appears) that mortal man could not achieve its capture on a line; so "Jadin shot it through the body with my carbine," and it forthwith formed the foundation of an enormous Bouillabaisse. Soon afterwards he drove back to St. Gilles by way of the Canal de Beaucaire.

The famous iron rings, still to be seen at the corner of the walls near the Étang de la Ville, are no more the relics of the moorings of St. Louis' galleys than were those maritime wreckages which Dumas was shown the actual vestige of any crusading fleet. The walls themselves were built long after that fleet had sailed back for the last time without its master, and the rings can only have been used by casual fishing-boats. The old canal by which St. Louis passed from the Tour de Constance to the Grau that bears his name can still be traced along the line marked in my map, but it is absolutely impracticable to-day; and we can only see with the eye of faith the fleet of a thousand vessels, probably very much like the two-masted, lateen-rigged barques scratched on a prison wall in the Castle of Tarascon, on which St. Louis embarked his six-and-thirty thousand soldiers for the Eastern voyage by way of Cyprus. His faithful Joinville sailed from Marseilles, and from there

joined the main fleet. He gives a vivid description of the perils of the sea in those days.¹

St. Louis had started on the Crusade from Aigues-Mortes with no idea of self-aggrandisement or territorial ambition. When he lay, some time before, in such grievous sickness that many thought him dying, he had commanded that the red cross should be placed upon his garments and his bed-gear. Terrible news out of the East had reached Paris, and the heroic king seemed only able to cling to life by the passionate faith which stirred him to obey the call of God as the avenger of the infidel. At first the Pope himself seemed to oppose it, for the policy of Innocent IV. was to turn the arms of France against either England or the Emperor. But

¹ "We entered in the August of 1248," he writes, "on board ship at the rock of Marseilles, and the door of the vessel was let down to receive the horses we were to take with us over sea. When all were entered, that door was shut and caulked like a tun of wine because it is below the waterline when the ship is out at sea. Soon afterwards the master cried to his sailors on the prow, 'Are we all ready?' and they answered, 'Yea, verily.' And when the priests and clerks were aboard he bade them all go up to the deckhouse and sing and pray to God for His safe conduct. So all therewith began to sing with a loud voice, from one end of the ship to the other, that splendid hymn 'Veni, Creator Spiritus,' and the sailors, under God, set sail. Straightway the winds thundered in the canvas, and we soon lost sight of land, seeing nothing save sea and sky only, and day by day we drew further and further from our point of departure. And by all this I mean you to understand that very foolish were that man who should undergo such peril knowing that any mortal sin were on his soul; for such an one may go to sleep on an evening, and the next morning he knoweth not whether he will find himself at the bottom of the sea."

St. Louis took no care of politics, or cared for them only to redress past evils. He paid an indemnity for his losses to Trencavel of Carcassonne and Béziers. He called to his banner all the soldiers who had fought on the Albigensian side in the horrible civil wars of Simon de Montfort. He seemed determined to expiate that bloodshed by the new Crusade, and to found in Egypt a colony where homeless Frenchmen might thrive and prosper, and in time become the outpost of Christianity against the Saracen in the Holy Land.

So in 1248 he reached Aigues-Mortes with all the flower of his chivalry, having left his kingdom to the care of his mother, Blanche de Castille, the widow of Louis VIII. With him went his young and beautiful wife, Marguerite de Provence, one of the four famous daughters of Raymond Bérenger and Beatrix of Savoy. With him were his brothers: Charles d'Anjou, for whom the kingdom of Sicily was waiting, and Robert d'Artois, who was to die in Egypt. Joinville gives a list of the Crusading knights as long as the catalogue of Homer's ships, and among them were the lords of Auvergne and Béarn, of Brittany, Burgundy, Montferrat, and Brabant; Chateaubriands, Talleyrands, and Montmorencys. For six weeks the camp was pitched near Aigues-Mortes; and the lion of Venice or the leopard of England floated high beside the fleur-de-lys of France. The pilots

agreed to start upon a Friday, the 20th of August; and to the sound of "Veni Creator" the fleet put slowly out to sea.

For two years enormous stores of provisions had been collected in Cyprus, and there St. Louis was joined by the the rest of his fleet, which now amounted to eighteen hundred vessels. They reached Damietta and took it, on June 7, 1249, and there they wasted precious days in rest, and pillage, and in vain discussions. His brother Alfonse, who was to have brought reinforcements to Cyprus, had not yet appeared. The luxury and idleness of that seductive island was continued in Egypt, where swift military operations were the only hope of the invader. After months of delay the enemy grew courageous. When the French took thirty days over the march from Damietta to Mansourah for which Bonaparte in 1798 allotted only four, the Saracens joyfully hurled Greek fire upon the invaders, who worked painfully for fifty days more at damming up the Nile near Mansourah, only to find that a ford had been ready for their passage all the time. Robert d'Artois and his Templars hurled themselves into the town of Mansourah, which the Mamelukes promptly closed upon them, and every Frenchman was cut to pieces. Behind, and knowing nothing of this tragedy, King Louis was fighting valiantly among his knights upon a raised causeway, and there held out until the evening, when the

news was brought him of his brother's death. But he rescued Charles d'Anjou from a determined attack of the Saracen cavalry; and at last the persistent enemy drew back. St. Louis gave thanks to God in the midst of his sorely harassed soldiers.

Next morning his camp was full of wounded men, and hundreds of his knights had been severely burnt by the Greek fire. Even more were stricken with sickness from a strange plague that seemed to arise from eating too freely of the Nile fish. The priest who came to say the Mass at Joinville's sick-bed had to be supported in a fainting-fit, and died soon afterwards. Even the king had to help to bury corpses which no one else would touch, and at last himself fell a victim to the malady. He might have escaped safely to Damietta, but he would not leave his men. His wounded and sick he sent back by water. Himself he started painfully by land. In a little house on the way he was so weak that he was obliged to take rest, and he laid his head on the knees of "*une bourgeoise de Paris*," who happened by some strange chance to be so far from home.

The whole time, the Saracen cavalry hung on the flanks of the retreating army and slew without mercy, having no room for prisoners. Some, in their despair, denied the Christ. All who did not were massacred. A few of the highest rank were taken prisoners and

reserved for ransom, and among these was the king. They offered Damietta and 400,000 gold besants as ransom. The Sultan had already accepted these terms, when his own Mamelukes cut his throat beside the French galleys. One of the murderers, with his hand still bloodstained, rushed into the very presence of St. Louis, crying, "What will you give me now that I have slain the enemy who would have taken your own life?" But St. Louis answered nothing. Thirty Mamelukes, with naked swords and battle-axes in their hands, had come on board; and the French, thinking they would forthwith be beheaded, had begun to confess their sins to a priest in the company of the Count of Flanders. "For myself," writes Joinville, "I could at that moment bethink me of none of my sins, but considered that the more I defended myself and became wounded, the worse it would be for me. So I signed myself with the cross, and knelt at the feet of a Mameluke who held a huge carpenter's axe, saying, 'Thus died St. Agnes.' The Constable of Cyprus knelt beside me, and I said, 'I absolve you of your sins by whatsoever power God hath given me.' But when I rose to my feet I had forgotten his reply."

Within three days of learning of her husband's capture, Queen Margaret bore a son, John, whom she named Tristan; and her bedchamber was guarded throughout her trouble by an old French knight of

eighty years, whose orders were to slay her if ever the Saracens got in.

Freed at a great price, the king passed on to Palestine, where he rebuilt the walls of Cesarea, Jaffa, Sidon, Acre, and other towns, until news reached him of his mother's death, and he began his journey home. Meanwhile the tidings of his capture and defeat had roused such passionate resentment in France that the poorer people, who were deeply attached to him, and were naturally quite ignorant of much that was going on, ascribed his continued absence to the machinations of the Church and the aristocracy; and great crowds of pilgrims, known as "Pastoureaux," assembled to march over seas and rescue their beloved king. Mingled with this devotion to his personality was a strain of religious mysticism, somewhat akin to the Albigensian heresies, which led these frenzied rustics to massacre the priests and to follow a Hungarian who proclaimed himself the bearer of a letter from the Virgin Mary. Only after much trouble and bloodshed were these disorders quieted, and St. Louis at last came back to France. Near Cyprus his galley suffered some mischance against a hidden rock, but he insisted on staying on board and having her repaired, for if he had continued the voyage in another ship, some hundreds of men, "whose bodies are as dear to them as mine to me," would have been left in Cyprus without hope of

returning home. It is easy to imagine the hold upon the affections of his people which was enjoyed by a king who showed such unselfishness as this.

Before St. Louis started on his first voyage from Aigues-Mortes, Simon de Montfort, son of the terrible leader of the Albigensian Crusade, finding that the queen, Margaret of Provence, would never forgive the desolation inflicted by his father on her country, had passed over into England, where Henry III., who had married Margaret's sister, Eleanor, received him with the highest honours as Earl of Leicester,¹ and made him governor of Gascony in 1248. There de Montfort carried out his duties with such severity that he was recalled to England and quarrelled with the king. In 1258 the "Provisions of Oxford" were drawn up, and the dispute between the people and Henry III. was

¹ This earldom, Simon, though fourth son of the Albigensian Crusader, inherited through his mother; and a secret match with Eleanor, the sister of the English king, and widow of the second William Marshal, linked him to the royal house of his new country. At first the nobles opposed him, but Earl Richard of Cornwall gave up their cause; then the Church attacked his wife, but she made a pilgrimage to Rome. The greatness of his reputation on both sides of the Channel may be seen in the fact that he was able to refuse the Regency of France, which was offered him by the nobles during the absence of St. Louis. He inherited the strict and severe piety of his father. Temperate and pure in life, he was yet singularly hot-headed and impatient; above all, he was resolute, unshakable, and steadfast in his ambitions. He "stood like a pillar" in the cause of the Commons and the people against the misgovernment of the king, even when the nobles left him for the royal party; and the "Provisions of

referred to the arbitration of St. Louis, who decided in favour of his brother-in-law. De Montfort accepted this judgment, which annulled the "Provisions of Oxford," and was confirmed by the Pope, as the signal of revolt; and he roused the interest of every city in England by the famous scheme for introducing their representatives into the first English House of Commons. The victory of Lewes placed him for a time at the head of the state in 1264.

Henry III. had inherited so much of the punishment of John Lackland that he had been obliged to take refuge in the power of the Pope, and even to attempt the spoil of the unhappy house of Suabia by buying the title of emperor for his brother, Richard, Duke of Cornwall (husband of yet another sister of St. Louis' queen), and securing for that brother's son the equally empty name of King of Naples.

Oxford," primarily introduced by a foreigner, were ordered to be observed in the first royal proclamation which has come down to us in the English tongue. The new force created by de Montfort in English politics, when he summoned two citizens from every borough to sit beside the two knights from every county in the Parliament assembled after his victory of Lewes, was perhaps the greatest contribution made to English constitutional government by any single subject. For his reward, he was slain, fighting desperately to the last, at the battle of Evesham in 1265. "From me he learnt it," he cried, as he recognised the military skill of Edward's onset on that fatal day. "From me he learnt it" his spirit might have exclaimed, when Edward I. called the great Parliament of 1295, and modelled it on that of 1265. In all essentials, the character of Parliament has remained the same until this day.—See J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*.

But if it is appropriate that, in a history of Provence, we should notice how much was done for the freedom of the English people by the son of him who sacked Béziers and Carcassonne, it is no less important that we should observe the strange quadruple cord which binds the politics of Europe at this time to the destinies of the house of Provence. For we have seen that the King of England and his brother had married two sisters of the Queen of France, and that all three wives were princesses of Provence. It is to yet a fourth sister of the same family that our thoughts are turned by the mention of the Pope's policy in Naples, and the downfall of the house of Suabia; for what King Louis refused for himself, he permitted his brother, Charles d'Anjou, to accept, and through "this dark man who slept so little," came the kingdom of Naples to Beatrix, the heiress of Provence. Tall, strong, and fierce-looking, with an olive-dark skin and a great nose, Charles d'Anjou, says Villani, was wise and prudent, firm and faithful, ever eager for new wealth to prosecute his ambitious enterprises. He conquered Manfred easily in the battle for the last shred of Barbarossa's ancient power, at which the brilliant natural son of Conrad, the true descendant of Frederick II., was slain. Later on, Corradino, the heir, was beheaded. Immediately Charles filled the country with his financial agents, and so harassed every one with taxes that the Pope soon

regretted that this strong and avaricious Frenchman had been called in, even against the Saracens, who were the allies of the Suabian family.

Meanwhile St. Louis was once more stirred to take up the Cross against the infidel by the terrible news that seventeen thousand Christians had been massacred in Antioch, and many thousands more sold into slavery. In 1267 he came into the great hall of the Louvre carrying the Crown of Thorns, and his brothers, Alphonse de Poitiers and Charles d'Anjou, with many other princes and nobles, joined him in spite of the cynical discouragements of Pope Clement iv. Even his friend Joinville refused to go. But St. Louis was the very personification—and he was the last, the most splendid personality—of the Middle Ages; and in a short time he had assembled another great camp round Aigues-Mortes, where the soldiers waited some two months. At length, in Genoese galleys, he started his army on the voyage; and because the Sardinian ports were closed, he followed the advice of Charles d'Anjou and sailed to Tunis, and waited for his brother among the ruins of Carthage, which were filled with the corpses of the conquered Saracens. In a week the plague broke out, and death followed swiftly upon high and low. The king's youngest and best-beloved son died. Within a few hours St. Louis was dead himself, upon a bed of ashes, praying for the salvation of the people in whose country he was

lying sick, and murmuring with his last breath the name of the Holy City. With him died the kingly chivalry of the Middle Ages, and in him expired the personal Christianity of the ancient world. His son, Philippe le Hardi, returned to France as the heir of nearly every member of his family; but the strongest of them all was Charles d'Anjou.

This Charles, whom the Pope began to fear more and more, for the kingdom of the Two Sicilies had already become the least of his ambitions, had married his daughter Beatrix to Philippe de Courtenay, titular Emperor of the East. It was against this figurehead that Pope Gregory x. raised an equally impotent Emperor in the person of Rudolph of Hapsburg; and it is a strange coincidence that, through the good King René of Provence and his connection with Lorraine the house of Hapsburg was later on to provide the present Emperor of Austria, who thus has the blood of Provence in his veins through the marriage of Maria Theresa with Duke Francis Stephen in 1765. But Pope Gregory's plot with Rudolph of Hapsburg was only a part of the machinations that were soon astir against Charles d'Anjou. Sicily itself was roused to the sullen menace of revolt by Procida, a doctor from Calabria, who had been at the court of Frederick II., and the friend of the unhappy Manfred.

Procida first tried his hand at plotting in Spain; then

left it, disguised as a Franciscan, for the court of Paleologus in Constantinople, and so passed on to the Pope. Finally he went to Sicily, which he found ripe for his teaching and full of discontent.

On Easter Monday, the 30th of March 1282, every man and woman in Palermo, Sicilians and French as well, were on their way to hear vespers at Monreale. It was the end of Lent, and the hot season had begun; and, as usual, the quarrel started over a woman. The French had strict orders to allow no one to carry arms at any assemblage of the people. One Drouet, a too zealous official, stopped a betrothal ceremony to search the bridegroom. He went too far; for he searched the bride as well; and the girl fainted. In a flash he was himself disarmed. In another moment he was slain. At nightfall not a Frenchman was left alive in Palermo, except the viceroy, who was packed off as fast as he could travel to Aigues-Mortes. At Calatafimi the only man spared was Porcellet, who was eventually buried in the Alyscamps at Arles. Other towns followed suit, and Messina prepared to receive the attack of the avenging Charles d'Anjou. But Don Pedro of Aragon sent men to its help, keeping himself well out of danger, and Admiral Roger de Loria brought a fleet to check Charles's Provençal galleys. In 1283 Charles's son, Charles le Boiteux (he whose daughter Clémence was to marry Charles of Valois later on), was taken pris-

oner. In January 1285 Charles d'Anjou himself was dead.

But the Pope, with the national hatred of Aragon, adjudged Naples to his own countryman Charles of Valois, the son of Philippe le Hardi, whose cause was at once taken up by the fleets of Genoa, Marseilles, Aigues-Mortes, and Narbonne. Again Admiral Roger de Loria displayed his seamanship and skill successfully; and the French had to retreat to Perpignan, having lost every inch of ground in Spain.

It was during the fifteen years of his reign (from 1270 to 1285) that Philip III. of France built the fortifications of Aigues-Mortes. They form an almost exact quadrangle of chiselled stone, covered with mason's marks; and at one point of the sentinel's walk along the ramparts is an undoubted chessboard, scratched with the point of dagger or halberd on the grey stone. There are fifteen towers at the angles, at each side of the gates, and along the curtain-walls. The chief entrance is that to which the traveller first comes from the railway station. It is called *Porte Vieille*, and originally led to the *Tour Carbonnière* outside, and was partly protected by the *Tour de Constance* on the right. Through it you pass into the market square with the statue of St. Louis. The chief gate on the other side is more to the east, and was called *Porte de la Marine*, because it gave entry to that part of the *Étang de la Ville* by which

the galleys of the Emperor Charles v. approached the town.

This type of fortress closely follows the models built by the Crusaders in Syria, Cyprus, and the East; and of them all it alone remains as the best example of the Genoese work of Boccanegra in the thirteenth century. It has been said that the plan was copied from Damietta; but if any of these Eastern cities is to be taken as its model, Lenthéric points out that Antioch is the most probable. Even then the Tour de Constance, the only part of Aigues-Mortes in which we can trace the hand of St. Louis himself, is distinctively different, and there is mention of this tower in writings of Pope Innocent iv. dated 1246. The Gothic vaulting in the little chamber known as the oratory of St. Louis is particularly good; and the magnificent hooded fireplace in the lower story is especially to be noticed, with the sentinel's walk that goes all round the chamber, and the deep-set windows that show the enormous thickness of the walls. Higher up, these windows were put to strange and terrible uses; for each one of them became a dungeon. The most terrible associations of the Tour de Constance are not connected with the "Dark Ages," but with the enlightened administration of the "Roi Soleil" and his successors.

In August 1880 one of the windows was being cleaned out. Wrapped in the coarse cloth of a mattress were

found two women's shoes, one of a young girl, three children's slippers, some playing-cards dropped by the soldiers of the guard, a pewter spoon, some pieces of earthenware, and a few fragments of old letters, the last of which were sent to the Consistory of the Reformed Church in Nîmes, of which Antoine Court was pastor in 1715. They tell the last chapters of a sad story of religious persecution, some of the first pages of which were written in blood upon the walls of Béziers and Carcassonne, as I have just described. Beginning among the poor and humble, the French Reformed Church spread and expanded until it seemed about to claim the throne itself. The "religious wars" showed that the Protestants were a real political power, but they fell with La Rochelle in 1629. From then until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, nearly sixty years afterwards, they were more and more bitterly persecuted, until the bare right of toleration was repealed, and the horrors of the Waldensian massacres of 1655 seemed likely to spread over the whole of France.

In 1686 a young man of twenty-four from Nîmes was hanged, after torture, at Beaucaire for daring to wish to be ordained. In 1698, Claude Brison, another native of Nîmes, who practised as a barrister at Toulouse, and then became a minister of the reformed faith, was executed at Montpellier. In 1715 Antoine Court,

who had been called "Luther's eldest son" at school, was appointed to the Reformed Church of Nîmes, and in spite of mortal peril he and five other pastors carried on their worship. One was hanged in 1718, two more in 1728, a fourth in 1732. In 1720 a midnight meeting for prayer was held in a cavern called the "Grotte des Fades," or "Fairies' Cave," near Nîmes, under the presidency of Antoine Court. Two companies of soldiers surrounded them, and fifty men, women, and children were arrested. Nineteen were sentenced to transportation to America, and were marched through France, with incredibly brutal treatment, to La Rochelle. There the English chaplain prevailed on the authorities to let him bring the survivors in safety to England. Six, less fortunate, were condemned to the galleys. The women were sent to prison in the Tour de Constance at Aigues-Mortes, where there are records of Marguerite Forestier, widow of Pierre Prunet, and of Sarah Granier, wife of Jacques Chabanel, both of Nîmes.

Antoine Court himself escaped the soldiers in 1720, and, being generously assisted by King George I. and the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was able to open a theological college at Lausanne in 1729, where he lived for thirty years, visiting his old congregations in France from time to time until his death.

In 1724 Louis xv. issued an edict that all pastors were to be put to death; all who harboured them to be

sent to penal servitude; and all who attended a Protestant service to be imprisoned for life; besides many other bitter and grievous civic disqualifications. In 1730 Pastor François Roux wrote to Antoine Court a letter still preserved at Geneva, describing the meeting he had called on March 27, 1730, at the "Mas des Crottes," some seven kilomètres from Nîmes.¹ The soldiers suddenly rushed in and secured ten prisoners. The man was condemned to the galleys, and the nine women sent to the Tour de Constance, by the judgment of the Marquis de la Fare, Intendant of Languedoc, rendered on April 3, 1730. It is to two of them that the letters so strangely found in 1880 were addressed, and they have been deciphered by the care of M. Charles Sagnier.

The first was written by Catherine Gauteyret, her mother-in-law, to Suzanne Mauran, who was not yet twenty-six years old, and was the newly married wife of Barthélemy Mauran, a master baker of Nîmes. Her wedding had been first blessed (in October 1729) by a Catholic priest. But she was desirous of consecration by a pastor of her own reformed religion, and with this

¹ The summons to these meetings was generally in somewhat disguised language. Here is one of them: "Garrigues, 10 Avril 1770. Monsieur Fromental m'a chargé de vous écrire pour vous prier d'avertir les fidèles de votre église de se rendre vendredy prochain au porche de la Meterie de M. Bousquet de Nîme où il se propose de donner à déjeuné."

object she attended the meeting held at the Mas des Crottes by François Roux. Her state of health prevented any possibility of escaping the soldiers. Four months after her imprisonment in the Tour de Constance she gave birth to a son, who was baptized there on August 18, 1730. She was unable to read or write; and the terrible conditions under which she had to face her trouble may be judged from the fact that her husband's mother sends her some planks of wood (from St. Laurent d'Aigouze, near Aigues-Mortes) to make a bed, with two sheets, and some napkins.¹ She was still in prison when her husband died in 1739. Only after twelve and a half years of misery did she sign the "act of abjuration" which procured her release. In 1746 she showed how little value she attached to this, by marrying Antoine Brouzet, another Protestant. In that faith she died in 1777, and the son who had been born to her in the Tour de Constance had to make special request that her body might at last be laid in peace within the grave, for even burial was a privilege denied to Protestants.

¹ Here are the pathetic fragments of this letter: "28 Août 1730. A Mademoiselle Sussont Maurane à la tour de Constance. Mademoiselle et bele fille. Je vous felisite du fis que Dieu vous a donné Et moy qui vous enbrase de tout mon ceur vous soitant mille beneditions et que Dieu vous le veuil conserve par sa sainte grase. Je vous envoie . . . bant pour un lit et sing planche pour m . . . nogier de Saint-Lauran. Je vous envoie . . . et dux linseul et de serviete quan . . . en . . . lit en le vous soitant vous me . . . pour dauntan que j'ay . . ."

Another woman seized at Crottes and sent to Aigues-Mortes was Elizabeth Michel, who, at twenty-two years of age, had married Antoine Jullian, a dyer of Nîmes, and who was cast into the Tour de Constance at the age of twenty-nine, with her hair cut off close to her head, as was done with all the women, and her property confiscated. In 1730, some eight months after her imprisonment, her husband writes to tell her that petitions have been laid before M. le Marquis de la Fare for her release. The letter is addressed to her under care of Madame Jeanne Lestrade, wife of M. Antoine de St. Aulas, major of the garrison of Aigues-Mortes, the same lady who stood godmother to the boy born in the Tour de Constance in August, and who therefore may be justifiably suspected of some little tenderness of heart to the unhappy prisoners. In May 1731, Elizabeth's husband wrote again, expressing his joy that her health remained unaffected, and giving her news of her four children, the youngest of whom she had left at only four months old. Within three days he wrote again. But in 1739—nine years after her first imprisonment—he is still unavailingly petitioning the Intendant of Languedoc for her release. The freedom granted seven years previously to Isabeau and Suzanne Amalric, who had been captured with her, lent an even greater excuse for leniency, had excuse been needed. At last, after twelve years and seven months, having just seen Suzanne

Mauran go free twelve days before, she felt unable to bear more, and she went through the formula of recantation, which was so bitterly insisted upon by the authorities. On October 30, 1742, the king himself at Versailles gave orders for her release to the Duc de Fleury, governor of Aigues-Mortes; and she went back to Nîmes and to her husband, only to find that what little was left of their property was to be still further diminished by annual fines. She had been given liberty to die, apparently, but no more. From 1739 to 1755 twenty livres were taken from her property every year by the tax-collector. From 1755 onwards the impost was doubled. In 1779 her faithful husband was still bombarding the deaf authorities with petitions for her relief from these exactions, for she persisted in clinging to life, though eighty years of age; and she had round her twelve grandchildren by one son "who hopes for yet the thirteenth in good time, out of the twenty-two children he has had." Seven years later she was still alive, and still protesting; and her family at Nîmes still cherishes the receipt for the iniquitous tax of 1786. That is the last trace of her; but she had at least earned the privilege of seeing the Edict of Toleration signed only one year later, in 1787; and we may venture to hope that this sturdy Protestant lady even survived to hear about the Revolution.¹

¹ I need quote only one of the patient and persistent husband's letters. It runs as follows:—"Nîmes cest 16^e X^{bre} 1730. Ma

Before the Revolution, and long before the stout-hearted Elizabeth Jullian had finished her complaints to the authorities, the horrors of the Tour de Constance had stopped. I could have multiplied the instances of misery within it, and of massacres without, but I have said enough; and it is pleasant to leave Aigues-Mortes in the good company of the Prince de Beauvau, who closed these terrible prisons in 1767. The scene is described by his nephew, Stanislas-Jean de Boufflers, who accompanied him on the visit to Aigues-Mortes which he made at the instance of Paul Rabaut, the Protestant minister.

"We found at the entry of the tower," writes de Boufflers, "an eager guardian, who led us through a dark and twisting passage, and opened a great clanging door on which Dante's line might well have been in-

tres chere Epouse Je vous diray comme je n'auroit pas tant tardé à vous faire reponse sil nest fait . . . comme jay attendu dun jour a autre . . . celle fin de pouvoir vous envoyer quelque chose de positif; je vous diray comme jay receu une lettre de la part de la belle mere de mon frere laquelle nous tachons de faire tenir a M. le Marquis de Lafare a celle fin de le faire resouvenir de la promesse qu'il a faite a Monsig^r larchevesque de Romans pour quil vous donne votre elargissement. Je nay plus rien a vous dire si non que vous vous reposiés toujours sur la providance et datandre constenmant sans vous inquieté parce que dans le moment que nous y penseront le moins cest sera alors que votre delivrance set terminera, est que Dieu vous faira eprouvé combien Ilest pitoyable envers ceux qui le reverent je vous diray comme je me porte bien . . . moy je prie le Seigneur pour . . . avec un attachemen . . . ma tres chere epouse affec . . . fide . . . Jullian."

scribed: *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate*. I have no colours in which to paint the terrors of the picture which gradually grew upon our unaccustomed eyes. The scene was hideous yet pathetic, and interest in its victims struggled with disgust at their condition. Almost without air and light, fourteen women languished in misery and tears within that stone-walled chamber. As the commandant, who was visibly touched, entered the apartment, they all fell down together at his feet. I can still see them, bathed in tears, struggling to speak, unable at first to do anything but sob. Encouraged by our evident sympathy they all began to tell us their sorrows at once. Alas! the crime for which they were thus suffering was the fact that they had been brought up in the same religion as Henri Quatre. The youngest of them was fifty, and she had been here since she was eight years old. In a loud voice that shook with emotion the marshal said 'You are free!' and I was proud to be his servant at that moment."

The Prince de Beauvau had only had leave to release three or four, but he wrote to say that "these unhappy women had all an equal claim on justice and humanity. I could make no choice between them. After they had gone I closed the Tour de Constance, in the hope that it will never again be used for such a purpose." The minister in Paris was furious at an interpretation of orders which he considered as an abuse

of confidence. But the marshal answered that "while it is true his Majesty may deprive me of the command he has graciously bestowed, the king can never stop my doing my duty in accordance with the dictates of my conscience and of humanity."

It is a good word with which to leave the tower that was built by the most saintly King of France, and that was put to such base uses by his successors; and it is significant that the swamps and deadly marshes of Aigues-Mortes should have been thus cleansed thirty years before the deluge of the Revolution changed the rest of France. *Aquae multae non potuerunt extinguere charitatem.*

CHAPTER XI

AVIGNON

PART I—BRICKS AND MORTAR

“ . . . C'estoit L'Isle Sonnante, et entendismes un bruit de loing venant frequent et tumultueux, et nous sembloit à l'ouyr que ce feussent cloches grosses, petites, et mediocres, ensemble sonnantes . . . nous doubtions que feust Dodone avec ses chauderons, ou le Porticque dit Heptaphone en Olympie, ou bien le bruit sempiternel du colosse érigé sus la sepulture de Memnon en Thèbes d'Egypte.”¹—RABELAIS.

THERE are some spots, in great and ancient cities of the world, which seem to resume within themselves the history, not merely of the racial centre which they represent, but of all those centuries which saw their greatest splendour. Such are the Palatine of the Caesars, or the Vatican of the Popes, or the Kremlin of the Tsars; and such is Avignon.

¹ “ . . . It was the Ringing Island; and we heard a kind of confused and often-repeated Noise, that seem'd to us at a great distance not unlike the Sound of great, middle-siz'd, and little Bells rung all at once. . . . Some of us doubted that this was the Dodonoan Kettles, or the Portico call'd Heptaphone in Olympia, or the eternal Humming of the Colossus rais'd on Memnon's Tomb in Thebes of Egypt.”—Motteux's Translation.

Within that mighty mass of architecture on the Rocher des Doms, which was palace, fortress, shrine in one, seven Popes centralised the attention of Christian and political Europe upon Avignon for almost a century.¹ Behind its huge buttresses have been received the ambassadors of Louis of Bavaria, of Charles le Bel and of Philippe VI. of France, the envoys of the Khan of Tartary and of the Emperor of Constantinople. Here the Bishop of Cahors was condemned to suffer the most atrocious penalties for his alleged plots against the Pope: here the great Tribune, Rienzi, chafed in his prison; here Queen Jeanne of Naples faced her accusers and bought her pardon at a price; here Urban V. excommunicated Bertrand du Guesclin, and patched up peace between England and France; here Benedict XIII. held out against all Christendom, and refused to pass to other hands the dignity with which his cardinals had invested him. Something of the lives and personalities

¹ The list of Popes who lived outside Rome contains, of course, more than seven names, and the nine chiefly connected with Avignon may well be given here at once, with the dates added for the sake of clearness: Clement V. (Bertrand de Got), elected June 1305, died in April 1314; John XXII. (Jacques Duèze, Bishop of Avignon) died in October 1334; Benedict XII. (Jacques Fournier) died April 1342; Clement VI. (Pierre Roger de Beaufort), died December 1352; Innocent VI. (Etienne Aubert), died September 1362; Urban V. (Guillaume Grimoard), died December 1370; Gregory XI. (Pierre Roger de Beaufort), who removed to Rome in 1376, but died in 1378; Clement VII. (Robert of Geneva), died in 1394; Benedict XIII. (Pierre de Luna), deposed in 1409 and 1417, and died in November 1424; after whom the Great Schism came to an end.

of these Popes must here be said; for though journalism has now vulgarised the secrets of the Vatican, the papal halls of Avignon had lost all their sacrosanct characteristics long before the Revolution desecrated the palace which Benedict XII., Clement VI., and Urban V. had built, enlarged, and strengthened. The Republic has certainly done its best to deface and degrade the most historic building on the soil of France, by ruining its rooms, filling them with soldiers, and whitewashing its walls. But there is some hope that before the first decade of the twentieth century is over, the fortress of the Popes will receive at least the dignified neglect due to so stupendous a monument, and will be saved from the fate in which both the palace at Avignon and the château of King René at Tarascon are now (1905) so shamefully allowed to languish. Sheer ruin, as at Beaucaire, were infinitely preferable to the mean squalor and the revolting conditions of the barracks and the gaol, which now disgrace these two memorials of faded and despised magnificence.

This mass of architecture, which dominates not only the modern town of Avignon, but a great part of the history of Old Provence, is best seen at first from Villeneuve-lez-Avignon on the other side of the Rhone, or from that road which leads up to the Fort Saint-André, and shows upon its lower slopes the Tower of King Philippe le Bel, which once guarded the western

end of the now ruined Pont St. Bénézet. It is worth considering the river and the bridge a little more closely before we examine the other buildings upon either bank. The Rhone's course from Lyons to the sea is 329 kilomètres, of which 85 only are passed after Avignon. Between Lyons and Avignon it receives the waters of the Saône, the Isère, the Drôme, the Ardèche, and the Durance; and though the drop is over eighty centimètres in every kilomètre between the Drôme and the Ardèche, it is only forty-nine centimètres between the Ardèche and the Durance, which means that the water is almost half as flat again as it was before, with a current which must normally be too slow to carry down the sand and mud suspended in the stream. This means that the slightest obstacle has produced a bar of sand, and modified the flow of the river and the formation of its bed. Old islands have disappeared; new ones have arisen. Conditions are never absolutely stable. In former centuries the maps show that the usual current was on the right or western bank, which therefore gave the best harbourage for boats, and there was navigable water beneath the Tower of Philippe le Bel and the walls of Saint André, whereas the bank beneath the Rocher des Doms was shallow, sandy, and deserted. Exactly the contrary is the case to-day, and there is deep water beneath the walls of Avignon, owing to the engineering works of the last forty years.

Though the water was shallow near the old palace of the Popes, there was much more of it, and their Rock must often have stood out like an island from the plain submerged by inundations from the Durance, the Sorgues, and the undyked bed of the old Rhone. In those far-off days, the absence of a swift stream was one reason for the growth of the little fishing village and market which was the first Avignon. It was military and naval considerations which built Villeneuve, for the King of France, upon the opposite and deeper shore. Tossed from one hand to the other in the early centuries after Charlemagne, Avignon became in turn Italian, Provençal, Burgundian, the fief of Toulouse, the dependency of Forcalquier. At last she declared herself a Republic under a Podestat, with continual internal revolutions that never seem to have stifled her commercial prosperity. But her dalliance with the heresy of Toulouse brought all the terrors of the Albigensian Crusades upon her. King Louis VIII. at once demanded safe passage across her famous bridge, and when that was stoutly denied him, he formally acquainted the Emperor, the nominal suzerain of Avignon,¹ with his royal determination to reduce the city.

¹ As I have mentioned in my preliminary pages, the western or right bank is still known as "Royaume," the left, or eastern bank, as "Empire." This is because the ancient kingdom of Arles (which extended along the eastern bank of the Rhone and the lower Saône) was ceded

This operation took longer than was expected. The bastion near the town which defended the bridge was practically impregnable, and the bridge itself was unfit for the transport of an army; so the baggage and the troops had wearily to cross over on pontoons to the northward of the town. A plague broke out while this was going on, and famine within her gates compelled Avignon to surrender, after three months of heroic resistance, on the 12th of September 1226. The king tore down part of the walls, executed the chief officers of the defence, and then walked through the main streets of the town bareheaded, in sackcloth, with a taper in his hand, as an expiation for the horrors of war. The *confrérie* of the Grey Penitents preserved the memory of his remorse for more than six centuries afterwards. Being excommunicated at the time, for heretical friendship with Toulouse, Avignon had no mercy to expect from the Pope, and she received none. With her citizens' money the Fort of St. André was built on the opposite bank as a perpetual menace of royal displeasure. Every fortified house and every remnant of Roman occupation was destroyed. The place was left, as the price of its

to the Emperor Conrad II. in 1033, and the title was never forgotten. The western bank was equally firmly styled "the king's" ever since the cession of Languedoc to the crown in 1271. It should be remembered that in describing a river "east" and "west" are according to the compass; but "right" and "left" are always taken from the point of view of a man looking down stream.

“absolution,” with nothing but the most necessary shelter for its humiliated and starving inhabitants. The Republic of Avignon could not survive the shock, and died ingloriously in 1251. The sole remnant of its existence and its power are the ruined arches of the Pont St. Bénézet.

In Roman times the only fixed bridges between Lyons and the sea had been at Vienne (which lasted, being of stone, until the seventeenth century) and at Arles. The construction at Vienne, probably the work of Trajan, was long considered one of the wonders of the Rhone, and was carefully kept in repair from year to year, with solid masonry. The only stonework in the wooden bridge at Arles was the huge buttress on each bank, one of which may still be traced at Trinquetaille. The historic passage between Tarascon and Beaucaire was nothing but a ferry, for Hannibal's bridge was only temporary. Even under Louis XIV. five or six permanent bridges were considered sufficient for the distance which is now served by at least twenty viaducts, every one of which seems indispensable to modern traffic. The reason for the change is that until the eighteenth century, and even later, the natural road was the river itself, and bridges were only a hindrance to passing boats and vessels. It was no doubt some such consideration as this last which induced the magistrates to oppose the curious demand of a stranger named

Benoît, or Bénezet, that a bridge should be built to join their town with the eastern shore in 1177. But he persisted with a strange fanaticism, and in 1188 was accomplished what was little short of a miracle in those days.

Pious historians were not long in affirming that it was a miracle indeed. Bénezet, say they, was a little shepherd of twelve years old, who kept his mother's flock near Viviers.

“The word of Christ came to him to build a bridge over the Rhone at Avignon. But he knew nothing of the Rhone; he feared to leave his own country and his flock of sheep; he had but three farthings in the world. ‘Obey,’ said the Voice, ‘and an angel shall lead thee.’ So an angel appeared in the form of a pilgrim, and they journeyed to the Rhone; and the child was frightened at the size of the river. ‘Fear not,’ said the angel, ‘for in this boat thou shalt pass over, and in Avignon thou shalt go before the bishop and his people, for the Spirit of God is with thee.’ Now the boatman was a Jew, and when he was besought by Bénezet in the name of God and of the Virgin, he refused, and taunted the child; but at length he was over-persuaded, and as there was nothing more to take, he took the child's three farthings and ferried him across. So Bénezet went straight to the church in which the bishop was preaching to his people, and stood in front of the pulpit, and said in a clear voice, ‘Listen to me, all of you! Christ hath sent me to you that I may build a bridge over the Rhone.’ Then the bishop was angry at being interrupted by so worthless-looking a

little boy, and ordered him to be taken off to the officer of the guard and dealt with according to his insolence and his untruth. This meant that he was in perilous likelihood of being flayed alive. But the child said to the officer, just as clearly as he had said to the bishop: 'Christ hath sent me to you that I may build a bridge over the Rhone.' 'What!' replied the officer, 'can a little beggar boy do what neither God nor St. Peter, neither St. Paul nor the Emperor Charlemagne, have been able to accomplish? If you can move this stone, as a beginning, and carry it to the river, I may, perhaps, believe that God hath sent you.' Now the stone was very thick, thirteen feet long by seven broad, and thirty men could hardly move it, for it was a fragment of a Roman building destroyed by the Saracens. So Bénézet knelt down and said his prayers, and seized that mighty block, and lifted it as easily as any pebble, and carried it across the town upon his shoulder, and placed it on the bank of the Rhone where the foundations of the first arch were to be laid. Then the officer of the guard and all the people fell down and worshipped him, and all the town were very glad for him. And in the first day five thousand pieces of gold were gathered, and every one brought money for the young stranger, who was visibly inspired by God. So the work began at once; but before it was all accomplished Bénézet died, in the eleven hundred and eighty-fourth year after the birth of Christ; and he was buried in the chapel on the bridge itself, and four years afterwards the bridge was finished by his comrades."

These "comrades" were no doubt members of that Brotherhood of Bridge-builders who were descended from the Collegium Pontificum of Rome, as the Coma-

cine architects were from a similar fraternity; and it is possible that this particular "Collegium" was the origin of all the religious *confréries* of the Middle Ages, for there was much of the brotherliness of true religion about their proceedings. In Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, in the British Islands, traces of their early activity are to be found. They seem to have worked independently in each country, bound together only by their common origin in Rome, and by their common work for the public welfare, supported by the public alms. They wore a white dress, with two arches of a bridge in red upon their breast, and a cross above. The most important details concerning them are given in the bull of Nicholas v., dated 1448, concerning the beginning of another famous bridge across the Rhone at Pont St. Esprit in 1265, and the special privileges granted by the Holy See to all who helped in its construction. This was not finished until 1307, and it had its own hospital and chapel, which were centres of the pious zeal of those who collected funds for its building and its maintenance. Almost the whole of Christendom seems to have heard of the efforts being made. No fewer than eighteen Popes gave their blessing to the work. Charles vi. of France took it under his special protection, and the royal favour lasted actively in its support until the reign of Louis xiv. Extraordinary precautions were taken to save its black, polished pavement from injury,

and its arches from too great a weight. King Louis XI. himself went over it on foot in 1474. Marshal Bassompierre, unable to transport his cannon in pontoons, as the king had done with his baggage-waggon, was obliged to carpet it thickly with straw in 1525. Only in 1774 were men careless enough to allow carts and carriages to cross it. The whole eight hundred mètres of its length are still as strong as they were six centuries ago; the keen angle of its central point, to which the lines from each bank converge, still bravely spurs away the downflow of the stream; and the mason's mark on every stone still gives an almost perfect history of its building and its frequent reconstructions. In the last half of the nineteenth century an iron span had to be substituted for two of the original twenty arches, to allow large vessels to pass under the right bank; and the whole roadway was broadened to a uniform width of seven mètres, which alters the ancient aspect of the building, but does not alter the fact of the magnificent strength of the first bridge on which the later work is founded, and which has borne all the necessary enlargements that are the essential consequence of increase of traffic in the lapse of time.

It was as an energetic and talented member of the Brotherhood which built the Pont St. Esprit that Bénézet came to Avignon to build the bridge there a century earlier. His hospital, his oratory by the bank, were the

centres of his successful propaganda. The quarry of Villeneuve furnished his stone. The bishop and the consuls of the Republic of Avignon gave him all the assistance in their power. The bridge, finished after his death in 1188, had three-and-twenty arches, one of which was over low-lying land on shore, and each was thirty-two mètres fifty broad, resting on piles, which varied in thickness from seven mètres fifty to eight mètres ten. The line was by no means straight from one shore to the other, but on the whole it showed the same angular spur against the stream which was afterwards built in the Pont St. Esprit. The breadth of the carriage-way was three mètres ninety; and on the third pile from the town rose the little chapel which for nearly five centuries held the body of the canonised architect. Only after the terrible winter floods of 1669 had seriously shaken the structure was his body moved to the chapel of the hospital at the bridgehead by the town, until the pile had been strengthened by great bands of iron. But Louis XIV. desired the sovereignty of the bridge as against the Church's claims; and the saint's body was therefore moved to the royal Church of the Celestines, where it remained until the Revolution turned it out into the parish church of St. Didier; and there, not without further misadventures, it remains until this day.

The firm line taken by Louis XIV. may well have

been prompted by the recollection of the famous lawsuit over the same bridge, and the rights of the river, between the Pope and the French king in 1500. The king, whose garrison was in the Tower of Philippe le Bel, claimed that he held from there the bridge and both banks of the stream, including the bed of the river. The case was fully argued out to the joy of every lawyer in Provence; and after the story of the original St. Bénézet had carefully been investigated and proved, the verdict was given to the Pope.

In spite of the anxiety shown in this lawsuit, and in spite of the care taken to build openings in the piles for floodwater, the famous bridge has not lasted like that of the Pont St. Esprit; and this for the very obvious reason that the older construction was never kept in such constant repair, owing to unceasing wars and disturbances. The deathblow to its permanence was really dealt by Pope John XXII. in 1331, who passed the care of the chapel to the chapter of St. Agricole, and commanded the consuls of Avignon to watch over the repairing of the bridge. As soon as the construction was left in secular hands it began to fall into ruin. The besieging army of the French king, in 1226, had already broken down several arches. More went in 1298, as is known by a legacy left for their special repair. In 1331 the Brotherhood of Builders placed on record the fact that they established a ferry whenever the bridge

was broken, as it must have been about that time, for only eight years afterwards Benedict XII. had to warn Peter IV. of Aragon to cross the Rhone at Beaucaire. In 1352 there is record of Hugues de Sade having given two thousand golden florins to the restoration fund instituted by Clement VI. for the restoration of the four arches near the town, and his arms may still be seen upon the first of them. The disorders of the reign of Benedict XIII. were even more fatal to the long-suffering bridge, for the Pope was by no means anxious to keep open the communications between himself and the Dukes of Anjou and Berri, who were in Villeneuve in 1395. This lamentable series of disasters went on steadily, until in 1679 the task of repairing them was given up. There is no need to invoke the legend of a destructive devil who cast down every new arch that was added to the ancient work. The carelessness and impiety of man are more than enough to explain the wreckage that we see to-day. The primitive wooden structure by which the modern traveller crosses to Villeneuve is a sadly decadent successor to the stout masonry of St. Bénézet and his brave brotherhood.¹

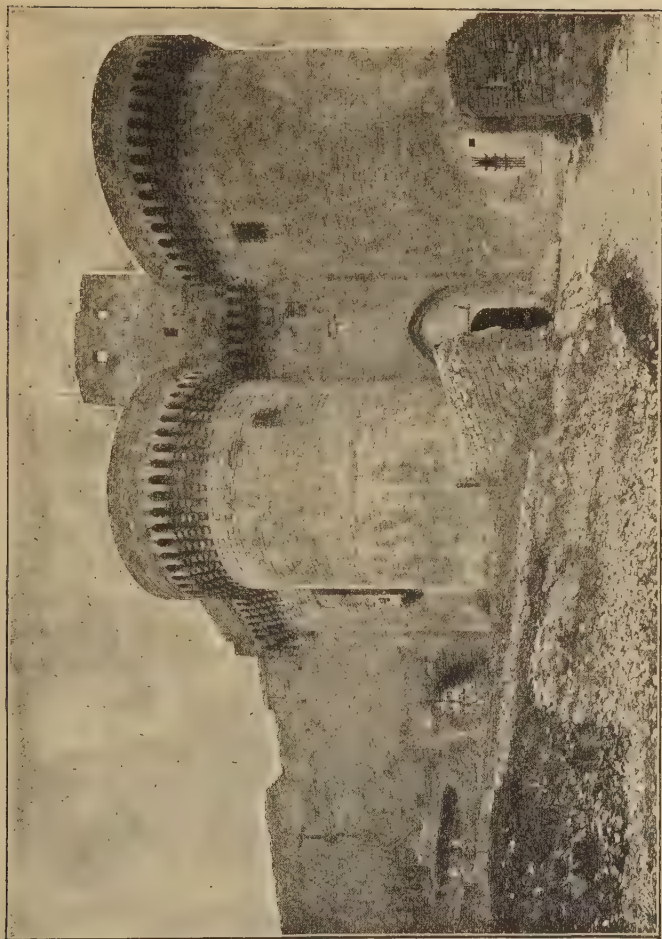
The chapel of St. Bénézet is different from its former

¹ More details of this historic bridge may be found in Lenthéric's magnificent volume *Le Rhône*, and it may be hoped that a similar book will be some day written about the Thames and London Bridge.

self; but recognisable. The Romanesque floor is four and a half mètres beneath the modern roadway, but the old staircase to its entry exists no longer, and was indeed altered after the repairs already mentioned in 1352, when the "Gothic" chapel was added to the Romanesque work beneath it. Like the bridge itself, this little shrine remains as the evidence of a twelfth-century skill and an enthusiasm for good work, which may serve as the model for all construction of the kind that has ever been attempted under similar conditions.

The bridge leads to Villeneuve; and it is with real regret that I must frankly confess to having no space here to deal with Villeneuve as it deserves. I can only say "Go Over and See What can be Seen." Very few travellers are wise enough to do so; but those few are well rewarded. The ruined monastery, broken and even degraded as it is, is well worth a visit; its front door, its central fountain, its cloisters alone deserve your admiration and respect. The magnificent fortress of St. André on the hill above is also a splendid specimen of military architecture, and a few months ago there was still the quiet grace of a nuns' garden within its huge walls; but France, which seems sometimes to care so little for its ancient monuments, has of late appeared to desire to destroy every modern possibility of religion and romance as well. So the monasteries and the con-

vents of to-day are suffering the same fate as the crucifixes and the processions of an age when Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity had not yet become the motto of republican iconoclasm, and when monotonous democracy had not yet planed down every characteristic difference to the vulgar level of official ignorance. There is a church in Villeneuve, too, with a strange tower, that must be visited, and one or two extremely interesting pictures in the museum; and it is an education in mediæval architecture to look up at the tower of Philippe le Bel from its foundations. Still, it is the view across the stream that is the inevitable focus of your interest; and from this eastern bank the little cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms is the first building that attracts and holds the eye. It must be more closely studied, though the frescoes with which Simone Memmi covered its porch have long since vanished, and we can see no more the Virgin in Glory, the Christ among the clouds, the St. George in armour and on horseback, slaying a dragon, while St. Margaret kneels by his side. Within its walls were enthroned Innocent VI., Urban V., and Gregory XI.; Louis d'Anjou was crowned King of Naples; Charles IX., Henri III., and Louis XIII. were humble pilgrims; John XXII. and Benedict XII. were commemorated by splendid monuments; and Domenico Grimaldi, the Christian admiral at Lepanto, was one of the one hun-



THE GATE OF FORT ST. ANDRÉ. VILLENEUVE-LÈZ-AVIGNON.

dred and fifty-seven bishops and cardinals who were buried there.

As an example of that careful development of a Provençal style from Roman workmanship which I have already noticed in speaking of St. Trophime, the south entrance of the cathedral of Aix and the west porch of the cathedral of Avignon are among the most important examples. This latter, indeed, has often been mistaken for the actual remnant of a Roman building, but it is now known that it was built and dedicated in 1069, on a site first consecrated by the piety of St. Martha of Tarascon, ruined by the Saracens, and restored to all its ancient splendour (with several legendary additions) by the care of Charlemagne. Originally the church, which is changed almost out of all knowledge, from its primitive arrangement, was a simple nave of five bays with a pointed tunnel vault and double vault arches resting on plain piers. The outer pier of each group of piers is cut away towards the top, to permit of the insertion of a small column, channelled, fluted, or twisted. At the base of the vault was a small decorated cornice. Beyond the fifth bay was the dome, included in the choir. The apse was rebuilt in its present ungainly form in 1671, when the whole church was slightly lengthened.¹

¹ Fuller details of this most interesting building have been published by "Barr Ferrée" in *The Architectural Record* for March 31, 1896.

The west porch, so classic in its detail that it was long thought to be a Roman construction, is a small rectangle, rather broader than it is deep. An engaged and channelled column, with pseudo-Corinthian capital, on a low pedestal, fills each outer angle, and upon that rests a shortened entablature, richly carved. In the centre of the plain, pointed pediment is a small, round opening, the forerunner of the splendid western window of the northern churches. Below the entablature is a round arch, resting on plain pilasters, with egg and dart moulding beneath its outer edge. Only the south arch remains of the two which once opened on each side. The round tunnel vault within has been partly restored, and the inner portal reproduces the design of the external architecture. The fading fresco of Simone Memmi is on the tympanum.

For more than seventy years this little shrine was the premier church of Christendom; yet very little was done to it by the Popes, who exhausted their treasure and their energies on the fortress-palace at its side. Their finest monuments are the tombs of John XXII., and of Benedict XII., which is now in the chapel of the Annunciation, between the second and third bays on the north side of the nave. The galleries that surround the cathedral from one side of the choir to the other were built by Archbishop Azo Ariosto in 1671, who changed or removed much of the older structure in the

process; and scarcely any of the present chapels can be said to have formed part of the original plan. The huge western tower, quite out of proportion with the building, in a line with the façade, is the most interesting of the later additions; but even the dignity of this was utterly lost by the placing of a colossal gilded statue of the Virgin upon a pyramid at the top in 1859.

Yet nothing can destroy the natural magnificence of a site with which that of Durham Cathedral can alone compare. Approached by a splendid flight of steps and inclined planes; with the palace of the Popes on one side, the Rocher des Doms upon the other, and the Rhone beneath; this little cathedral forms part of an architectural group only surpassed by St. Peter's and the Vatican itself; and to the Vatican of Provence we must now turn, to see what little is still visible of its ancient splendours.

Not much after all can be written by way of explanation of a mass of buildings which are difficult enough to understand, even when you walk over them.¹ But I must try to reconstruct the background of the strangely

¹ The architects were chiefly French. Under Pope John XXII. (1314-1334) it was Guillaume de Cucurron; under Benedict XII. (1334-1342), Pierre Poisson; under Clement VI. (1342-1352), Pierre Obreri; under Urban V. (1362-1370), Jean de Loupières, Raymond Guibaud, Guillaume Nogayroly, and others; who each contributed something to what Froissart was moved to call "la plus belle et la plus forte maison du monde."

complicated picture in which the personages of this extraordinary French fourteenth century may be fitly placed. Clement v., who helped the King of France to destroy the Knights Templars, was himself content to live in a Dominican convent now vanished. His successor, John xxii., Bishop of Notre Dame des Doms,¹ stayed at first in his own old palace near the little cathedral in which he had customarily officiated. But he soon found that a bishop's palace was not large enough for a Pope; and after fitting up a private chapel for himself in the Church of St. Stephen, he bought up gardens and houses from the old quarter near the Rocher des Doms, and thus secured sufficient space for the great mass of buildings that was soon to rise. He began well; and by joining the art of Pierre Dupuy de Toulouse to the masonry of Cucurron, he secured a luxury and magnificence in the arrangement and furniture of his rooms, which soon impressed upon Avignon the advantages of having a Papal Court in their city. At Bédarrides, and at Châteauneuf (where "the Pope's vineyard" is still famous), he had country-houses of almost equal splendour, and he was careful to build a new bishop's palace for his nephew, Arnaud de Via, which is now called the "Petit Séminaire." But the most important thing for his successors was the enor-

¹ *Doms* = Latin *domus*; Italian *duomo*; German *dom*; the principal church; in Provence called often "La Major."

mous treasure he left behind him in bullion, plate, and precious stones.¹ Benedict XII. at once took advantage of so good an opportunity, and was indeed practically obliged to take precaution for the safety of the treasure his predecessor had amassed.

These precautions resulted in a complete reorganisation of the whole mass of buildings. The first palace was either destroyed, or hidden in new work, and a fortress of tremendous strength was built round the whole, with four towers, of which that known as Trouillas² is the highest, not far from the east end of the cathedral, and slightly to the south of it. In 1904 this part of the palace (which extends a hundred mètres beyond the north-east corner of the entrance court) was occupied by the Archives, and not visited by travellers. Next to the Tour de Trouillas is the Tour de la Glacière, from which the long apartment, known as the Salle Brûlée, extends to the north-east corner of the entrance court. The northern line of Benedict XII.'s palace, extending parallel to the south wall of the cathedral, contains his private chapel on the east, and the Tour de la Campana at its western angle. Within these containing wings is a cloister; but none of the buildings set up by Pierre Poisson

¹ "Dicitur Joannes XXII. reliquisse in aerario tantam vim auri quantam nullus ante eum pontifex, scilicet viginti quinque millionum et amplius."

² Trullatium.

before 1334 were open to the public when I was last in Provence.¹

The arms of Clement vi., beneath the vault of the entrance through which you may now penetrate the palace, are a sign that he built nearly the whole of the

¹ PLAN OF THE PALACE OF THE POPES.



- A. Tour de la Campanie.
- B. Chapelle de Benoit XII.
- C. Tour de Trouillas.
- D. Tour de la Glacière.
- E. Salle Brûlée.
- F. Cloister.
- F1. Tour St. Jean.

Built before
1342.

- G. Tour des Anges.
- H. Tour St. Laurent.
- I. Salle du Conclave.
- K. Entrance
- L. Cour d'Honneur.
- M. Notre Dame des Doms.

Built between
1342 and 1345.

massive masonry round the great entrance court, with the help of Pierre Obreri, a French architect, between 1342 and 1352; but the courtyard itself was levelled and cut down out of the living rock by Urban v. after 1362, and completed by the wing which forms the eastern façade. The area occupied by this court alone is no less than 1800 square mètres and the whole palace occupies 6400 square mètres. Scarcely anything except the impression of its enormous size and strength remains. Even the splendid pointed windows that looked out upon this court have been squared into common rectangular openings to suit the needs of the garrison. If regimental necessities had stopped at this, there might have been less need for objurgation and complaint. Unfortunately the housing of French soldiers, even of French officers, has implied irreparable damage elsewhere in the palace.

By what was once a splendid stairway of white marble you are led into the old chapel that was the hall of the consistory, with two naves divided by a row of massive pillars. The room in which Queen Jeanne pleaded before the Pope has now been split up into several superimposed dormitories for soldiers, and the white-washing and carpentry necessitated by these lamentable changes have so ruined the original structure that it will be difficult ever to reproduce the dignity and splendour of the original construction. The beauty of its

decorations has at any rate gone forever; and the remnants of the prophets and sibyls painted by Italian artists are but a sad reminder of how much has been lost.

The intentions of Clement VI. have fortunately been recorded. He wished the frescoes to represent Christ upon His throne, delivering judgment, between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, with saints and bishops round them, and all the peoples of the world beneath. Besides cutting the whole scheme of the design in half by the dormitory floors, the officers and soldiers have amused themselves with slicing off various heads of the figures which pleased them; a practice which has deprived the rest of the world of the work of Simone Memmi, who came to Avignon in 1338 and died there in 1345, and of Matteo Giovanetti of Viterbo. The oratory of Clement VI. and the private chapel of Benedict XII. have been similarly desecrated; and until the State take up the definite responsibility of guarding what is left, the task of explaining the pitiful remnants of Italian and French art is not one which I can usefully continue. So I shall only mention the interior of the palace as it occurs in the story of its inhabitants. Nothing, however, can destroy the splendid effect created by the exterior, with those mighty engaged arches which form the largest machicolations in the world. Every gate is defended with a portcullis, every wall is crowned

with machicolated parapets. If it was the home of the Vicar of Christ, it was very clearly also meant to be the fortress of the Church Militant here upon earth. On the north the cliff of the Rocher des Doms plunges straight into the river. On the south the buildings penetrate the town itself. The east walls are fifty mètres higher than the neighbouring houses. To the west the advance works of the citadel linked it to the guardhouse of the bridge. Ten years of terrible siege, when Benedict XIII. was holding out in it, left scarcely a trace upon its strength. The garrisons that wrecked its interior, though even they are powerless to destroy its outer walls, have been the regiments of modern France.

The main architectural importance of Avignon is that it contains, within itself and Villeneuve, a wonderful series of fourteenth century buildings; civil, military, and ecclesiastic. Its main historical importance is as a link in that development of the Papacy of which I sketched the beginnings in the first chapter of this second volume. I have now briefly to explain how it was that the Popes came to Avignon, and what influence their presence there had upon the general politics of Europe.

PART II.—THE FRENCH POPES

“Avignoun, la fiholo de sant Pèire
 Que dins soun port n’a vist la barco à l’ancro,
 E n’a pourta li clai à sa centuro
 De merlet, Avignoun, la gento vilo
 Que lou mistrau estroupo emai descouifo
 Eque de tant qu’a vist lusi la glòri,
 N’a counserva que l’inchaiènço d’ elo!”—MISTRAL.¹

THE fall of the Empire of the West, and the rise of Imperial power at Constantinople, only increased the dignity and power of the Pope in Rome between 476 and 590. When the power of the Emperor and of the old municipal aristocracy decayed, the Church grew stronger still, for people turned to their bishops and to the Pope. By Gregory the Great the Papacy was raised to a decisive eminence in 604, and by 731 it was definitely freed even from the Eastern Emperor. The crowning of Charlemagne in Rome in 800 was the first symptom of that alliance between the Papacy and France which was to receive its most striking illustration in the presence of Clement v. at Avignon five centuries afterwards.

¹ “Avignon! St. Peter’s foster-daughter, who saw his boat at anchor in her port and bore his keys upon her belt of battlements; Avignon! That beauteous city with her unbound tresses tossed by the Mistral’s blast, who has seen the splendour of so glorious a Past, yet has kept nothing of it but a forgetful carelessness. . . .”—*Lou Pouèmo dóu Rose*, cant. viii.

When the Emperors began to misunderstand the position, they were humbled at Canossa by Gregory VII.; and the lifelong labours of Hildebrand left the Papacy stronger than it had ever been at the end of the eleventh century. The Crusades exalted its influence still more. By Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, nearly a quarter of Italy was left to the Holy See; and Frederick Barbarossa himself had to kiss the feet of the Pope at Venice before the twelfth century was over. Innocent III. made his power decidedly felt in every court in Europe before his death in 1216, and his friars became a vast army, devoted to his service, who overran all Christendom in his name. The inveterate hostility of Gregory IX. and Innocent IV. crushed, as we have seen, the house of Hohenstaufen, and once more France was called in by the Papacy, when Charles d'Anjou, in the Pope's name, took possession of the Sicilian kingdom. The presence of Anjou in Italy began a decadence of papal prestige which was directly caused by the active intervention of the Popes in European politics. Celestine V. was the mere instrument of the King of Naples. His successor, Boniface VIII., discovered that, in ruining the Hohenstaufen, the Papacy had mortally weakened its own strength; and neither his bold policy nor his keen intelligence could avert the inevitable disaster. His quarrel with Philip IV. of France was foredoomed to utter failure; and the violence of Sciarra Colonna, or

the legal sophistries of the Toulouse advocate, Guillaume de Nogaret, were scarcely necessary to deal its death-blow to the mediaeval Papacy. At Anagni, Canossa was avenged. At Avignon, the price was paid. The victor had little difficulty in electing a nominee of his own to succeed the brokenhearted Boniface. Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, was elected Pope, as Clement v., in June 1305; and as it was easy to represent that Italy was in too disturbed a state to receive him, he took up his abode in Avignon, which was held by Charles II. of Anjou and Naples, as Count of Provence. The *camerlengo* had brought the tiara from Rome, and in November Clement v. was crowned at Lyons in the presence of the King of France and his two brothers, Charles of Valois and Louis d'Evreux. An accident during the subsequent procession gave rise to ill-omened remarks; for a wall, crowded with spectators, suddenly fell down, the Pope was borne to the ground, and a ruby was lost from the tiara. Twelve of his suite died of their injuries, and among the victims was the Duke of Brittany. Even the King of France did not escape injury.

It might be imagined that the Papacy must inevitably and at once have suffered from the transference of its central seat. But this was not the case. Its powers were too deeply rooted in the imagination of mankind for any temporary change to stir the foundations of this

vitality. The only question was which nation should secure those powers for its own advantage. France did not hesitate. Bertrand de Got ruined his old enemy the Archbishop of Bourges by the simple method of settling the papal court at Bourges for a long enough period to exhaust its resources, a process in which it is said that the Pope's mistress, a lady of an ancient and noble French family, was always willing to assist. But the validity of King Philip's acts was recognised, and the obnoxious bulls of Boniface VIII. were revoked. Nothing more was needed to establish the sanctity of the Papacy; and when nine new French cardinals had been elected, and all the Italians called to Avignon except three who were made the Church's vicegerents in Italy, the process was complete. The Pope, indeed, found himself strong enough to oppose and successfully defeat Philip's nomination of his brother Charles of Valois to the Empire; he even went further, and openly declared the papal suzerainty over the Empire. The lamentable tragedy which ended in the execution of Jacques de Molay and the destruction of the Order of Knights Templars¹ (an order which, it should be noted, was never attacked by those Troubadours who dilated very frankly on the vices of Papacy, clergy, princes,

¹ See *Old Touraine*, vol. i. p. 45, where these iniquitous proceedings are shortly described, and references are given to further authorities on the subject.

and even thrones), was but a symptom of the unscrupulous uses made of the papal tribunals by the recklessness of King Philip. The accusations began in April 1307. They proceeded after the Pope had reached Avignon, across the Bridge of St. Bénézet, on 28th March 1309; they only ended on the scaffolds and the faggots of the 14th of March 1314. A month afterwards the Pope who had legalised the murders and spoliations of the king was dead at Roquemaure; in November of the same year Philip himself had passed before that Higher Tribunal to which the dying Jacques de Molay had solemnly summoned his unjust accusers.

Riots against the Italians in Carpentras, and disorders generally among the papal court and its surroundings, delayed the next election for two years; and it was not till the 5th of September 1316 that the Bishop of Avignon was crowned as John XXII. In the meantime Italian influence had begun its work in Provence, and especially in Carpentras and the Comtat-Venaissin, where schools of rhetoric and literature were opened by refugees from Italy; and art followed them across the Alps. Even if no proofs were forthcoming of the visit of Dante Alighieri to the Rhone valley, his presence as a political exile from the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline would be quite natural. The arrival and the sojourn of Petrarch in Provence rests upon a more certain basis. His life at Avignon is known. His love-story has im-

mortalised Vaucluse. The wealth of Avignon, as the centre of all this, became assured.

The quarrel for the Empire between Louis of Bavaria and Frederick of Austria only increased the prestige of the Pope, who boldly claimed his superiority to both. When the victory of Mühldorf seemed to serve the ambitions of Louis; when the Imperial crown was placed upon his head by that same Sciarra Colonna who had been the hero of Anagni, John XXII. soon showed that the days of Boniface VIII. were over. The Emperor's theatrical anti-Pope was crushed and driven into humiliating submission. The Ghibellines were everywhere put down. Louis was driven from Italy, and compelled to take refuge in theological disputes. John XXII. maintained his position unimpaired against every attack, even of the doctrines of the Franciscans, the writings of William of Occam, and the brilliant political pamphlet (the *Defensor Pacis*) of Marsiglio, a work which foreshadowed the sovereignty of the people and the official position of the ruler in a way which the nineteenth century was alone to change from theory into accomplished fact.

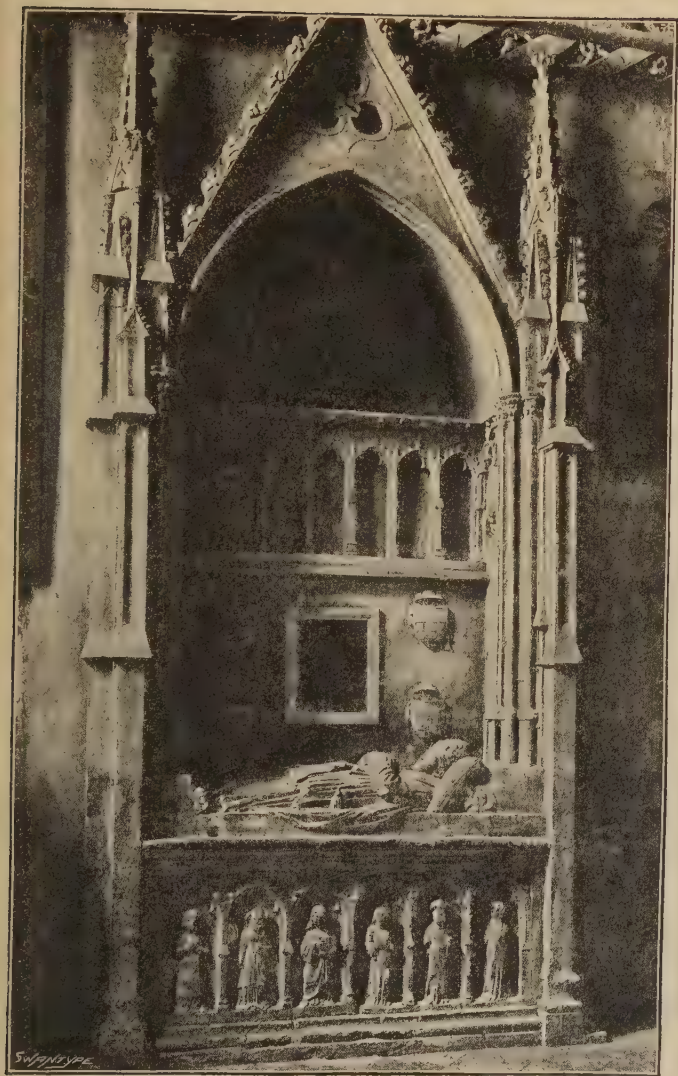
But the Pope was not free from opposition even in Avignon itself. However many new French cardinals he might create, there still remained an Italian nucleus in the sacred Conclave, and the Italian party was continually hostile to the French. An echo of these dis-

sensions is heard in the sordid and superstitious details of the trial of the Bishop of Cahors for sorcery. The miserable prelate was dragged through the streets of Avignon, flayed alive by the common hangman, and thrown to the flames on a scaffold in front of the papal palace. This building was already being begun with the help of the large sums that flowed into the Papal treasury as soon as it had become fixed and organised within a permanent abode. The cruelties perpetrated on the Jews by the brigands, to whom the name of "Pastoureaux" still clung, may have been the strongest incentive to build walls that were as much to shelter as to isolate the sanctity of the Pope. About a thousand of these unhappy outcasts took refuge with their treasure in the Tower of Verdun. The "Pastoureaux" surrounded them, and troops of robbers from all the countryside were continually reinforcing the besiegers, attracted by the rich booty that the Jews were guarding. At last only eighty fighting men, with some three hundred women and children and aged persons, survived within the fortress. Those of their comrades who had been captured in the sorties were hideously tortured before their eyes at the foot of the castle walls. In the final loss of ammunition that ensued, old men had hurled their coffers of money on the heads of the besiegers, women had thrown the dead bodies of their children against the attacking foe. At last a huge fire

was built up in the courtyard, and all the possessions of the besieged were placed upon it. Then the Jews killed each other, until only one remained alive; and the brigands at last took the ruins of the castle. Fortunately the regular troops of the Governor of Languedoc were strong enough to scatter the bandits before they could advance on Avignon; but the papal court had learnt its lesson, and the palace was no longer left open to attack. John XXII. had not done much more towards this necessary project than collect the money for his architects and workmen, when he died, on the 4th of December 1334. His body was laid in state in Notre Dame des Doms, where his magnificent tomb may still be seen. He was succeeded by Jacques Fournier, who was crowned the next January as Benedict XII., an upright but feeble-minded Cistercian, of poor parentage and rather weak will, as may be imagined from the message he sent to Philip VI. of France, that "if he had possessed two souls, he would willingly sacrifice one to do him service, but as he had only one soul, he could not go beyond what he thought right."

Three years after Benedict's election, the Electoral princes declared at Rome that he who was elected by a majority became straightway King of the Romans, and could exercise his imperial rights without any papal confirmation. The tenuity of German kingship and the shadowy phantom of the Empire only

made this assertion the more direct a proof of papal weakness. But extreme doctrines produced a natural reaction, and before Benedict was dead men's religious sympathies had once more begun to uphold his cause against the secular sceptre of the Emperors; and no doubt the new Pope's anxiety in matters of doctrine, and the public refusal of Italy to accept the presence of the Holy See, gave an added sanctity to the great palace at Avignon which Benedict reared to take the place of John's first buildings. By his care was raised the immense fortress on the northern side of the present mass, dominated by the Tour de Trouillas, and honeycombed with secret passages. Within it were received the ambassadors of the Khan of Tartary and Pedro IV. of Aragon. The safe-conduct of men of all nations within the papal city—"the City of Christendom"—was warmly asserted by the Pope's rescue of Nicolini da Fieschi from the prison of Villeneuve, into which the King of France had thrown him, and the punishment of all directly concerned in that unlawful outrage. But Benedict did not live long to enjoy the powers his honesty and foresight had created. He died on St. Mark's Day, the 24th of April 1342; and it is characteristic of him that it was by his orders that a third crown was added to the papal tiara. The first, originally a present from the Emperor of Constantinople, had been sent by Clovis to the Church of St. John Lateran. The



TOMB OF POPE BENEDICT XII. AT AVIGNON.



second was added by Boniface VIII. The "triregno" was completed by the miller's son.

Clement VI., the next Pope, was of a very different quality and character from his predecessor, for Pierre Roger de Beaufort was the scion of a noble house, and the Pope had no mind to give up the habits of the cardinal. So the companionship of the beautiful Cécile de Comminges did not cease when her lover assumed the tiara; and it was for her that Clement VI. bought for his nephew, Guillaume de Beaufort, the viscounty of Turenne which became so famous in Provence during the life of that Princess Alix whose misfortunes I described at Les Baux.

Though it was the diplomacy of Clement VI. which finally vanquished Louis of Bavaria and apparently subdued the Empire, the Papacy by no means profited to the extent that might be imagined. Secure at Avignon, for the moment, the Pope paid for the comparative remoteness of his court, and the greater freedom offered there for his luxurious habits, by the loss of that free criticism which in Rome might have proved a valuable safety-valve for public opinion, and would have always acted as a salutary check on papal errors. The conflict with Louis of Bavaria really marked the end of the unquestioned, mediaeval sovranity of the Holy See. Questions as to the origin and limits of the papal power had been asked all over Europe. Many had never yet

received an answer. Clement VI. was crowned in May 1342, at Avignon, in the presence of John, heir to the French throne, and of the Dukes of Bourbon and of Burgundy; but in 1343 there came to Avignon, in the embassy of eighteen deputies sent from Rome, two Italians whose personality was even more powerful than that of the Princes of the Blood; for they were Petrarch and Rienzi; and their chief mission was to persuade the Pope to take a more direct interest in the affairs of Rome, if not to restore to the Eternal City the presence of the Pontiff of the world. The most significant answer of Clement VI. was the strengthening and extension of that papal palace of Avignon, which he had determined should be the worthy shrine of his magnificent court. Rienzi was to know its dungeons later on. Petrarch was to castigate its vices. But all Europe revolted against the extortions to which its luxury gave rise.

One of the new cardinals was the Pope's young nephew, Pierre Roger, then only eighteen years of age, who was afterwards to become Gregory XI. The Pope's family and all his court were provided for at the expense of Christendom, and papal aggression, which had gradually grown through the unconsidered effect of various appeals and judgments, reached with the Popes of Avignon a height unknown before. In England, fighting desperately with France throughout the

greater part of the fourteenth century, the antagonism to papal taxes was warmly abetted by national hatred of the Pope's surroundings; and every other country joined more or less fervently in the protest, for the only district which did not feel the presence of "the army of provisors" was the papal States, and they remained in dire confusion throughout the absence of their overlord. But Clement VI. was content, provided the money came in from one source or from another; and he considered himself still further secure when the ownership of Avignon had been firmly handed over to him by Queen Jeanne of Naples.

Of this celebrated and unfortunate lady I have already had to speak in previous pages, and if it be possible, I must say more of her later on, for there is scarcely a more romantic or more ill-starred figure in the fourteenth century than this Mary Stuart of Provence. After the murder of Andrew of Hungary, her first husband, a crime of which Petrarch and Boccaccio alike acquitted her, the Pope promised to be godfather to her unborn child; and Philippe de Cabassole, that friend of Petrarch whose château still stands in ruins above the spring of Vaucluse, held the boy at the font, as the papal representative in Naples, on Christmas Eve, 1345. But peace was far from being assured to the unhappy mother, and the strong-handed intervention of Hugues-Raymond des Baux, Grand-Sene-

schal of Provence, in her affairs has been described already. In 1347, Queen Jeanne took as a second husband her father's cousin, Louis of Tarentum;¹ and soon afterwards she sailed for Provence, where she found herself promptly arrested by the barons of Les Baux and other Provençal towns, who were determined to prevent her handing over their beloved country to any northern potentate, or even to the King of France. Her handsome husband, the merest puppet of the alcove and the bedchamber, proved quite unable to ride the whirlwind which seemed the invariable companion of his unquiet consort; and after some delay in Genoa, he sailed secretly to Aigues-Mortes, travelled in haste to Beaucaire and there awaited events at Villeneuve-lez-Avignon. Not until all danger from the Duke of Normandy's demands had passed, not until Jeanne had sworn never to alienate any portion of Provence, was she allowed at liberty; and her husband accompanied her on the triumphant entry into Avignon on the 15th of March 1348.

Eight cardinals followed her canopy of cloth of gold, which was escorted by the Papal Guards; and Clement VI. commenced proceedings by awarding the Golden Rose to the husband, who also received the retrospective

¹ For the complicated relationship here involved, see the Genealogical Table in the Appendix; and for the intervention of the Grand-Seneschal, refer back to the first part of chap. xi.; see also Mistral's *La Reine Jeanne*.

sanction of the Holy See for his union to the queen. It only remained solemnly and formally to clear her of the imputation of murder.

The scene in the great "Salle du conclave," then brilliant with the frescoes of Simone Memmi and his pupils, must have been an impressive one during that terrible year when Avignon, outside the papal palace, was being devastated with the horrors of the plague. On one side sat the Pope surrounded by the high officers of his court; on the other were Queen Jeanne and her husband and her maids-of-honour. Between them stood the accusers, the Grand Justiciary, and the representatives of Hungary. Crowding at the end near the great staircase came the throng of papal dependents, the retainers of the Provençal nobles, and the citizens of Avignon. It was not before Christ's vicegerent on earth that this young queen, already twice a wife, who was to be four times a widow, now pleaded her cause; but before a crafty, courtly man of the world, who thoroughly understood and sympathised with every note of passion in her story, and who meant to get his full material advantage out of all. We may imagine the irresistible appeal of Beauty in distress, the eternal argument of victorious Phryne. Contemporary evidence is enthusiastic over the lady's eloquence as well, and she was well equipped with Latin and rhetoric, and literature, for any such attempt. But it is safer

to put the result down to very mingled reasons. That result was her unequivocal acquittal, and the blessing of the Pope. She went back at once to Villeneuve with her husband, out of the countless dangers of the pestilence-stricken streets of Avignon. There she waited until the news came that her inveterate foe, Louis of Hungary, had himself been chased from Naples by the plague; and she saw a chance of returning to her kingdom and her faithful people; for Jeanne was as beloved in Naples as in Provence. The sole difficulty that arose was money for the journey and for the immediate necessities of her Italian administration. Her need was the Pope's opportunity.

In June of that same year, Queen Jeanne and Louis of Tarentum formally sold Avignon to the Pope for the sum of 80,000 gold florins of the coinage of Florence, which is some indication of the nature of the transaction. "To him that hath shall be given" was evidently a motto Clement VI. appreciated, and the richest prince in Christendom was able to add one of the brightest jewels in the Provençal crown to his already overloaded tiara at a very reasonable cost.¹

¹ The Comtat-Venaissin had been ceded to the Holy See, in the person of the papal legate, by Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, in 1228; but the citizens of Avignon refused to recognise the transfer of their city to the Pope until Innocent VI. confirmed their privileges and franchises, and the bargain was only fully sealed in 1358. Even then the town insisted that its falcons should appear upon the civic arms beside the papal keys. That the sum agreed upon was actually

As might perhaps have been expected, Jeanne's fortunes did not prosper after these transactions. Provence, which could forgive her almost anything, was nearly angry over the loss of Avignon. Naples, with the fickle passion of the south, began to clamour for another trial, if only to get rid of the constant enmity of Louis of Hungary. The Pope was obliged to go through another farce of proclaiming the queen innocent, even if she had actually murdered her first husband, by the hypothesis of sorcery and witchcraft which had driven her to actions over which she had had no control. Only by this obvious concession to the credulity of the scum of Naples was any possibility of peace secured; and in January 1351 Jeanne and her husband were crowned within the city.

About four months before this John, Duke of Normandy, succeeded Philip VI. upon the throne of France, and soon afterwards paid a visit to the Pope, in which piety and politics were about equally commingled, residing during his stay at the palace in Villeneuve, formerly inhabited by Queen Jeanne. A number of new cardinals were created, to strengthen the French

paid to Queen Jeanne in cash is proved by accounts in the Vatican, and in the Neapolitan Archives. Further, though Louis XI. (in 1476), Louis XIV. (in 1663 and 1668), and Louis XV. (in 1768) claimed the ownership of the city, the rights of the Holy See never lapsed until the National Assembly destroyed all evidence of the papal purchase in 1791.

faction in the Conclave, among them the ambitious Spaniard Gilles d'Albornoz, and Raymond des Ursins. While Naples was celebrating the coronation of its queen, Avignon beheld the splendid fêtes organised by the new King of France upon the island of Barthelesse, and a fashionable reputation was given to the water-festivals upon the Rhone, its islands, and its bridges, which has lasted until this day.¹

In December 1352 Clement VI. died suddenly. Petrarch has left a scathing account of the manners and customs of his court, comparing it to the two Babylons (of Assyria and Egypt), the four labyrinths of Avernus and of Tartarus, and bestowing on it almost all the horrors of Dante's *Inferno*. It is true that the Courts of Love, of which Avignon was a celebrated centre, were not exactly calculated to increase the papal prestige for chastity and continence; but without excusing individual errors one may at this distance of time justly consider the general value of the cultivated society which the papal court encouraged, the benefits conferred upon the South of France by the arts and sciences thereby fostered, and the material increase in

¹ Even the old nursery rhyme may have its origin in this early festival and its numerous successors:—

“Sur le Pont d'Avignon
L'on y danse tout en rond.
Les beaux Messieurs font comme-ça
Et puis encore comme-ça . . .” etc.

prosperity and power of the town which was the focus of these various influences. I am as little concerned here to estimate the moral character of Clement VI. as to weigh the Borgias in that balance which history is too often wont to fill as much with the eminent position of the culprit as with the sins of which he can be fairly proved guilty. It is enough, here and now, to remember that the whole position of the Papacy at Avignon was extraordinary and abnormal. It is unnecessary either to apologise for its chief actors or to exaggerate their faults.

It might certainly have been thought that any advantages derived from the comparative security of Avignon had come to an end with the reign of Innocent VI., who was Pope from 1352 to 1362. That meteor of unrest, Rienzi, was among the first of the notable visitors to Avignon during the new Pontificate. As we have seen, the dramatic tribune had been here already, before his vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself. This second visit was very different. Then he had boldly proclaimed that passionate patriotism for the Eternal City which had been more delicately expressed by the poetic accents of the studious Petrarch. He had gone back to Italy and roused the very stones of Rome to mutiny against the patrician families. He had been raised to the full splendour of that tribunician power which had been evoked from the dead centuries

of the past when Jacopo Arlotti crushed the Colonna and the Orsini, and the people invited the Emperor to enter Rome upon their own authority in 1312. That evocation was repeated with a tenfold splendour, and with the aid of every artifice, by Rienzi in 1347. He succeeded because, at bottom, his ideals were noble. He failed because his methods were unworthy. At first not only the common people of the capital, but the great men of the world, and nearly all the cities of Italy were captivated by what seemed to be the realisation of that golden dream which was common to Rienzi, to Petrarch, and to Dante, which was a conception of the true Roman citizenship that inevitably prepared the way for modern nationalities. This, without doubt, Rienzi foresaw; and this inspired him, with an almost mystical fanaticism, to continue at all hazards on his perilous path. He had, indeed, gone too far to return.

Having once got the patricians into his power he was not strong enough to use his opportunity. A passion for theatrical effect, a lack of reticence and real dignity, a disregard of perspective and proportion which was the heritage of sudden power—these things fatally weakened a career which in many ways must arouse our sympathy now, as it aroused a temporary enthusiasm then. But having freed the people, Rienzi was not able to convince them that freedom has its price, not in eternal vigilance only, but in taxation too. As soon as

they discovered that the renaissance of old Rome meant more than shouting, they drew back. The Pope had no difficulty in pulling the strings of a high policy to which the tribune had no access. On the 15th of December 1347, Rienzi was barricaded in the Castle of St. Angelo. Soon afterwards he fled to Naples, and there spent some two years in mystic contemplation on Monte Maiella. In 1350 he went to plead the cause of Rome in person before the Emperor Charles iv. But the Emperor, who owed some useful warnings to the Holy See, sent him forthwith under guard to the Pope, by way of grateful recognition for past assistance.

Even this did not disabuse Rienzi of his confidence in his own star. The peoples of the countries through which he passed thronged to see "the deliverer of Italy." His entry in Avignon was almost a triumphal procession. But it ended in a prison in the Tour de Trouillas. Even when it suited the Pope to put an end to a situation which enabled the changeable Romans to cry out for the return of "the martyr in the cause of freedom," Rienzi did not realise that his release meant merely that he was to be a profitable pawn in further papal and Imperial games. Innocent vi. chose the strong and subtle soldier-cardinal, Albornoz, as his chief instrument in the next Italian gambit; Rienzi, though he went as the chief actor, was in reality the piece that was to be sacrificed. It is easy now to

criticise the sensuous, passionate, ill-balanced dreamer, to point out his errors, to enlarge upon his weaknesses. But we must remember too that he had a faith which had once moved mountains, and that in the abstract his ideals were pure and right. It is a tragic figure that moves out of Avignon; driven by a relentless fate to irremediable doom; his mind and reasoning faculties unbalanced as the preliminary to the final ruin.

Three knights of Provence took a large share in the last scenes of Rienzi's life. They were the famous Montréal, known throughout Italy as Fra Monreale, the great condottiere, and his two brothers Bertonna and Arimbaldo. These latter the tribune, now raised at his own desire to the dignity of senator, placed in high command near his own person. From their more dangerous brother he was content to borrow fighting-men and money. When Fra Monreale claimed repayment he threw him into prison, and with a harshness as misplaced as had been his former leniency, he sent him forthwith to execution on the scaffold. The scarcely hidden sympathy for a successful brigand at once began to smoke and smoulder. Fra Monreale might have pillaged every wealthy town in Italy; but Rienzi had not disdained to profit by the exactions of the brave soldier he had now beheaded. Indeed his first action, after the fatal sentence had been carried out, was to equip fresh troops against the patricians

with the condottiere's money. It was in vain that Arimbaldo and Bertonna were released. The further execution of Pandolfo, a rich citizen, fanned the popular excitement into a flame. The people he had freed stormed the Capitol. He strove to escape in disguise; was recognised by the gold bracelets he had forgotten to take off; and was instantly stabbed to death. For two days the corpse was exposed to the insults of the populace on the very spot where he had once swayed the heart of every Roman with the passion of his fiery eloquence.

Rienzi died as he was meant to die. It was Albornoz who succeeded. Proceeding warily yet without delay upon his path, the cardinal gradually attained his ends; and the Pope, having dismissed Rienzi from his mind, sought refuge in his country house at Villeneuve from the pomps and splendours of a pontifical court for which he felt a growing distaste as he drew nearer to his end. This house he had begun to plan when, as a simple cardinal, he bought a farm from the Abbé of St. André. Eventually (on 2nd January 1356) he dedicated it to St. John the Baptist as a Carthusian monastery, with the beautiful name of "*Vallée de Bénédiction*." The fine entrance from the main street is, of course, of later date, and only shows how long its dignity and influence lasted, a fact which may be also gathered from the foundation, by this same mother-house, of the Carthu-

sian monastery of Marseilles, in 1633. To his beloved building in Villeneuve Innocent VI. left his cross, his chalice, and his pontifical ornaments, and here he wished to be buried. His magnificent tomb has been removed, but may be seen in the church of the "Hospice-Hôpital," which stands among its gardens and cypress-groves in Villeneuve. The Chartreuse, now little more than a degraded wilderness of still lovely ruins, was yet further beautified after this Pope's death by one nephew, the Bishop of Carcassonne, and then by another nephew, the Cardinal of Pampeluna, who left it a rich heritage in lands and gold, as did yet a third nephew, the Bishop of Paris, Auxerre, and Maguelonne.

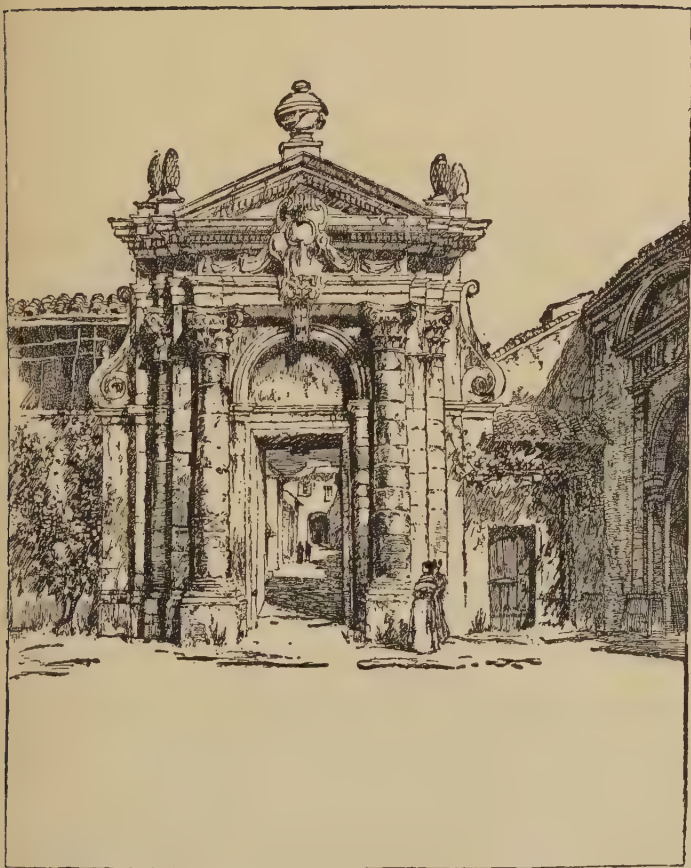
The traces of these former splendours may be seen in the exquisitely designed fountain in the central court of the Chartreuse; in the beautiful groinwork of the cloisters near what are now almshouses; and in many details of carving and stonework that have survived the spoliation and neglect of centuries. It is no doubt due to the impulse thus first given by Innocent VI., and continued by his relations, that we owe the presence in the museum and the church of Villeneuve-lez-Avignon of several paintings by the early French school which are of the highest interest and value, and were rightly appreciated for the first time when they were seen in the Louvre in the wonderful exhibition of the "Primitifs" for which they were lent to Paris in 1904. That known

as the "Virgin of Pity" was particularly remarked by connoisseurs. It still shows the careful work upon a thick gold background, characteristic of the early fifteenth century. A strange, oriental-looking town lifts its domes and minarets on the horizon at the left above the head of the donor, an old surpliced priest, with small, keen eyes, prominent cheekbones, and sparse, grey hair. The Virgin, her face emaciated with sorrow, holds upon her knees the stiffened corpse of the Christ Crucified. On either side of her are the kneeling figures of St. John and of the Magdalen. It is a painting full of sincerity, and rendered with a skill as great as the pious enthusiasm which inspired it.

Far more important is the magnificent "Coronation of the Virgin," once attributed, as were so many things in loyal Provence, to the good King René, but now known to have been painted by Enguerrand Charenton (born in 1410), who lived at Avignon from 1447 onwards, and painted this as the reredos for the chapel of the Chartreuse in 1453. In spite of its too evident decay, this splendid painting still retains the harmony of its dignified colour-scheme, and the impressiveness of its largely-conceived design. On high, above the battlements of a city, the Virgin is being crowned by the Trinity, surrounded by a choir of angels and by the heavenly company of priests and martyrs. The colour as a whole is rather lighter than is usual in the

Provençal school, and somewhat recalls the style of Fouquet, both in this and in certain details of the surrounding cherubim. The face and hands of the Virgin are characteristically French in treatment, differing both from Italian and from Flemish work; and though some critics detect the influence of the school of Fra Angelico in certain accessory details in the painting of the cardinals and bishops, the work as a whole is distinctly "northern" in feeling, as it is French in execution; and it is the more valuable inasmuch as no other work by Charenton is known in Provence.

The affection of Innocent VI. for Villeneuve may be easily understood if we remember that the papal palace was several times disturbed, and literally imperilled, by such attacks as that of the brigand "Arch-priest," de Servoles, whose depredations have been already described in my chapter on Les Baux. Public security, in fact, scarcely existed in France during the imprisonment of King John and the triumph of the English arms. Scarcely was de Servoles finally beaten back, by bribes as well as force, when other bands of brigands, known respectively as "Alpéruges" and "Tard-venus," came up against Avignon; and a great flood, produced by the overflowing of the Durance and the Rhone, added to the misery of the inhabitants. But the new walls proved too strong for the freebooters, and the Pope brought in corn by river for the inhabitants, and



PORCH OF THE CHARTREUSE, VILLENEUVE-LÈZ-AVIGNON.
(From a drawing by C. E. Mallows.)

at length to some extent restored prosperity to the town, which had by now fully given him its allegiance. Wearied out by constant anxieties at home, by the expense of the campaigns of Albornozy in the papal states, and by the difficulties attendant on the death of Queen Jeanne's second husband, Louis of Tarentum, Pope Innocent vi. died in September 1362. He had adhered loyally to his task of restoring order both in Italy and Provence; but it was too great for his strength, and his frail body refused to accomplish any longer the tasks his will imposed upon it.

He was followed in the chair of St. Peter by Guillaume Grimoard, Abbot of St. Victor in Marseilles, who had been papal legate at the distracted Court of Naples, and was elected Pope as Urban v. after the violent intrigues of the Conclave of Cardinals had resulted in their inability to choose any member of their own body present. So grave was the peril considered, that the legate was hurriedly summoned from Italy to Marseilles before the result of the election was made known to him or to any one else; and he entered Avignon almost by stealth on the 31st of October 1362; but John of Navarre, Peter of Cyprus, and Waldemar of Denmark provided the unusual spectacle of the presence of three kings at his coronation in November in the Cathedral of Notre Dame des Doms.

A man of great learning, of widely established reputa-

tion, and of sincere piety, Urban v. must have felt completely out of touch with the intrigues of the papal palace; and the measure of his zeal may be appreciated by the fact that after the papal states had been partially brought into obedience and passivity by the stern measures of Albornoz, he openly announced his determination to return to Rome. The outcry of the luxurious cardinals and courtiers of Avignon may be imagined. They were perfectly willing to buy off the continuous stream of robbers and brigands by continual ransoms from the papal funds; and even the unusual policy of awarding places to merit, and of insisting on decorous behaviour, did not reconcile them to the abandonment by the Pope of the country in which nearly all of them were his compatriots. This is the real reason why Urban's well-meant efforts to live in Rome finally failed. He was, after the first enthusiasm was over, a stranger in a foreign land, and the difficulty was felt on both sides. Other considerations also incline me to believe that the voyage to Rome was, in the Pope's own mind, merely a temporary expedient, with the double object of performing a conscientious duty in restoring some measure of repose to that distracted city, and of escaping for a while from the twofold inconvenience of brigandage without and tortuous intrigues within the palace at Avignon. It is, for instance, difficult to imagine that a Pope who was about to sever all personal

connection with the Rocher des Doms would build the Tour des Anges, would add still more to the mass of buildings on the east of the palace, and would plant fresh gardens and shrubberies in its immediate neighbourhood. Nor can I think that wholly disinterested zeal would go so far as to raise the height of the ramparts Innocent VI. had built round the town, and to increase their extent and strength to a very remarkable degree.

Less than five months after Urban's succession, he found himself faced by very considerable domestic difficulties owing to the severe frost, which stopped the flow of the Rhone and killed the fruit-trees. The necessities of the papal commissariat, in the way of good burgundy, were indeed provided for by the monks of Cluny, who managed to keep the Holy Father well supplied with excellent Beaune in spite of every difficulty. But the common people were not so privileged; and the constant distress occasioned by the "Grand Companies," a high-sounding name for large congregations of bandits, added to the misery of the whole district. Avignon's old enemy the "Archiprêtre" had indeed been compelled to fly before the Emperor Charles, and was promptly assassinated by his own men near Mâcon. The Emperor took advantage of the opportunity, not only to visit Avignon, but to get himself crowned King of Arles in St. Trophime, in 1365, in the presence of

Amadeus of Savoy, the seneschal of Provence, and eleven bishops, much to the alarm of Queen Jeanne, who was only reassured by the immediate announcement that her rights had been in no way diminished by what was, after all, a mere theatrical revival of long-vanished dignities. But the ceremony, and its immediate occasion, were by no means sufficient to crush the evil of unlicensed brigandage. The turbulent princes of Les Baux overran Provence with fire and sword, only in the next year; and soon afterwards a more serious danger arose than any which had yet menaced the peace of the country.

Henry of Trastamare, resolved to depose the blood-thirsty maniac, who, as Pedro the Cruel, reigned over Castile, bethought him of using the "Grand Companies" as a convenient instrument. France was but too glad to get them out of the country on any pretext. Bertrand du Guesclin, taken prisoner by Chandos, was ransomed from the English in order to provide a leader strong enough for so undisciplined a rabble; and by gathering his old comrades round him he soon got together so formidable an army that he was able to approach Avignon, to obtain the blessing of the Pope, at the head of thirty thousand men. There are at least two meanings to the word "blessing"; and du Guesclin soon made it clear to Urban v. that his army understood it in the sense of two hundred thousand *livres*. A

cardinal hastened to suggest that plenary absolution might be a worthy substitute. "Sire," replied Bertrand, "*icy y en a moult qui d'absolution ne parlent point et trop mieux aiment l'argent*"; and his men began to pillage the countryside as a slight indication that they were quite in earnest. The Pope hastened to raise one hundred thousand francs in taxes from the citizens of Avignon, and to send the money to du Guesclin. But as soon as he was informed how it had been procured, he returned it to Urban, saying it was only from the Pope himself that he could accept that sum. So from the papal exchequer it was unwillingly withdrawn, and du Guesclin forthwith led his army towards the Pyrenees.

No one can be surprised that Urban should desire a change of air after these unfortunate experiences, and should listen with indulgent sympathy to the patriotic outbursts with which Petrarch called upon him to go forth to Italy and Rome. He therefore gave the Comtat-Venaissin in charge to the poet's friend, Philippe de Cabassole, and left Avignon on the 30th of April 1367. On his arrival in Viterbo, on the 9th of June, he was greeted by a crowd of people who were only too glad of a chance to complain of the severities of his legate, the Cardinal d'Albornoz. Urban was unfortunately weak enough to yield to their clamours, and begged the cardinal to leave his presence and prepare

to answer his accusers as soon as called upon. This strong-willed soldier-priest had been recalled in disgrace to Avignon some time before, owing to disturbances in Rome which had practically compelled the Pope to give his sanction to the reform party in that city. But he had been sent back as papal legate to Naples, and had given Urban sound advice as to dealing with the internal politics of Rome when the Pope should have arrived there. All was forgotten when the mob of Viterbo shouted for his disgrace. "I have served you too well," said the proud prelate the next morning, "and I am sorry that I did so." Already stricken with a mortal disease, Albornozy never recovered from the public indignity of papal ingratitude, and in two months he was dead.

With Urban's sojourn in Rome I must not here concern myself. One of its most brilliant episodes was the visit of Queen Jeanne, already a widow for the third time; for her third husband, James of Majorca, had died after two ineffectual efforts to conquer Aragon and make a name for himself in Spain. She was received with the honour of the Golden Rose; for the Pope thoroughly understood the political value of her apparently inexhaustible potentialities as a bride. One of the strongest claimants for her kingdom of Provence was Louis d'Anjou, son of King John, and brother of Charles v. of France. Louis obtained from the Em-

peror the titular rights of the royalty of Arles, secured the help of those fighting brigands whom du Guesclin was quite ready to put at his service after their Spanish campaign was over, and promptly crossed the Rhone to lay siege to Tarascon and Arles. One of the few historical occurrences of which the town of Tarascon was the actual scene was the repulse of du Guesclin at this time (1368) by Bérenger, a gentleman of Avignon, who died in its defence. Du Guesclin passed on to Arles, which offered the most obstinate resistance. Rallying to the standard of Queen Jeanne, Aix, Marseilles, and the towns of Provence rose against the invader:—

“Tarascoun, e Bèu-Caire, e Toulouso, e Beziés
Fasènt bàrri de car . . .”¹

In a short time Louis d’Anjou returned to Languedoc, having done nothing, and when he heard that Queen Jeanne was quite prepared to make him her heir (and in fact he became so, after her death) he must have been relieved to think that he had done no more harm to his inheritance.

The King of France, delighted at the turn affairs had taken, and recognising the diplomatic value of conversations between Queen Jeanne and the Pope near Rome, to which the enemies of both persisted in giving a very

¹ “Tarascon, Beaucaire, Toulouse and Beziers were at bay behind the ramparts of their flesh and blood.”—MISTRAL.

different meaning, acknowledged Urban's share in these transactions by formally ceding to him that portion of the famous Bridge of Avignon which extended as far as the Chapel of St. Bénézet, a cession which the Pope received more as an indication of good-will than as any addition to prerogatives he considered long ago his own.

But when the King of France sent Louis d'Anjou to Aquitaine as the champion of that district against English injustice and exactions, the Pope saw that if further war between the two countries was to be prevented he must be on the spot. So, in spite of every protest, even of the frenzied letters of Petrarch, he announced his return to Avignon in September 1370, taking advantage of the temporary tranquillity of Italy. Two months after his return to the Rocher des Doms he was dead. It appeared as if a judgment had fallen upon him for deserting the Eternal City to which he had once made up his mind to return. The appearance of yet another of "the Provençal Popes" in Rome led to even greater disasters both to Avignon and to the Papacy itself, for with the death of Urban's successor, Gregory XI., began the Great Schism which disturbed the whole of Christendom.

The new Pope, another Pierre Roger de Beaufort, and nephew of Clement VI., was only thirty-nine at his election, and had been a cardinal since the age of eighteen. Sickly and frail in body, kindly and agreeable

in manner, he was perhaps the only man in the papal court who was not prepared to welcome his accession as Gregory XI.; for he knew his own weakness where others could only admire his industry and intellect. The fatal step of returning to Italy he postponed, it is true, for six years; but he finally took it through dread of losing all hold upon his Italian estates, a dread which was quite intelligible from the general antipathy created, not only among the small princely dynasties, but also among the free democratic governments, by the determination of a foreigner to bring the States of the Church immediately under his power. This was mainly owing to the establishment of French governors, a mistake which Albornoz had been far too wise to commit; and if Florence had only been able to rally the rest of Italy around her she might have regained all that Albornoz had conquered. But the Italian republics, if they had some of the brilliancy, reproduced all of the jealousy of the Hellenic communities; union seemed as impossible to the one as to the other; and Rome was quite ready to welcome the Holy Father when at last he made up his mind to go to her.

These were the general reasons for Gregory's return. But particular occurrences also exercised a very strong influence upon his decision, and the chain of causes that ended in his ill-omened departure from Avignon begins (once more) with Queen Jeanne.

It will be remembered that this unhappy lady's first husband, Andrew of Hungary, had been murdered at Aversa, in September 1345. Upon the same balcony, whence his mutilated corpse was cast into the garden, Charles, Duke of Durazzo, husband of Queen Jeanne's sister, was also murdered, in 1348, by the implacable Lewis of Hungary. His brother Louis had, as son, another Charles of Durazzo (or Duras, as he is sometimes called in the French fashion); and this Charles Queen Jeanne contrived to marry to his cousin Margaret, declaring both of them (with a strange duplicity which will be easily recognised after what has gone before) to be her heirs, and thus contrived to patch up for a time the quarrels with which her house was constantly beset. But the King of Hungary remained an enemy whom nothing could appease; and his annoyance at the cession of Sicily from the kingdom of Naples was trebled by this declaration of a new inheritance. So Queen Jeanne determined to make one more throw for fortune, and chose a fourth husband in Otho, Duke of Brunswick, a Guelph, with the blood of Este and of Brandenburg in his veins. Charles of Durazzo, who, above all men, owed her gratitude, was the first to revolt against her new step, pretending that there was still a possibility that she might have children. While he was rousing armed resistance on the one side, Barnabo Visconti appeared on the other, eager to take advantage

of the general disturbance by continuing his incessant quarrel with the Pope.

Amadeus of Savoy was sent from Avignon by Gregory XI., at the head of all the forces that could be got together in Provence and the Venaissin, to oppose Visconti, who was soon obliged to send Andrea Doria to the Rocher des Doms to beg for terms of peace. But these were refused as soon as it was seen that Visconti was playing a double game and only trying to gain time; and the Emperor Charles IV. joined the Pope's side by hurling edicts, as terrible as any papal bulls, against the towns of Italy.

Famine and pestilence desolated Avignon in 1374; but the pause that followed them saw the origin of what was to be a greater scourge to Mother Church than either; for at this time Pierre de Luna was created cardinal, who was afterwards to become the famous Benedict XIII. Almost the first news of Italy that reached Avignon after this ominous election was the revolt of the men of Florence, which was immediately caused by the treacherous attack made on them by the English condottiere, Sir John Hawkwood, at the instance of the Pope, their actual ally; but was really based upon far deeper and more fundamental differences. Gregory XI. answered with the thunders of his excommunication; and it was only the extraordinary ambassadress chosen by the city who saved it from complete

impoverishment through loss of trade and commerce. The Pope and the Emperor combined were too strong enemies.

Of all the strange, historic figures who have passed through the streets of Avignon, that of Catharine of Siena is perhaps the least intelligible to us to-day. There is something of that innocent mystery about her which shines through the marvellous tale of Joan of Arc; and of all that her presence meant in the papal palace on that 18th of June 1376 I cannot begin here to suggest the significance. Like the Maid of Orleans, and like the greater Child before them, "sitting in the midst of the doctors both hearing them, and asking them questions," Catharine astonished the cardinals with her understanding and her answers. There were the same rumours of hysteria, of unnatural trances, of visions in this case as in others. But she accomplished the hard facts of her mission. The Pope withdrew his interdict. It also turned out afterwards that she had not exaggerated the effect of her energetic appeal to the Holy Father to return to Rome. The embassy from the Eternal City, headed by Luca di Savelli, strengthened his resolution to take this important step. He was finally determined by the report of possible schisms, sent him by his legate from Italy.

By a Bull of the 23rd of August 1376, he made what arrangements were possible for the safety of his faith-

ful people of Avignon, and for the government of the Comtat Venaissin, and in September, accompanied by thirteen cardinals, he left Avignon. His horse refused to carry him from the palace, and he had to change his mount before he could proceed. On the 27th of March 1378, he died in Rome, his last hours harassed by a sound prevision of the disorder that should inevitably follow.

Of the twenty-three cardinals who at that time existed, sixteen were in Rome, one was absent as legate in Tuscany, and six had remained in Avignon. Of the sixteen, one was a Spaniard, four were Italians, and eleven were French. The position was full of the most tremendous possibilities for the future of the Church. All Christendom had remonstrated, at one time or another, against "the apostasy of Avignon." Rome herself, remembering the aspirations of Rienzi, and with the utterances of Catharine of Siena still ringing in her ears, now saw her opportunity at last. A Roman Pope must be elected to restore some order into the States of the Church. The gates were guarded, and the cardinals were strictly watched. They sent their own valuables and the papal treasure to the Castle of St. Angelo, where the papal chamberlain, the Archbishop of Arles, secured the governor and the garrison. The sacred Conclave in the Vatican was disturbed by the inrush of an excited mob shouting for the election

of a Roman. Bartolommeo Prignano, Archbishop of Bari, was chosen, and took the title of Urban vi. As is usual in times of stress, a compromise had been arrived at, and the new Pope was selected as nothing more than a respectable figure-head, against whom no party could have any violent objections, and who had never even been a cardinal. He sadly disappointed every one by proving resolute, self-willed, determined to enact reforms, full of enthusiastic piety, and absolutely bereft of all political experience, of all tact, of any shred of dignity. A greater misfortune could scarcely be conceived.

The French were quick to recognise their mistake. The governor refused to hand over the Castle of St. Angelo to Urban vi. His insolence towards Otho of Brunswick turned even him and his wife, Queen Jeanne, against the unworthy occupant of the Holy See. The dissentient cardinals withdrew to Anagni; and wrote to the four Italians who remained with the Pope that the late election had been forced upon them by the Roman mob. They laid the same arguments before the University of Paris, and before Louis d'Anjou, and the King of France, who at once declared their sympathy. On the 9th of August 1378, they issued an encyclical letter to the whole of Christendom; and then began a bitter war of pamphlets. The creation of twenty-eight new cardinals by Urban hastened the crisis; and on

September 20th, the rebel cardinals elected Robert of Geneva as Pope, who took the name of Clement VII. It was but natural that he should emphasise the divisions by leaving Italy, and it was but obvious to go to Avignon. To Avignon, therefore, Clement VII. betook himself on the 10th of June 1379; and this is why there was once a Pope on the Rocher des Doms at the same time as there was a Pope in Rome.

With the Great Schism this book has little to do. It is but another manifestation of those phases of religious dispute of which we have already heard too much; and from its crowded and inglorious scenes I can but choose those which are closely connected with Avignon itself, or which are necessary to the comprehension of what passed in the Valley of the Rhone.

As far as personality went, the suffrages of aristocratic Europe must have naturally gone to the well-born prince at Avignon, who in stature, in bearing, and in character gave evidence of his high descent. For Robert of Geneva, the condottiere, was changed as greatly, though in a very different way, as was Bartolommeo Prignano, by the sudden rise to the dignity and greatness of the tiara. Yet even among the compatriots of Urban VI. there was the undoubted strength of that sudden, strangely passionate outcry for national individuality which had been roused in Italy around Urban, in spite of the defection of his native country,

Naples, with Queen Jeanne. But through all the turmoil of Italian intrigues, the one clear light is that which shone from Catharine of Siena, who alone cried aloud, from devoted and self-sacrificing motives, for national unity and ecclesiastical purity; and she died at the end of April 1380.

Clement VII. was not slow to show his contempt for Italy and all things Italian; and his coronation of Louis d'Anjou as King of Naples, at Avignon, in May 1382, was but the most brilliant episode in his constant support of French influence against Urban VI. To us it means something more, for it implies the death of poor Queen Jeanne.

Declared a heretic, schismatic, and traitor, by Urban VI., attacked by that Charles of Durazzo whom she had so often befriended in his youth, Jeanne had been compelled to proclaim the brother of the French king as her heir. While she was besieged in Castel Nuovo, watching in vain for Provençal galleys that never came to help, her husband was surrounded and taken prisoner in a sortie, and she had to surrender to Durazzo. Finding that nothing could bend her indomitable spirit, he strangled her in prison, on the 12th of May 1382; and before the end of the month Louis d'Anjou was crowned king of her kingdom. The Provençal galleys came at last, but came too late. The ill-fated queen had found her only rest within the grave. By Sep-

tember 1384, Louis d'Anjou himself was dead. The fatal heritage of Naples had begun to exact its toll upon the best blood in France; a second Louis d'Anjou appeared to take up the burden of his father, and was in turn crowned King of Naples by Clement VII. in Avignon. In October 1389 the most disastrous Pontificate in the history of the Church ended with the death of Urban VI.

Provence suffered, as we have seen in my chapter on Les Baux, from the disorders occasioned by the murder of Queen Jeanne, because Turenne, guardian of Alix des Baux, and owner of vast property in the district, espoused the cause of Charles of Durazzo against the house of Anjou; and Marie de Blois, though her son Louis (II.) of Anjou and Provence had been crowned by the Pope, in the presence of King Charles VI. of France, was unable to secure the recognition of his rights by Marseilles until a Papal Bull had confirmed them, and until she had sworn never to have any dealings with the murderer of their beloved queen. At Arles the same promises had to be repeated, so great was the affection still felt for the memory of Queen Jeanne throughout Provence.

The death of Urban VI. must have led Avignon to hope that the embarrassment of a dual Papacy had at last been ended. But this was far from being the case. The King of France was, of course, Clement's strongest

ally, though Burgundy remained neutral, waiting for what the cardinals in Rome might do. Castile, at the instance of John I., son of Henry of Trastamare, the enemy of the English, had formally recognised Clement in March 1381. By 1390 Navarre and Aragon had joined the same obedience, by the diplomacy of the indefatigable Cardinal Pierre de Luna. The University of Paris, which might have been neglected in Rome, was near enough to Avignon to render its open hesitation sufficiently embarrassing; yet even this was for a time partly overcome. Every preparation was made for possible difficulties when news of the election of the Neapolitan cardinal, Piero Tomacelli, by the fourteen cardinals in Rome, reached Avignon. The newly crowned Boniface IX. was a worthy antagonist indeed. Vigorous, prudent, chaste, heedless of mere formalities, determined to assure his position in Italy by wise politics, and above all by the power of wealth, he slowly strengthened himself by every means he recognised as possible. England alone, where the inevitable loss of prestige entailed by the Schism had produced, in Wyclif, a formidable opponent to the Papacy, escaped the rapacity of Boniface, which was necessitated as much by his championship of the cause of Ladislas (son of Charles of Durazzo) in Naples, against Louis (II.) of Anjou and Provence, as by any other single reason. The debt was repaid by timely help when the

Pope was in danger from the rebellious Roman people. His position seemed safer still when, in 1394, Clement VII. died at Avignon.

In 1390 Provence had suffered almost as much as Naples from the strife between the houses of Durazzo and Anjou; and when plague broke out as well, the Pope withdrew to the château of Beaucaire, where he first heard the news of the opposition of the University of Paris; and though this was visibly weakened, it no doubt embittered Clement's last years, and he died of sudden apoplexy on the 10th of September 1394. Both the King of France (who had begun to realise that the inconveniences of a schism were not counterbalanced by the presence of an "Antipope" at Avignon) and the University of Paris at once exhorted the cardinals at Avignon to suspend any further election until a formal embassy could be sent to them. But the letters containing these urgent messages of delay were judiciously left unopened by the Conclave,¹ which at once bound over all its members by oath to work actively towards the extinction of the Schism. Of the whole College of twenty-four, three were absent, three refused to sign the oath, and eighteen proceeded to deliberate. Perhaps the loudest in his protestations that, if elected, he would resign if it were necessary for the good of the

¹ Some authorities say that the messengers heard of Pierre de Luna's election before they had reached Avignon.

Church was Pierre de Luna. He succeeded as well as any impregnable widow, and conducted his little campaign with so much skill that he was elected Pope on the 28th itself, and took the title of Benedict XIII. The name is a worthy one with which to connect the last of the Popes in Avignon with their rocky fastness on the Rocher des Doms. No beleaguered captain ever held out more fiercely than did Pierre de Luna. Against France, against Christendom, against the protests of the civilised world, he remained unmoved. Death alone put an end to his indomitable obstinacy in retaining the tiara; and the first to make trial of that iron will were the Dukes of Berri, Burgundy, and Orleans, who headed the promised embassy to Avignon from the King of France and the University of Paris, on the 22nd of May, and took up their abode in Villeneuve. Their mission proved absolutely fruitless, and when they became too insistent, the wooden arches of the mended Bridge of Bézét "caught fire," and traversing the Rhone in an open boat was not to their liking.

Soon the University of Toulouse was brought to the side of Benedict, who considerably weakened even the University of Paris by giving rich posts about his own person to its most brilliant scholars. In June 1397, Avignon, which was beginning to get used to greeting famous guests, saw the ambassadors of England, France, and Castile, who bore messages, similar to

those sent to Rome, that the Schism "must end by the 2nd of February 1398." The mention of a date only pledged Charles VI. to violent measures; so the madman of France proceeded to arrange with Wenzel, the drunken King of the Romans, what measures should be taken for the betterment of Christendom. In July 1398 a royal order was signed withdrawing the French allegiance, which cut off from Benedict all power over the ecclesiastical revenues of France. Trusting that this would terrify Benedict into submission, Charles VI. sent D'Ailly, Bishop of Cambrai, as an ambassador to Avignon, while Marshal Boucicaut waited at Lyons to enforce the royal wishes by strength of arms if need were.

Froissart (in chapter ccxxix. of the sixth volume of Lord Berners's translation) has much to say of the result, as follows:—

"Whan the bysshop of Cambraye had refresshed hym at his lodgyng, and had chaunged his apparell, than he wente to the Popes palayes. And whan he came in the Popes presence he made his reverence, but nat in such wyse as he ought to have doone . . . and whan the bysshoppe came to the utteraunce of the mater, howe the Pope shulde resygne and depose hymselfe fro the papall dygnyte, and that he that was at Rome shulde do likewyse, with those wordes the Pope beganne to chaunge colour, and lyfte up his voyce and sayd: I have endured great payne and traveyle for the church, and by good election I was created Pope, and nowe to depose myselfe, that shall I never do during my lyfe; and I wyll that the Frenche kynge knowe that for all his

ordynaunce I wyll do nothyng therafter, but I wyll kepe my name and papalyte tyll I dye. . . . Than dyvers other of the cardynalles sayd: Syr, shewe us what ye wyll do. Than Benedyc aunswered and said . . . As longe as I lyve I wyll be Pope, and I wyll nat depose myselfe nouthur for kyng, duke, erle, nor other treatie, nor by no processe nor meanes, but that I wyll abyde Pope. . . . Saye to our sonne of Fraunce, that hyther unto I have taken him as a good catholyke prince, but now by synister meanes if he wyll entre into great errour, he wyll repente it. I praye you to say to hym fro me, that he be well advysed howe he enclyneth to any thyng that shulde trouble his consyence. . . . [Whan Syr Boucyquaut, marshall of Fraunce understode, he sayd to the bysshop of Cambray]: Syr, ye are best to retourne into Fraunce, ye have no more to do here, and I shall execute that I am commaunded to do by the kynge and his uncles. The next daye the marshall set clerkes awarke to write . . . and sent to the seneschall of Beaucayre, that he shulde close all the passages as well by the ryver of Rone as by lande, to the entent that nothyng shulde entre into Avignon. He wente hymselfe to the Pownte Saynt Esperyte, and closed there the passage over the ryver of Rone, that nothyng shulde entre that way into Avygnon. Thus the marshall dayly gathered men of warre, and many came to serve hym, some for obeysaunce, and some to pyll and robbe theym of Avygnon. . . . Benedic had of longe tyme purveyed his palays with wyne, corne, larde, oyle, and of all other thinges parteynyng to a fortresse; and also he was of his person hygh and cruell, and wolde nat be abasshed for a lytell thyng. . . . At the towne of Villeneuve, without Avygnon, whiche partayned to the realme of Fraunce, was the seneschall of Beaucayre, with fyve hundred men, and kepte the

entre on that syde, and the marshall of Fraunce, with two thousande men was on the other syde of Avignon, and he sent to theym of the cytie that without they wolde obey and open their cytie, that he wolde burne all their vynes and houses abroad in the countrey aboute to the ryver of Durense. . . . So they entred into treatie with the marshall of Fraunce, the whiche toke such effecte, that all the men of warre entred into the cytie of Avignon, and it was apoynted to besiege the palays. . . . Howebeit [Benedyc] sayd that he wolde nat submytte hymselfe, to dye in the payne, and so he kepte hymselfe close in his palais, which was as stronge a place as any in the worlde, and most easyest to be kepte, so that it be well vytayled . . . and the palays was so kept that none coulde issue out nor entre in. They lyved with that store they had, for of vytayles they had suffycient for two or thre yere, but they lacked woode to make fyre withall, and to sethe their meate, whiche made theym abasshed."

Though eighteen of his twenty-three cardinals went over to Villeneuve and joined the French king in renouncing the stubborn Pope, though the two cardinals who had stayed with him were taken prisoner in their effort to escape, Benedict still held out. His brother Rodrigo de Luna was a powerful military assistance to him. An attempt of the besiegers to enter by way of the sewers was foiled, and every man was captured as he entered the kitchen from the subterranean passage. An exchange of prisoners followed; and still the siege dragged on. At last terms were offered to Bene-

dict that he should not leave Avignon without permission, and that he should abdicate in case Boniface abdicated, died, or was ejected. He at once grasped the opportunity of delay, accepted the terms, and grimly waited four years more for what the chance of circumstance might bring. I can conceive few more humiliating incidents in Boucicaut's brilliant career than the withdrawal of his army, after Benedict's stubbornness had worn out the patience of the king, and after Rodrigo de Luna had had an undoubted advantage over the besiegers by the strength of the artillery he used so well from behind his lofty walls, even after an outbreak of the plague had desolated both palace and city. Nor were even the barren results of diplomacy to last long; for as soon as the Marshal's army had been withdrawn, Benedict brought in his own Catalan mercenaries, terrorised the town, and announced that he should disregard all promises made to the King of France under pressure of military necessity. Boucicaut had turned angrily to the suppression of Turenne; and no doubt the drowning of that notorious brigand in the Rhone, in 1400, gave the Marshal some little satisfaction for his inglorious campaign. At least he had restored some measure of tranquillity to the rest of Provence as was described in the first part of my eleventh chapter.

The end of the fourteenth century witnessed, as may easily be understood, a profound outburst of shame

and sorrow at the unhappy condition of the Church. This took the form, as again was natural in those strange days, of passionate belief and mystic exaltation, of a weird crusade, from Provence throughout the South of Europe, of bands of penitents clad in white, accompanied by flagellant friars, and heralded by the usual miracles of a contagious fanaticism. Boniface IX. found himself too much of an Italian prince to make much headway against Benedict XIII. as the true Vicar of Christ. France, on the other hand, found that in exchanging papal dues for royal exactions, she had but chosen scorpions instead of whips; and the terrible unrest occasioned by the madness of King Charles VI. added to the alarm of all good Christians. Among the contending factions that quarrelled round the royal lunatic, it was natural that the Duke of Orleans should find his chief support in the South. Louis d'Anjou, too, worsted in his fight for Naples by Ladislas and Boniface, turned naturally to Pope Benedict, who had crowned him king, and visited the proud captive of the Rocher des Doms at the end of August 1402, in order to restore him that obedience of Provence which no French king could then either take away or give. The chief result of these differing courses was a gradual reaction in favour of Benedict, and its practical issue was his escape from the palace of the Popes, by the combined agency of Orleans and Anjou, and the

assistance of Robert de Braquemond, to Château-Renard.

In one of the most fascinating scenes of that delightful poem, *Nerto*, Mistral has described how the beautiful young daughter of Baron Pons de Château-Renard suddenly appeared in the Tour de Trouillas from the subterranean passage that led from her father's donjon-keep to the Rocher des Doms; how she was led by Rodrigo de Luna through the Daedal passages and past the Babylonian pylons of that sinister fortress, till they passed together up the great marble staircase and found, in the vast Hall of Conclave, Pope Benedict XIII. sitting alone beneath the frescoes of Simone Memmi; and how the withered but indomitable Pontiff arose to follow her, standing for the last time above his battlements to bless his people, and then entering, with her, the subterranean passage that led him to Château-Renard.

Whatever were the real details of the escape, its effect was immediate and striking, when, on a March morning in 1403, Avignon awoke to her helplessness without her Pope, and France suddenly realised that Benedict was no longer prisoner. He had taken nothing with him save the Pyx with the Holy Elements, and that autograph letter in which the unhappy Charles VI. had once promised him obedience; but he had the powerful houses of Anjou and Orleans behind him, and he was wise enough to ask his recreant cardinals

to dinner with his bodyguard in attendance. The Universities of Orleans, Angers, Montpellier, and Toulouse supported the Duke of Orleans in his demand for recognition. All the steeples in Paris rocked with joybells, when the poor king, in a piteous interval of repentant lucidity, acknowledged Benedict to be "the true Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth."

But they little knew with whom they had to deal. Benedict forthwith proclaimed that all acts performed during the period of disobedience were null and void, and refused to recognise any ecclesiastical appointments made by the king. A hailstorm of letters, interviews, and protestations followed. Each side gave way a little. Benedict was polite, but firm. He even took the first steps towards a conference with the rival Pope. In the midst of them Boniface IX. died in Rome, on the 1st of October 1404. Sixteen days later the nine Roman cardinals elected the Neapolitan, Cosimo dei Migliorati, who took the title of Innocent VII., and lived scarcely two years in the turmoil of contending factions by which he was surrounded. Benedict meanwhile, visiting Marseilles, Tarascon, Pont de Sorgues, Nice, or Savona; trailing his pontifical dignity through the dust of the Provençal highroads; going even as far as Genoa in a pretended desire to meet his rival half way, which deceived nobody, was confronted at last by the reiterated withdrawal of the obedience of France, hastened by the

violent opposition of the University of Paris. Again he was given breathing space by the death of Innocent VII., in November 1406. Every one, except Benedict himself, seemed worn out by the struggle. The fourteen cardinals in Rome took refuge in the old, threadbare expedient of electing "some one who was solemnly bound to make the restoration of unity his chief duty," and they chose the Venetian, Angelo Correr, a man of eighty years, who took the title of Gregory XII., and at once seemed to give practical proof of his sincerity in the cause of unity.

Benedict was in Marseilles in the autumn of 1406, and there he received the embassy from France, and from Gregory, with the greatest suavity. Savona was suggested as their meeting-place. Europe at once betrayed a state of almost comical excitement over its eagerness to keep the Popes up to their engagements. But each of the Holy Fathers pursued his own devious course in utter disregard both of Europe and of his own promises. Benedict proved just as stubborn as ever. The fine enthusiasms of the aged Gregory melted like wax before the covetous importunities of his own family; and he began to make difficulties about Savona. Meanwhile Benedict had retired to the monastery of St. Honorat in the Îles de Lérins, which I described in the first part of my ninth chapter, and was as polite as ever, emphasising his own willingness

all the more when he realised the difficulties of his rival. When Gregory only got as far as Siena, Benedict triumphantly awaited him at Savona, on the 1st of November 1407, strictly according to contract. More negotiations followed, until the historian is driven to remark that "one Pope, like a land animal, refused to approach the shore; the other, like a water beast, refused to leave the sea." Benedict was probably the only man in Europe who was still thoroughly amused and interested. He had actually procured help from his old enemy Marshal Boucicaut, now French governor of Genoa, and was only just forestalled by Ladislas in making a dash on Rome itself. Gregory, who was then at Lucca, at once took up the rôle of an Italian patriot ready to defend the Eternal City at all hazards against Benedict and France; and proceeded forthwith to create new cardinals. The assassination of the Duke of Orleans on November 23, 1407, further weakened Benedict's side; but, in reply to the French King's threat of neutrality, he issued a menace of excommunication and interdict in a bull from Marseilles next May. The University of Paris tore the bull into shreds, and on June 15th Benedict sailed from Porto Venere to take refuge in Perpignan, where he summoned a General Council for November. Gregory replied with an invitation to another Council elsewhere. Then the cardinals of both Popes wrote to announce their defection and to

summon a third Council at Pisa, in May 1409. Benedict's Council reported in favour of his abdication, and Pierre de Luna was, as usual, politeness itself; but when the envoys sent to Pisa with the news were imprisoned at Nîmes, he replied by excommunicating the "rebel cardinals" of Pisa. The sessions of the Council of Pisa proceeded, however, just the same; and at the meeting of May 25th both Popes were declared contumacious and guilty of the charges brought against them; and both were "deposed" on June 5th. On June 26th, the cardinals elected Peter Philargi as the new and true Pope, and he took the name of Alexander v. Christendom now beheld the astonishing spectacles of three Popes at once, and a new meaning seemed given to the triple tiara; for neither Gregory nor Benedict admitted the validity of what had passed at Pisa. Gregory declared his opposition at his own special council at Cividale. Benedict withdrew to the rocky fortresses of Peniscola on the coast, created more cardinals of his own, and gave orders to his nephew, Rodrigo de Luna, to keep firm hold of Avignon, in case "the true Pope" should return.

But the Rocher des Doms had seen a Pope within its palace for the last time. Even Rodrigo was driven out of it by the citizens of Avignon and the envoys of Alexander v., who was himself a corpse on the 3rd of May 1410 at Bologna. The eighteen cardinals pres-

ent in that town promptly elected Baldassare Cossa as John XXIII., a man who might have made a fine general, but who was nothing short of a grotesque incongruity as the Vicar of Christ. In his turn he made preparations to lay hold of Avignon; and it was while his legate was in the palace that the fire broke out in the buildings, north-east of the entrance-court, now known as the "Salle Brûlée." But the fate of John XXIII. was sealed at that most extraordinary politico-religious drama known as the Council of Constance, by which he was solemnly deposed on May 29, 1415; and this time the deposition proved effectual. By the 4th of July in that same year Gregory XII. had abdicated. But Benedict XIII. absolutely refused to recognise either the Council of Constance or the representations made to him at Perpignan by the most powerful princes in Europe. Finally he withdrew again to his own fortress of Peniscola. On April 1, 1417, he was declared guilty of contumacy by the Council of Constance. He signified his contemptuous indifference by continued silence. They formally deposed him next July; but he remained a Pope whatever they might do. By November the cardinals assembled in conclave at Constance elected Oddo Colonna, who was called Pope under the title of Martin V.

In September 1420 Martin was being hailed with boisterous enthusiasm in the streets of Rome; and it

is his greatest credit that he not only restored order and a measure of prosperity to that unhappy city, but also brought temporary peace to distracted Naples by arranging that Queen Jeanne (II.) should adopt Louis (III.) d'Anjou as her heir; and it was through that adoption that the titles of Naples, Sicily, Jerusalem, Anjou, and Provence were united in the good King René, Louis' brother, who became Jeanne's heir when Louis died.

While Benedict lived the Great Schism could not be terminated. But even the strenuous vitality and the dignified obstinacy of Pierre de Luna at last came to an end. Worn out in his ninetieth year by extreme old age, he died at Peniscola in November 1424. Baldassare Cossa had died some time before. Gregory XII. had gone too. Benedict had outlived them all, and he was never beaten, to the very end. His victory lasted even beyond the tomb; for in his last illness he had created several cardinals, and these in turn elected a canon of Barcelona, who claimed the Papacy as Clement VIII. The only importance of that claim lies in the fact that the negotiations which extinguished it were successfully carried through by one Alfonso Borgia, who was the first of that fatal family to be introduced into the Papal Court. The Great Schism was over at last; and the tale of the Popes in Avignon is ended.

CHAPTER XII

THE GOOD KING RENÉ

PART I.—THE TROUBADOURS

“Ah! mounte soun li bèu Troubaire
Mèstre d’amour! Fiéu acabaire,
Fiéu relenqui d’ilustri paire,

Dóu grand fougau d’amour noun vous soubro un coupèu.”—
CALENDAL.¹

THE reign of King René in Provence is not merely the arbitrary date of the termination of this little history, it is a true dividing line between ancient and modern literature in the Valley of the Rhone. After him we come to stern matter-of-fact. In his reign there were still audible the echoes of the Troubadours, of those Provençal singers of whom he is perhaps a dilettante example, but at any rate the last, until the revival of the modern Félibres, and the poems of Roumanille, Aubanel, Mistral, and the rest. There is, therefore, a certain fitness in the choice of him as the subject of my

¹ “Ah! where are those good comrades now, those Troubadours who were the pastmasters of Love! To you, spendthrifts that you are, and sons degenerate of an illustrious stock, scarcely one spark remains of that great furnace of the Love of ancient days.”—MISTRAL.

final chapter, and that chapter I have divided into four parts. The old troubadours of Languedoc serve as my fitting introduction to Petrarch and Vaucluse; at Beaucaire we shall hear the strains that northern minstrels brought into the southland; at Tarascon and Aix we meet René himself; first in his great castle by the Rhone, and then in his court at the capital, where little now remains of the beauty and the culture with which he was surrounded except the glowing colours upon some few canvases, and the wonders of the cathedral architecture. Through all this runs a bright thread of romance; for every lesser Dante dreamed of his Beatrice, every small Petrarch worshipped the Laura of his ideals. All over Provence lived ladies as famous for the "Gai savoir," for scientific love-making, as for their own attractions; alternately the theme of poems and the patronesses of the poetaster. Their names alone make a charming sound, like silver bells set all aswing upon a mellow summer evening.

Stéphanette, Adalazie, Mabilie, and Jusserande, who from Les Baux and Avignon, from Hyères and from Claustral came to the merry-makings of Pierrefeu and of Signe; Clarette des Baux, Cécille de Caromb, Hugonne de Sabran, daughter of Forcalquier's Count, Isabelle des Berrilhans, Alaette of Aix, Elys of Meyrargues, these would meet at Romanin; at Avignon forgathered Béatrix d'Agoult, Jehanne des Baux, Douce de Mous-

tiers, Antonette de Cadenet, Rixende de Puyvert, and Blanche de Flassans, whom her friends called Blanca-flour.

Perhaps I cannot begin better than by telling you the tale of one of them, and I will not spoil it yet by saying who she really was, or whom she really married, or what was the precise date of the occurrence; for you shall take her as typical of her fair predecessors, though happier than many of them, and her name shall be called Clémence. So now to the poet's words:—

“In the old days there was a Count of Provence who was lame upon one leg and limped as he walked, because God made him so. But the beauty of his daughter Clémence was as the splendour and immensity of ocean. For though our rulers of Provence were sometimes poor, and sometimes lame, they had most marvellously lovely daughters who turned the hearts of more men than the very fairies; so this Lady Clémence was as a perfect ray of fine, light gold; and would that God would shed such rays on me! Now the heir of the kingdom of the Franks had heard tidings of this lovely lady, and, being suddenly smitten with desire for her, had neither rest nor ease. But mark how often base suspicion lurks in the heart even of the highest. Listen while I tell the tale. The heir of the Franks had speedily sent down an embassy into Provence. So there was a feast, and the important question was asked and answered to the great joy of both sides; and then the ambassadors begged for private speech with the lady herself. So the oldest of them all took up his tale as follows:—

“Sweet Lady Clémence, clear star of the South, remember

that every rose doth hide a thorn; and now we must not forget our behest to tell you something that will surely bring the blush to your cheek. Pray be not angry with us that we do so. Well must you know that your good father, if we may venture with respect to say so, is a little lame. Ah! there is our difficulty; for you remember the old proverbs that by shoulder or by shoe a child takes after its parents; and that a badly grown boy can never be an emperor. Imagine, sweet lady, what the English would say—a malison upon them!—if the children of the Queen of France were hump-backed or lame! So our lord, the prince, by way of guarantee that you are without bodily defect and may well hope for a healthy man child, desires that you should show yourself to us just as you were born.’

“Then that Provençal lady cried aloud: ‘Such insolence from a Franchimaud was only to be expected! Still, it shall never be said that any lady of Provence blushed to hear that she was badly made and yet refused to prove the contrary. Wait here till I return. Now chastity and modesty be my apparel!’

“So, on that word, she moved like summer lightning from the hall. She cut her laces and untied her threads, and swiftly at her feet fell down her gown of royal brocade and velvet, until she wore nothing but the simple shift a bride wears on her wedding night. And so the girl in gentle dignity walked back to them, the heavenly graces of her lovely form all showing through the thin, transparent tissues as she passed in front of the ambassadors. Then the oldest of them all spoke out again.

“‘Fit for a king indeed, O lovely maid, a treasure for the throne and for all France! But deign to remember my lord’s whole command. Let the star shine out without a cloud

between, without a veil before! And think that my lord offers you his crown in guerdon.' So, with a winning grace, with never an instant's more delay, the Lady Clémence unbound her long hair that drooped in heavy curls behind her, crying, 'Never shall it be said that for a shift I lost the crown of France!' So in an instant fell that filmy veil from off her; and as the daystar shines upon the mountain top, the Venus of Arles shone suddenly upon them all. And each one wished he were the heir of the kindgom of the Franks. But there must be ever some who gain and some who lose, in the great game of Love, and beauty is like dew upon the rose. So every man and woman in Provence clapped their hands for joy of their sweet Lady Clémence, when they heard of her courage and her pride; for she that does no evil thinks none; and from Clémence, that star of loveliness, descended the long line of Valois kings." ¹

I fear that the ladies who inspired the majority of the Troubadours were not always as chaste or modest as Clémence, even if they were as fair. Whether the famous "Courts of Love" actually existed is not for me to determine. The name certainly corresponds to a

¹ See "La Princesso Clemènço" in Mistral's *Isclò d'Or*, of which I do not like to call this a translation; it is rather a version of the tale in the form given it by the poet of Maillane. Students who insist on knowing accurately who people are may like to see, in "La Princesso Clemènço," that Margaret who was daughter to "Charles le Boiteux," Charles II. of Anjou, Naples, and Provence, who was the son of Beatrix, Countess of Provence, and of Charles d'Anjou, the brother of St. Louis. Charles II. married Mary, daughter of Stephen of Hungary, and had children: Philip of Tarentum; Charles Martel of Hungary; John, Duke of Durazzo; Robert of Anjou, Naples, and Provence; Blanche, who married James II. of Aragon; Eleanor, who married

tendency in society which is not inaccurately described by some such title. The influence on manners and morals thus exerted has been already touched upon occasionally, as lightly as such themes need ever be mentioned in these pages. But it is necessary now to realise something a little more accurate about a form of poetry which begins to be prominent at the end of the eleventh century and begins to die out at the end of the thirteenth. It can be traced back to earlier days, as it can be followed into later generations; but that is not my province. I have only to make clear that the chief inspirations of its sonnets and lyrics were drawn from what we should now call the illegitimate love of married women.¹ So bare and bold a statement needs explanation, even if it does not demand excuse. Both are comparatively simple.

The high-born lady of the late eleventh century lived a rather dull life, and conditions did not improve for her until the Renaissance. Her marriage usually repre-

Frederick of Sicily; and Margaret, whom I take to be this Clémence, who married Charles of Valois, son of Philip III. of France, brother of Philip IV., uncle of Philip V., and father of Philip VI. The father of Clémence died in 1309. Her husband died in 1325, and his son, Philip VI., succeeded to the throne of France in 1328; his daughter Mary married her cousin Charles, the son of Robert of Anjou, Naples, and Provence, and their daughter was the famous Queen Jeanne with the four husbands. The genealogical table at the end of this volume will help to make all clearer, but need not be used to discover little inaccuracies in the legend of Clémence.

¹ See Gaston Paris, in *Romania*, xii. p. 518, and elsewhere.

sented nothing better than the union of two fiefs, or the amalgamation of two fortunes. Love entered into it so rarely, the woman was so frequently considered as nothing but the mother of the heir, that any chance case of real affection was seized upon at once by every bard as marvellous. By these outbursts, and by the affections of the commoner people who were able to give way to the dictates of their heart, the truth of love, as the highest mortal passion, was kept alive; and it was recognised that every woman, whatever her birth, might feel that passion. The conditions of noble wedlock gradually elevated the ideal of love above every circumstance of marriages that only emphasised the material benefits of conjugal union; and the irresistible fatality of the natural passion was sung in every phase of its manifestation, until it became the source of all perfection, mental, moral, or physical, in the lady and her knightly adorer. That she incurred grave risks in gratifying her affection was a leading principle in her lover's life. He tried to compensate her by his patience, by his discretion, his unbounded courtesy, his unstained valour, his ready self-sacrifice. Hope must be ever nearer to him than fulfilment; but his reward will ever be far greater than his deserts when it does come. His ideal was thus gradually and delicately drawn out into an infinity where time and space were of but little account, where an innumerable code of gallant precepts

filled his life, and the thought alone of his beloved became more precious than the close comradeship of more material swains. His quest was certain of victory in the end, for love was irresistible. "Ask and it shall be given unto you." The woman, on the other hand, if she had read that "God is love," was also ready to believe that "Love is God." Married, she was the mere chattel of her husband; but she was her lover's queen. She could send him forth upon high enterprises, or she could listen to the outpouring of his art. She was sometimes too frail to resist the consequences of that perilous situation. But shall we cast a stone at her? Shall we not remember rather that, through the hazardous conventions of the extraordinary cult she wove around her shrine, the brutality of man was raised to a higher level than Provence had known since the Roman Empire. In arts, in language, in civilisation, France was bettered as a whole by the Troubadours. The cataclysm of blood that swept them from the valley of the Rhone, and plunged Provence into another night of barbarism, was the Albigensian Crusade, from which the Italians of Avignon were her chief deliverers.

The language of the Troubadours needs explanation as much as their point of view. Romance poetry, like the Romance languages, descends from the Latin; and the oldest poetry in Provence was no doubt directly

taken, not from such models as Virgil, Catullus, Horace, and those who inherited the Hellenic metres, but from the popular Latin of the people which survived after the Goths had overwhelmed the "classic" authors in the ruins of the Roman Empire. This common speech lasted through various channels; its vocabulary was dignified by the liturgy of the Church, and amplified by the popular festivals. A better cradle for the youth of minstrelsy than the Valley of the Rhone and the Côte d'Azur could hardly be imagined. Its dazzling sun and glowing climate appealed as much to Byzantine governors of Marseilles as to Saracen conquerors of Narbonne or Arles or Carcassonne. The serenade of modern Spain is of extremely ancient ancestry; and when Raymond Bérenger (III.) of Barcelona married Douce, the heiress of Provence at the beginning of the twelfth century, he must have found that many Moorish influences to which he was accustomed on one side of the Pyrenees had already made themselves felt upon the other. The value of Arabic literature must not therefore be forgotten. But it was not paramount. After the Romans came the Visigoths, who must have imported a genius instinctively Teutonic. Before the Romans, even before the Greeks and Phoenicians, there were Celts. The Celtic peoples are essentially poetic; and the interwoven patterns of the Book of Kells may perhaps be the reflection, in a different medium, of

that complicated prosody and rhyme which tinged the compositions of the Celtic Troubadours. From these most ancient sources, then, Provençal poetry arose, influenced first by Celtic, then by Greek, then by Latin, then by Teutonic, and then by Arabic inspirations. As we have already seen, Provence was the most adaptable country in the world, and ever ready for some new thing. The sterner, slower men of the North were amazed at the versatility, the laxity, the broad-mindedness of the South. At last the various influences at work produced a definite result. The mingled notes of many nations, slowly harmonised throughout the ages, gathered to a resonant chord of melody; and, as was only natural, it was in connection with the most ancient rites of autochthonous religion that this melody was heard; it was at the festival of the spring in Aquitaine that the May songs and dances of the Troubadours first sounded.

Such solemn festivals as that of Christmas had been celebrated by the people, since before the Merovingian era, not with Latin hymns only, but with songs of a simple character, with carols in the vulgar tongue, with more daring efforts at satire or gross jesting, and, in the spring, with songs of love. The chorus, or refrain, was an essential sign of these popular songs. Those which were peculiarly adapted to May contained a conventional description of the spring; they were chiefly concerned

with the young women, to whom the boy's thoughts lightly turned at such a season; there was a disregard of serious respectability, even of morals, which was excused as being a necessary part of the joyous abandonment to happiness and love appropriate to the month. The essential structure of the Troubadours' lyrics needs here no more definite delimitation.¹ The very prominence given to women, not only as subjects of songs, but as dancers in the festivals, is a dominant note in one as in the other. It was a prominence handed down to these May festivals from the pagan feasts of Venus, just as the Bacchanalia of Roman vineyards has lasted down to this day in the villages of Provence; and that prominence involved inevitably the supremacy of love, which was the keynote of the Troubadours' lyrics. It was at first a delighted expression of that imaginary emancipation from law and rule which was all the keener because it was recognised as only temporary. The Troubadours exalted it to the height of their undying fervour, to the summit of their infinite ideal; and Guilhem, ninth Duke of Aquitaine, was the first Troubadour; his granddaughter Eleanor was the first Troubadour-Queen of chivalry, of romance, of sentiment.

Eleanor had held her first court in Bordeaux. She then became a Queen of France, and after her divorce

¹ See Gaston Paris, *Origines*, p. 46, etc.

she became the queen of Henry II. of England in 1152, and ruled domains that extended from the Tyne across the Channel to Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Brittany, and Touraine, and further south to Poitou, the Limousin, Gascony, Auvergne, Guienne. Before this second marriage she had gone to the Crusades with her first husband; and the mixture of romance and warfare thus acquired was never lost throughout her life. Among those who sang her praises in the Limousin was the lowly-born Bernard de Ventadour, whose verses even Petrarch deigned to praise; and her son was Richard Cœur de Lion, born in Beaumont Palace, Oxford, the English Troubadour-King, who once held, not inappropriately, the fief of Arles. I must follow out this pleasant byway of my subject no further, except to emphasise a fact, too often forgotten, that French was the spoken language of the cultivated Englishman until the middle of the fourteenth century, and therefore the development of Provençal poetry up to that date is of the deepest interest to us. But I must pass on to some of the poets of Provence. One that has never been forgotten was one of the earliest, who took part in the Crusades of 1147.

Geoffroy Rudel, Prince of Blaye, heard tidings, through the pilgrims of Antioch, of a beautiful Lady Mélissent of Tripoli. He crossed the sea, and after a long and stormy voyage he died in her arms, thanking

Heaven that he had been allowed only to look upon her face. This pathetic story attracted the garrulous Nostradamus, from whom Uhland, in 1814, took many singular details for his ballad. Heine's imagination played round it with the subtly complex emotion of his own grim genius, and called the ghosts of the dead lovers from the tapestry of Blaye.

“Melisanda! teure Närrin,
Du bist selber Licht und Sonne;
Wo du wandelst, blüht der Frühling,
Sprossen Lieb' und Maïenwonne.”

It has appealed to Browning, to Swinburne, to Madame James Darmesteter,¹ to Carducci; and each has interpreted its sorrow and its self-sacrifice as seemed good to them. It inspired “La Princesse Lointaine” of Rostand in a different vein:—“Ma bonté n'est pas grande,” he makes her say. “Non, mais tout simplement *je soigne ma légende*.”

The tale of Peire Vidal brings us nearer to the places we know in these chapters. His first love was Alazais, Viscountess of Marseilles, from whom he stole a kiss as she lay asleep in the hall, and when she woke and called for help he was soundly drubbed out of the castle. Then her good-natured husband met him at Les Baux and brought him back again to receive a formal present of the stolen kiss, and to amuse the careless viscount

¹ Now Madame Duclaux.

with his rhymes and antics. But Peire grew tired of waiting for a reward that never came, and Madame Alazais grew bored by repeated protestations in every kind of metre; so Vidal went westwards across the Rhone, and there his second flame was Louve de Peinaultier, who dwelt with her husband at Cabaret, near Carcassonne, about the year 1190. Desirous of proving the extent of his devotion to the "She-wolf," he dressed himself in a wolf's skin, and on the Black Mountains he was hunted in earnest by the shepherds and their dogs, and brought back half-dead and mangled to his lady-love. He died indeed in 1209, and though his unbalanced mind was full of eccentricities, he had the certain spark of genius. In spite of every frailty he achieved success; and his vigorous poems upon political subjects have lasted down to our own day, with his love-sonnets and his fantastic lyrics.

Raimbaut de Vacqueiras was another who sang at the feasts and tourneys of Les Baux and of Orange, for he was the favourite of Prince Guillaume des Baux, son of him who married Tiburge, heiress of Orange. This Guillaume came into his own in 1181, and Raimbaut de Vacqueiras was the Tyrtæus of his constant quarrels with Raymond (v.) of Toulouse. A poem on a tournament of the time at Les Baux has come down to us, describing the downfall of the Count of Beaucaire and of Barral of Marseilles.

He wrote five idioms fluently in a single poem, to show that as many languages were necessary to do fit honour to his lady; but perhaps he is most famous in literature as having written the poem on a Genoese lady, in which Italian is first used as a literary language by a writer of distinction, about seventy-five years before Dante.¹ His famous "Carros," dedicated to the beautiful Beatritz de Monferrat, is said to have been imitated by Boccaccio, and to have suggested the "Trionfo d'Amore" to Petrarch. Certain it is that Raimbaut must himself have known Vacluse, and we may well take Petrarch, the originator of modern literature, as the last of the Troubadours. Their influence was with him all his life, in a more human, more sympathetic sense than it is seen in Dante's mystic vision of his Beatrice. From the first moment when Petrarch met his Laura, her beloved image filled his heart and roused his highest gifts. He idealised and perfected that lyric poetry which was the natural form of those Troubadours' songs in which Dante recognised the spark of an immortal fire that should never be put out.

Raimbaut de Vacqueiras lived in the brief noon

¹ I believe the first appearance is recognised in the four rhymed lines in the Cathedral of Ferrara in 1133; and there is also a rude song by a Tuscan joglar before Raimbaut de Vacqueiras. Soon after him are found the Cantilena Bellunese, four lines composed in 1195; and between that and the famous hymn of St. Francis of Assisi there is only the fragmentary poem from Monte Cassino. See Justin H. Smith, *The Troubadours at Home*, i. 414.

and perfect blossoming of the old Provençal poetry which began with Duke William of Aquitaine, with Marcabru, with Bernart de Ventadorn, with Bertram de Bon, and went on through the years of Peire Vidal to Sordello, and so to the decadence of Guiraut Riquier at the end of the thirteenth century, of whom some ninety lyrics and sixteen epistles have been preserved. Through Dante and Petrarch it may be said that all modern lyric poetry descends from this Provençal stock, which had such vigorous offshoots in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy, in France, even in Germany. It was mainly due to two reasons that Provençal poetry died: to the Albigensian Crusade and to the absorption of Provence by France. It lasted in other countries long after Provence herself had ceased to be a separate nationality; and as the classic language of a certain style it inspired the poets of many nations to form a national language of their own. For its merits were largely those which have made Horace and the Hellenic writers the perfect and imperishable moulds of form; the "Émaux et Camées," as Théophile Gautier puts it, of the thought and expression of the world. Through this the rough life of the twelfth century was raised to something higher; and in Dante's "Paradiso" is the idealised culmination of the Troubadours' dream, the spiritualisation of the lady-mistress whose apotheosis is celebrated in such homage as no poet ever paid before.

Enough has been said in my chapter about Carcassonne to suggest the connection between the Albigenian "heresy" and what has been here explained of the Troubadours' theory of life and love. A certain laxity in morals was undoubtedly encouraged in the upper classes by the doctrines sung by their especial poets. It was also supposed to be fostered in the lower classes by those teachings of Manichaeism and the duality of principles, which were connected with the Albigenians. But the aristocracy of every age has assumed that all deviations from the path of virtue should be restricted to their own society; vice was not to be popularised by any coarse degeneracy in the unfashionable poor. Whatever the "seigneur" might do, the "villein" must at any rate obey his priest. So any freedom of thought in the vulgar, such as was encouraged by Albigenian preachers, would be strongly attacked both by the aristocracy and the Church. But the Church went further still, for the Albigenians were in favour of the text of the Bible; and since the only language in which that text could be translated from the original into Provençal was the language of the Troubadours,¹ all such translations were obviously encouraged by the special interest both of the poets and

¹ The earliest translation known of five chapters of St. John's Gospel (probably for liturgical use) is one made in Provençal in the middle of the twelfth century. See J. H. Smith; also the last chapter in J. F. Rowbotham's *The Troubadours and Courts of Love*.

of the ladies to whom they chiefly sang. In time the poets gave more practical expression to their sympathies. The reading of the original text produced the invariable revulsion against priestly dogmas and interpretations which is visible (under similar conditions) in many other times and places. "God confound thee, Rome!" sang the Troubadour, Guilhem de Figueira, "thou draggest all who trust in thee into the bottomless pit. Thou forgivest sins for money. . . ." Or again, "Ah! false and wicked clergy," cries another, "traitors, liars, thieves, and miscreants, your balance is gold and your pardons must be sought by silver. . . ."

Obviously Rome could not allow this to go on unchecked; and her crusade against the Albigensian heretics was therefore inextricably involved with the repression of the dangerously eloquent singers who recklessly criticised the clergy and the Church in verses as glowing as those with which they sang the duties and the pains of love. The Pope might be indulgent to the exaggerations of a few poetasters or to the mistaken creed of some score love-lorn ladies; but this was going too far. Several nobles too were actually on the side of the Albigensian rabble: the ill-fated Vicomte de Béziers, the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, Béarn, and Comminges, Guy de Cavaillon, and others, as we have seen. So the Church began to take a legiti-

mate revenge by claiming such singers as Izarn, or Bishop Fulk of Marseilles, as her own champions. "In eight points," thunders the orthodox Izarn, recreant to his craft, but faithful to his creed, "have I convicted thee, obstinate heretic, and ere thou art delivered to the flames, take this to comfort thee at thy burning." The main authority for the horrible campaigns that devastated the south is an epic poem by an anonymous Troubadour, entitled "*Aisos es la Cansos de la Crozada contr els Ereges d'Albeges.*" With the annihilation of the society which had furnished its chief patrons, the minstrelsy of the Troubadours vanished; and with it went the literature and the culture which it represented. The wintry centuries that followed do not seem to have made up, either by morality or prosperity, for their orthodox enthusiasm; and the feudal castles of the south remained till the Renaissance "bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." The nightingales of Provence migrated to Italy and Spain.

Charles d'Anjou, who inherited Provence from the last Troubadour-Count Raymond Bérenger (iv.), knew nothing of that Romance dialect which we now call Provençal, which expressed the nationality of the land up to 1245, and which lingered on until 1481. The name "Provençal" had at first been given, somewhat inaccurately, by Frenchmen from the north to

the whole southern *Langue d'Oc*. It became attached to it for ever through its associations with the good King René, whose sympathies were more with Provence than with Anjou. After his death, after "the Rhone had fallen into the sea," and Provence had been incorporated into France, the language suffered many changes, and people, from the highest to the lowest, spoke strange mixtures of many tongues.¹ Important

¹ Philologists who like to trace such matters may sift the Latin, Romance, French, and Provençal out of the following letter, written by King René, in July 1468, to Jean Allardeau, Bishop of Marseilles: "*De par le Roi*. Moss. de Marsella e mon compère. Da parte d'alcuni poveri homini a moi e stato humilmente supplicato come la supplicatio e loquale qui interclusa ve mandamo chiaramente intenderete di alcuno loro errore e fallimento. Et considerato sono homi maritimi et che hanno de gli altri carrighi assai, ove cognoscerete sia coso di piea per quanto tocha a moi volemo loro sia in vostra Guardia. Dots al ponte sey lo vi giorno de jullet de l'anno MCCCCLXVIII."

Here is an extract from the Registers of the Estates of Provence under King René, on October 9, 1473: "Le nom de nostre Senhor Dieu J. C. et de la siena gloriosa mayre e de tota la santa cort celestial envocant loqual en tota bona et perfecta obra si deu envocar, car del procesit tot bon et pacifié estament del tres que hault et tres que excellent prince et senhor nostre lo rey Regnier per la gracia de Dieu rey de Jérusalem, de Aragon, de ambos la Sicilias, de Valencia, de Sardenha et de Corsega, duc d'Anjo et de Bar, Comte de Barcelona et de Provensa, de Forcalquier et de Piémont. Thuision deffension de aguest sieu pays de Provensa ev de Forcalquier, et confusion et destruction de ses ennemis. . . ."

Finally I may quote (from Henri Oddo, who preserves these typical extracts) the letter of a rich farmer's son at the end of the fifteenth century: "Senhe payre à vous de bon car mi recoumandi, la present es per vous avisar como yeu ay resauput vostra letro en laqual mi mandas del cap de Besonhos, yeu ay resauput ma raubo ambe mas canupas, calcuno libres. . . . Et tot vostre emble fils Peyron Bonpar."

documents had to be registered in Provençal for the local courts and sent up to Paris translated into French. In 1790 it was decreed that the new code should be translated into Provençal, as was the case with other local idioms. The preservation of the Provençal dialect thus officially assisted was still further assured by the work of the historian and philologist, Raynouard of Brignoles, in the department of the Var. That work was given wider recognition by his admission to the Academy as perpetual secretary in 1808; and when M. Villemain made his speech on the award of the Prix Montyon by the Academy to Jasmin, in 1852, the salvation of the old Provençal by Raynouard was very properly remembered. Through him, and through many of his successors, besides Jasmin, the language was preserved. But it remained for others to give it that vital touch which was inevitable as soon as its possibilities as a spoken, written vehicle of modern thought were fully realised.

To Roumanille and the Félibres that realisation is chiefly due. In 1855 appeared their first organ, *L'Armana prouvençau*. In 1859 was published Mistral's *Mirèio*. In 1876 the laws and statutes of the society called the "Félibrige" were put in writing. The *Revue Félibréenne* was soon as popular in Paris as in Provence; and *La Romania*, published by Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, gave at once the stamp of

the highest scholarship to the new movement. Fortunately the Renaissance of Provence was not allowed to degenerate into a fashionable Parisian fad. The poems I have quoted here and there throughout these pages are sufficient to prove that the local pride in local characteristics—which is the firmest buttress of a great nation's strength—has been worked out among the appropriate surroundings of local enthusiasm and love. The magnificent Provençal dictionary, in which Mistral enshrined the language he has done so much to make immortal, is the best proof that his poems are a true and sincere reflection of his people and his own country. The centre of the movement of which he is still the head was Avignon. One of its loveliest and most ancient shrines has ever been Vaucluse.

PART II.—VAUCLUSE

“Non era l' andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d' angelica forma, e le parole
Sonavan altro che pur voce umana.”

—PETRARCH, *sonn.* 69.

ON a fine spring morning there are few more lovely expeditions in Provence than the drive to Vaucluse from Avignon. Leaving the Hotel de l'Europe, you pass the old ramparts of the city and its newer walls,

until a turning to the right, near some tram lines beneath a railway bridge, brings you to the long Marseilles Road, all fringed with trees. Large milestones, with the magic name of "Vaucluse" inscribed upon them, soon begin to point the right way forward to the east along a level country that lies between Rhone, Durance, Ouvèze, and the many branches of the Sorgues; a well-watered land, fertilised by constant streams and warmed by the Provençal sun; where the prosperous country houses have each their little avenue of shade that leads from the front door to the fine main road along which your carriage rolls so easily.

For some ten kilometres the direction has been rather south of west, to avoid the hills around which are built Caumont, Châteauneuf, St. Saturnin, and Morières. But at the bridge on your right, called Pont de Bonpas, which carries the main road from Paris over the Durance to Marseilles, the route goes slightly northwards along the right bank of the river, upstream; and on your left are the ruins of an old castle, with machicolated towers and huge buttresses that rise from the last rocky ramparts of the hill that slopes down from the north. A little further on is a row of queer little dwellings hollowed out of the rock itself, with doors and windows carved in the living stone; and so you reach the village of Caumont, where a telegraph-post, marked with a plate of blue metal, shows

the turning to the north and east that leads on towards Thor. Upon the slopes above the road is what looks like a deserted hamlet, with empty cottages that cluster round a deserted steeple. Near them are some brick-works and a number of tiny manufactories of tiles. On the other side of the road, to the right, is Pieverde, the spot where Laura was born.¹

By degrees, in the distance to the north, appear the villages of Gadagne and Châteauneuf, with their church and castle perched on the very verge of the hill, and standing out against the sky. This is well seen from the stone that marks the third kilometre on the road from Caumont, and on the next hill in the northern distance, but more eastward, are the ruins called "Thouzon," where are grottoes in the rock. Two kilometres further on, the road, which has already crossed the railway, turns somewhat sharply to the right and develops into the long, straight avenue of trees that leads to Thor. On your left appears the fine old wall and gate of the town, with its clock and

¹ Most probably. As will be seen, I reject the theory that she was the wife of a De Sade, and the mother of eleven children, or that Petrarch first met her in a church at Avignon. A study of the text, in which Petrarch gives all the details we shall ever know, inclines me to believe that the interpretation of E. J. Mills (*The Secret of Petrarch*, 1904) is in the main the most probable yet published. Though there is much in the book with which I cannot agree, the main conclusions are fortified by the latest researches of M. de Nolhac of Versailles and others mentioned in my preface (vol. i. p. xv.).

bell-tower, and the motto "Taurum Stella Ducit" beneath a bust of Pierre Goujon d'Alcantara, the founder of free public schools in France, who died in 1840. Still taking turns to the right, whenever there is a choice, you find yourself at last on a long level stretch of highway pointing a little south of east, and the mountain slopes of Mont Ventoux begin to show clearly on the horizon straight ahead, slopes that gradually show up as a huge white cliff, with a vast cauldron-shaped cleft in its centre.

The next village is L'Isle, "the island," on the Sorgue, to which another ingratiating avenue of trees welcomes the dusty traveller, with the railway on his right hand. This is twenty-one kilometres from Avignon, and the waters of the river Sorgue begin to be the dominant feature in the picture, for "L'Isle" is like a little Venice full of water-wheels, which drip and murmur softly in the pleasant air as you pass the Hotel St. Martin, and the gendarmerie, towards the statue of the Virgin, where yet another avenue of trees begins that leads to smiling country set with green meadows and watered with whispering streams. Past a stone obelisk and another bridge, the highway turns to the right, and you face eastwards again for that mysterious cauldron that has grown clearer in the cliff. About four kilometres from L'Isle, the road seems to dip downwards, and there is a perceptible rise in the

general temperature of the air, as you pass beneath a huge stone aqueduct with a foaming stream beneath it. Now the carriage follows the banks of a little river, of singularly clear water, bluish-green; and the rocks, of a strange striated limestone, close in on either hand. A little further down—or rather up the stream—between these narrowing cliffs that will be green with vines and olive-trees, the “*Vallis Clausa*” ends in a high grey cliff; and before you reach the cliff itself, the level ground on each side of the highway opens out for the buildings of the hamlet of *Vaucluse*. The water-wheels are turning everywhere. On one side is a tiny church. On the other is a delightful little inn (named from the twin divinities), where trout and asparagus rejoiced our hearts after a long drive, and where we rested before wandering into fairy-land beyond.

And fairy-land it is. *Vaucluse*, with all its memories, can never be desecrated or vulgarised. There are the usual attempts to do so. But they fail. Nature herself is here on too grand a scale. Man has left here too poignant traces of immortal passion and undying love. The syllables of *Petrarch* and the sighs of *Laura* are on every breeze. Theirs are the images reflected in the crystal surface of that mysterious pool which wells from the deep heart of the mountain and pours forth its everlasting streams through the cascades of the young river towards the village of *Vaucluse*.

It is a symbol of love and life; of love deep-seated in the elements that make the world, rising with strength irresistible towards the sunlight; foaming through the first years of youth and ardour, flowing at last with ordered stillness, turning the water-wheels of traffic and of commerce, but never losing the heaven-blue of its source, the undying, fundamental power that shapes and sways the universe.¹

It is but a few minutes' walk from the church of Vaucluse to the fountain which wells out of the heart of the limestone cliff to make the river Sorgue. On the way you must turn aside for a moment to the right, where, near the traces of an old Roman aqueduct, tunnelled through the heart of the rock, is a garden that may have been Petrarch's garden, and a laurel that may have sprung from one he planted. A little further on, after you return to the path that follows up the course of the swift stream, you see the ruins of a castle, perched high on the ragged shoulder of a cliff. It was the home of Petrarch's friend, Philippe de Cabassole, who was born in this district in 1305.

The young Philippe, educated by the clergy of Caumont, was made archdeacon and provost of that town in 1333, and created a bishop the next year by

¹ Nothing better has been written about the physical characteristics of the Pool of Vaucluse than the seventh chapter of Charles Lenthéric's splendid second volume of *Le Rhône*, pp. 174-265.

Pope John xxii. By Robert of Anjou he was made chancellor to the duchess, and at the duke's death he became guardian of his granddaughter, the famous Queen Jeanne, to whose court at Naples he was eventually obliged to go; and there he stood sponsor, for the Pope, to the son of Jeanne and of Andrew of Hungary. His integrity, sound learning, and talent for diplomacy were good reasons for the many delicate missions with which he was entrusted by the Pope, and in 1359 he was made Patriarch of Jerusalem. He was Vicar of Avignon and the Venaissin in the absence of Urban v. at Rome, and in 1368 was raised to the dignity of cardinal. By Gregory xi. he was sent as legate into Italy, and died in Perugia in 1372, but was brought back to be buried at the Chartreuse of Bonpas, whence his body was solemnly transferred to the church of Caumont in 1833.

The friendship of such a man with Petrarch, who appreciated his modesty as much as his real talents, is easily intelligible. Cabassole's château above the fountain of Vaucluse was his by right of the seigneur, as Bishop of Cavaillon, and here Petrarch first met him, about the year 1338, in the beginning of a friendship which death alone was to sever. Their correspondence shows a long-continued intimacy equally appreciated by both; and while the poet sometimes ascended to the château to talk over those political affairs with which

both friends were so well acquainted, the diplomatist often came down to the garden beside the waters of the Sorgue where Petrarch told and retold that story of his love which no man could hear unmoved. It is a pleasant thought, in that beautiful spot, to remember this pair of cultivated men, the dreamer and the worker, talking over their hopes, or reading verses to each other. As Petrarch once wrote to Cabassole:—

“Valle locus clausa toto mihi nullus in orbe
Gratior, et studiis aptior ora meis.”

Petrarch was just one year older than his friend, and was born in Arezzo, in August 1304. Expelled, as Dante was, by the political troubles of his country, he took refuge in the Venaissin, and first studied at Carpentras. After spending so much of his life in the Vaucluse country, he died, like Cabassole, in Italy.

“There is a tomb in Arqua—reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura’s lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
Watering the tree which bears his lady’s name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.”

Of all the life that lay between these two events, it is the burning episode of Laura’s love that haunts the memory longest. The patron of the world’s litera-

ture before he reached middle age, beloved by his contemporaries, and having nothing left to ask from



PETRARCH.

(Drawn by Jane E. Cook from Lombardo's copy of the
"De Viris Illustribus.")

material ambitions, Petrarch poured out his whole genius upon his one affection; and we actually know very little of the details of his personal life, and so

little of the truth about his Laura that the most incredible legends have for long passed current about them both. Without going outside the actual words he left behind him, chiefly in his own handwriting, it will be possible to draw some slight sketch of the man, and of his love, which may be incomplete but will at all events be based upon no fanciful hypotheses. He was a man as other men, in spite of being a clerk in holy orders. Marriage might be forbidden him by public opinion, yet in the Avignon whose vices he was swift to censure, he had himself left two illegitimate children. But the highest and the best of him was Laura's; and that tie was the only one that ever bound her heart or body. Her continued chastity, which lasted till her early death, was but a reflection of that eminently religious caste of mind which he so often describes in her; it was probably her strongest attraction to him; and it has given her immortality.

"My body," writes Petrarch, "in my younger years was remarkable not so much for strength as for dexterity in many ways. I do not boast of any excellence of figure, beyond what might be pleasing to those of greener years. I was of vivid complexion, between fair and dusky, with lively eyes, and sight which remained extremely keen for many years, and unexpectedly failed me after my sixtieth year, so that I had reluctantly to have recourse to spectacles. Old

age came upon a body always healthy, and surrounded it with the usual array of ailments.”¹

Laura must have had a surname in her life, but she attained immortality without one. The only thing I feel sure about it is that it was never changed. From a certain punning habit of her lover's, it has been suggested that it was de Sole. No one can contradict that. From Petrarch's own writings we find that she was born “at the foot of some hills,” on the way from Avignon to Vaucluse, in a countryside, in a tiny spot that scarcely seemed to deserve so great a glory. Professor Flamini, from a study of Francesco Galeota's sonnet, fixes this spot near Caumont, at the place called Pieverde, “between two rivers,” the Sorgue and the Durance. Here, too, she lived all her life; and the greenness of the grass surrounding her “Pieverde” is very frequently mentioned by her poet, who evidently noticed its contrast to the arid plains of Avignon. Innumerable references to the country occur in almost every description of their meeting. She is “seated on the grass,” for instance; she is followed through a meadow and a wood; she sometimes sat on a large stone, or beneath a tree, and in that calm atmosphere there were many violets in their season. She often took off her shoes, which left her feet bare. On one occasion Petrarch saw her bathing; on another she was

¹ For this and other extracts see Edmund James Mills, and Lenthéric's *Le Rhône*, vol. ii. p. 258, etc.

sitting "like a flower in the grass." From high ground near Vaucluse her residence was visible, "near yet far-off." The poet can see, from his mountain-spur, "the sweet plain where she was born," and longs once more (after her death) to see "her tresses loosened to the breeze." Her house was near grass and water and young trees, in a shady place—but it is needless to emphasise the fact that Petrarch never thinks of her or speaks of her as either having been born or having lived in Avignon, or any other town. The very different terms in which he sometimes speaks of her abode do not imply anything except a reference to her circumstances and surroundings. The "dark and vile prison," the "mean drudgery" of her life, the "rose born in harsh briars," the "unworthy environment," the coarse place of her residence compared to the humility of her lover's heart, the "treasure in the mud"—all these things refer to the somewhat squalid farmhouse of her birth and upbringing. She was not rich, and she came of no rich or famous family.

Petrarch first met her at six in the morning on a Good Friday, when he was twenty-three. His heart took fire like tinder as her golden hair was twisted by the breezes into a thousand pretty knots, while she walked about in the grass and talked, wearing a green dress with violets at her bosom: Caring little for mere conventionalities ("fera"), she sometimes scattered her hair, and then most winsomely gathered

it up. But she was careful of the proprieties too ("onesta"), though only sixteen at that first meeting in the April of the year, and the April of their lives. Purer than a white dove, she bound her lover fast "with words and nods," and their courtship lasted, untainted, for one and twenty years. This surely means that the legend of the meeting in the Church of Ste. Claire at Avignon must be abandoned. That legend depends chiefly upon a note found soon after Petrarch's death in the copy of Virgil he usually carried with him. But Mr. E. J. Mills has pointed out that not only is the handwriting of this note not Petrarch's, but it contains statements which he has himself contradicted, apart from the main incongruity of the description of the first meeting I have just given, out of his own writings, with the surroundings of a church interior in Avignon on a Good Friday morning. The time and place of her burial, for instance, and her lover's knowledge of her death, are not given in this note as they are described in writings we know to be Petrarch's; nor is the "Ludovicus" mentioned in it (who is Lombardo da Serico, nicknamed "Socrates," his confidential secretary) likely to have brought a mere "rumour" of a death which he saw "with his own eyes" (Petr., Ecl. x.) and of which he gave the minute particulars recorded in the "Triumph of Death." The note was probably added, soon after Petrarch's death, by this secretary. It would be considered a

pious duty. It would also add to the value of the Virgil, and, as Mr. Mills has mercilessly observed, "Petrarch died in Lombardo's debt."

Laura herself, says her lover, had exquisitely white skin, and on her cheeks the tender red "of roses plucked by virgin hands." Her large and brilliantly black eyes were of a singular purity; beneath black lashes, often downcast, and golden hair. Though living in poor conditions, she was of an old family, precocious in wisdom and intelligence, apt in conversation, a sweet singer, serene and fearless in temperament, and of a religious disposition which increased as she grew more delicate when years went on. Averse from the idea of marriage, she cared little for "society," and was happy in her solitude, or with the friends around her. That she must have been unknown in Avignon is clear from Cardinal Colonna's letter (which cannot have been "merely malicious") inquiring whether the Laura of the poet's verses really existed, or was but an imagination of the writer. "You say," replies Petrarch, "that I have forged some fantastic name of Laura, so that there may be a woman for me to talk about, and for whose sake many will speak of me, while as a matter of fact the only 'Laura' is the Laurel of Poetry . . . my verses are a sham, my sighs, pretence . . . yet you know my pallor, and my pain. Your letter is an insult to my sorrow." No stronger terms are needed to show how real Laura was, and how far she lived from

Avignon. It is worth considering, too, whether Petrarch spoke enough French to make himself understood, as intimately as he must have done, to any but an Italian exile like himself. The colour of her hair and eyes suggests that Laura was Italian. Of her face we can now get no clearer vision than of Beatrice's, of many another woman who swayed the hearts of men, so unintelligibly yet so certainly. The two portraits, said to be of Laura, in the Avignon Museum are utterly apocryphal. We know that Simone Memmi painted her; on the porch of Notre Dame des Doms, on the façade of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, in the church of the Angels at Siena, in the palace of Benedict XII. at Avignon, in the miniature he exchanged with his friend Petrarch for two sonnets. The drawing here reproduced is based on the portrait in the Laurentian Library, the most authentic now discoverable, and the most accordant with what Petrarch describes of her life and characteristics.

It was natural that some great family in Avignon should, at some time or other, have claimed her as of their stock. There may well have been a Laura de Noves, who married a de Sade, but she was not Petrarch's love. No phrase or word that Petrarch ever used of her is used exclusively of married women. But in his repetition of such words as "*casta*," "*pudica*," "*onesta*," especially of "*santa*," I can only see the

ecclesiastic's description of virginity, not the mere acknowledgment that a wedded wife was never unfaithful to her vows, a wife, too, who (if de Sade be correct) had sealed her union with the pledges of eleven



LAURA.

(From a drawing by Jane E. Cook after the original in the Laurentian Library, Florence.)

children. Are we to believe that any wealthy husband, even in papal Avignon, would have permitted a courtship of twenty-one years with a poet who was known to have had two illegitimate children in that city, and

whose only "return" (to use the fashion of that day) could have been the poetry which reached its highest value after all concerned were dead? Is it not easier to understand that a woman of Laura's religious temperament, valuing, as she would, the religious profession of Petrarch, must have invariably refused him either marriage or illicit love?¹

Laura died in 1348, and was buried beneath "a few stones," in "a petty grave" ("poca fossa"), probably beside that road still called the "Chemin des Morts" at Caumont, near the little chapel of St. Sebastien, and opposite to the farmhouse where she had lived.² She died victorious, to the last, over the prompt-

¹ As a matter of fact there is every indication that she may have considered herself physically unfit to marry any one, apart from any other considerations. For there are many allusions to some internal trouble that the medicine of those days would not have been able to diagnose. She evidently died of the effects of a chill on a constitution already thus enfeebled. The story of the plague is as unfounded a legend as the marriage and the rest. The very full description of her last illness and death, as given by Petrarch himself, makes it utterly impossible either that the plague caused her death or that she was buried in Avignon. She was buried where she was born, at Pieverde, and the touching coincidence may well be true, that she died at six on the Good Friday of 1348, exactly on the twenty-first anniversary of her first meeting with Petrarch.

² "Carpe iter hac qua nodosis impexa capistris
Colla boum, crebrasque canum sub limine parvo
Videris excubias, gilvosque ad claustra molossos.
Ille locus tua damna tegit; jamque aspice contra,
Hic Galatea sita est, qua nil Natura creavit
Pulchrius in terris . . .,"

A passage which may be taken in its literal meaning of Laura's grave, from Petrarch's Eleventh Eclogue.

ings of his passion and her own. "I' non son forse chi tu credi," she had said once, and, after the first few years of struggle, Petrarch believed and honoured her. "The little that I am," he writes, "she made me. Whatever reputation or glory be mine would never have come to me if the weak seedling of virtue placed by nature in my heart had not grown up and blossomed in that noble love of hers. . . . She drew me from the society of the base; she guided me in all my ways; she spurred my tiring Muse, and roused my fainting spirit."

"Basso desir non è ch' ivi si senta,
Ma d'onor di virtute. Or, quando mai
Fu per summa belta vil voglia spenta?"

In a time when the morals of Italians may be judged from the tales of Petrarch's friend, Boccaccio, when Avignon itself was filled with the debauchery of which a corrupt and luxurious papal court was the centre, Petrarch was himself not altogether unspotted from the world. But Laura kept him from falling any further; and at what a cost can be imagined¹ only by those who heard that passionate voice reading, from his very soul, the eloquent lines that have expressed the pain of lovers from his time for ever, in the innumerable turns of phrase, in the exquisitely modelled cadences of the

¹ "Nullis mota precibus," he writes, "nullis victa blanditiis, muliebrem tenuit decorem, et adversus suam simul et meam aetatem, adversus multa et varia quæ flectere adamantinum licet spiritum debuissent, inexpugnabilis et firma permansit."

language he was the first to forge into so subtle and so beautiful an instrument of thought. Her gentle spirit lingers still where it was wont to inspire the poet of Vaucluse, though, as he wrote after her death, "a dark night is now falling on those hills from which her flight to heaven was taken, upon those meadows where her eyes did make the day."

PART III.—BEAUCAIRE

"Dox est li cans, biax est li dis,
Et cortois et bien asis,
Nus hom n'est si esbahis,
Tant dolans ni entrepris,
De grant mal amaladis,
Se il l'oit, ne soit garis,
Et de joie resbaudis,
Tant par est douce."¹

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

THE traveller in Provence will probably first see Beaucaire from the eastern (or left) bank of the Rhone as he looks across the river from Tarascon. If he is wise he will cross the bridge without delay, and almost the

¹ "Good is the lay, sweet is the note,
Dainty too, and deftly wrought,
There is no man so distraught,
None so wretched, so fordome,
Sick with so great sickness none,
If he hear, shall not be cured,
And of gladness reassured,
So sweet it is!"

first thing he will notice is the opening of the great canal that leads from the Rhone to Aigues-Mortes. Then he will see, further upstream on the western shore, the famous fields in which is still held the phantom of what was once the greatest fair in all the south of France; and above all are the towers and battlements of the château, the walls where Aucassin was shut fast in prison because of his love for Nicolette. That love-story I shall tell here, for it has been told as well as the story of Vaucluse, though in far smaller space, and to me it has always been the central and abiding interest of Beaucaire. But there are other things that may be quickly mentioned first, for Beaucaire has a history of its own that goes back to Rome, and forward to the present day; and in its beautiful Hôtel de Ville you may see the best monument of its more modern chronicles.

This Hôtel de Ville should be the first aim and object of your little pilgrimage, for it is a pleasant walk there, and any one will tell you how to reach it. But I must not linger over the beauties of its Renaissance architecture, its charming courtyard, its dignified staircase, its exquisitely decorated windows that look out upon a busy little market square where they sold us asparagus and fresh peas on the twelfth of April, onions, leeks, and garlic, cheese, and cakes. From here we passed along the Rue du Château towards the hill on which the castle stands. That hill has been pierced by the new street out of the town, so that it is now difficult to

realise the wide extent of the original castle walls; but from the top of the high donjon you may understand it, and as you pass up the stone steps into the beautiful garden that the township of Beaucaire has made within those ancient battlements, the fleurs-de-lys of France are growing in a wild profusion on every slip of terrace, guarded by formal trees of yew and box, clipped into round or oval shapes. They stand side by side with taller pines that clothe the sloping hill, and the eye is carried downwards to the strong curves of the Rhone flowing in the distant haze, where a great barge swings in the mighty current of the river and gropes to her anchorage along the quays below the bridge.

The red roofs of the town seem to cluster close beneath the castle-walls as you look down on them; and in the castle-courtyard, with its ancient well of water set fairly in the midst, the roses—tiny yellow roses in a shower of blossom—cover every space of grey stone with a spray of gold. On this side of the river is a small church spire, copied from the larger spire of St. Martha on the eastern shore. Close beside you is that little gem, the chapel of Beaucaire, to which a stairway leads from the lower outworks, crowned by a "Gate of Honour," the last remnant that is left of the castle that Aucassin knew.

The ancient site of Beaucaire was the Ugernum of the Romans, where Avitus was proclaimed Emperor

in 455, where St. Césaire, Bishop of Arles, was imprisoned in 528. The fortress that stood where the ruined castle still remains was given by Theodobert, grandson of Clovis, to Gontran, King of Burgundy and Arles, in 503. It was pillaged by the Goths in 585, and disappears from history till the beginning of the eleventh century. By that time "Ugernum" had become "Bellicadrum," the "lovely place," Beaucaire; and the first mention of Beaucaire in documentary evidence is the division recorded of the possessions of Bérenger, Count of Narbonne, who died in the year after William the Conqueror had won at Hastings. To his son, Raymond, Beaucaire was ceded in 1067, and the castle was fairly begun on the ruins of the old Roman fort. After the quarrel between the two sisters, Stephanette and Douce, Countess of Provence, Beaucaire was allotted to the Count of Toulouse; and in 1168, during his seignury, occurs the first mention of the famous fair which was held for so many centuries afterwards, from the 22nd to the 28th of July, and flourished on the privileges granted by nearly every seigneur or French king who succeeded. In 1174 Beaucaire was the scene of an ostentatious display of pageantry, very much like the Field of the Cloth of Gold later on, to celebrate the truce made between Raymond (v.) of Toulouse and his enemy the King of Aragon, at the instance and mediation of Henry II.

of England. Money was literally "thrown about," for one Bertrand Raimbaud had the fields near the Castle ploughed, and then sown with crown-pieces. Guillaume Gros de Martel cooked all the meat on his estate at once by the light of wax candles in his kitchen. Raymond de Venous was cruel enough to burn thirty of his horses to show how many more he had left in his stables. This Count of Toulouse died in 1194 at Nîmes. His son and heir, the sixth Raymond, married the English Princess Jeanne, and we have heard of him already in speaking of the Albigensian Crusades at Carcassonne. At the partition of the plunder, Beaucaire, which had been previously granted in fief to Simon de Montfort by the Archbishop of Arles, and was no doubt thereafter considered as his property, was reserved by papal decree as part of the inheritance of young Raymond (vii.) of Toulouse; and when the heir came back to Provence from an interview with the Pope, he forthwith set about claiming Beaucaire by force of arms in 1216, and was hailed as their rightful sovereign by all the people of the district.

The siege that followed is the first serious military operation with which Beaucaire was connected. Raymond, a boy of about nineteen, whose address in arms was only equalled by his personal courage and brilliant popularity, first threw himself into the town, which was entirely on his side, and then attacked the castle

which was garrisoned by Lambert de Limoux for Simon de Montfort. Refusing all terms of surrender, Lambert held out manfully against every assault until he seemed likely to be reduced by sheer famine, both of food and water. Then Guy and Amaury de Montfort moved to his help, and the mighty Simon himself brought up reinforcements to the help of the fortress-key of Languedoc. Then began a siege within a siege; for while Raymond furiously attacked the castle, his own lines in the town were straitly harassed by de Montfort's men outside. The usual barbarities of that time were perpetrated on both sides; but young Raymond continued to hold the advantage of better lines of communication and an inexhaustible commissariat. The black flag, raised as a signal of despair upon the castle keep, urged de Montfort to extraordinary efforts; but his mines were destroyed by the men of Beaucaire, who were inspired to continuous gallantry by the zeal and courage of their young leader. A sortie from the town ended in a regular pitched battle, after which both sides retired to their own lines in good order. The black flag rose once more, and de Montfort made another attempt. Drawing out young Raymond's forces by a feint attack he strove to envelop him on both flanks; but the Count of Toulouse, helped by Dragonet, his governor, and by Raimond de Rabastens, his bravest knight, still held his own, and neither side could claim

a victory. De Montfort then sent a "forlorn hope" of a hundred picked warriors to attack one gate of the town while he made a demonstration himself at the other side of the walls, opposite Tarascon. But neither succeeded. Then a message came that the heroic garrison of the castle had killed their last horse, and had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours. Simon was compelled to capitulate, and withdraw to Nîmes; and the honour of having beaten that experienced and sturdy general on almost the only occasion of his defeat rested with young Raymond at Beaucaire. The renown of that exploit no doubt spread to the north of France, and may well have inspired the chivalrous figure of Aucassin in the famous poem I shall shortly describe.

Young Raymond married Sancia, daughter of the King of Aragon, and by her visit to Nîmes in 1218 that town was also rescued from de Montfort's power; and four years afterwards the fortunes of that strange family began to fall, in Provence at any rate. Their possessions were ceded, as far as Amaury de Montfort could cede anything, to Louis VIII., King of France, to whom the citizens of Beaucaire did homage during his siege of Avignon. St. Louis, the next king, confirmed the royal tenure, which was never again to lapse while royalty endured; and by him the castle and its fortifications were put in the state which can still be traced in the ruins now visible. He built the famous



THE CHAPEL OF THE CASTLE OF BEAUCAIRE.

triangular keep which may be visited to-day, and he dedicated the lovely little chapel to the Virgin Mary for the worship of the royal garrison. These matters were probably arranged during the king's visit in 1248, when he stopped at Beaucaire on his way to embark at Aigues-Mortes for the Crusades. In the next year "Young Raymond" died. Beaucaire, in future, was to be in much the same position towards Tarascon, as was Villeneuve to Avignon: the king's town as against the independent city—the city of the Pope in one case, and of René of Provence in the other. Before we leave Beaucaire the independent, before it is merged into the Kingdom of France, we must look a little more closely at the castle and the life within it, as we may imagine it towards the close of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth.

At that time the average population was very much what it is to-day. But the life was simpler, and the simple needs of the majority were provided for by a far smaller cultivation of the soil than is now visible. The forests were therefore far larger, and much more land was lying waste, nor was a man very safe as he fared across the countryside, for the protections and privileges of the towns extended but a little space beyond their walls, and scattered castles were as often nests of robbers as harbours of refuge. The barons, too, were frequently at war with one another; and when

they were at peace their mercenaries kept the road on their own account, and became bands of "routiers," or freebooters, whose highest development we have seen when du Guesclin held the Pope himself to ransom. Trade, however, was better managed than might sometimes be imagined, and shared with religion a regularity of control and a strictness of observance that are not often realised in histories of that time, though they are evident from countless little hints in the original documents of the period. The fair of Beaucaire is a good example of this. Like the small city that it really was, it had its own count and its own justices. It was attended by the merchant-princes of the world, men who thought nothing of a journey to Alexandria twice a year, and by the great dealers of all the cities of France, Nîmes, Avignon, Marseilles, Paris, Rouen, Chartres, Bourges, Tours, and the rest. Communications were easier than we can realise now, and none the worse for being slower, because the commodities for sale were seldom perishable. A man might go up the Seine, or the Loire, and he would have but little land travelling (comparatively) in his journey before he could trust himself and his merchandise to the Rhone, and float down the current to Beaucaire. The place was equally easily reached by the light trading brigs which plied round the Mediterranean coasts and scarcely ever sailed out of sight of land. From Genoa and Pisa,

from Venice and from Egypt, from all the ports of Spain, from the north coast of Africa, from Greece and the Levant, the treasures of the south and east were brought overseas and up the Rhone to the great meeting-place of north and west. As was natural where so much business was a-doing, the money-changers drove a merry trade as well,¹ a trade of far more importance than its descendant of to-day. The jewellers and artificers in precious metals, whose craft was so gorgeously encouraged by the Church, were also there; and each trade was bound up in its own Confrérie, quartered in its own part of the great fair, and guarded by its special patron saint. No doubt a vast deal of exchange and barter went on. Even down to the beginning of the nineteenth century you might have seen oranges from Spain, leather from Morocco, tobacco and dates from Africa, perfumes, dyes, and carpets from Egypt and Turkey, oil from Provence and Genoa, cloth from France and England, furs from Norway and Russia, wines from Bordeaux and Burgundy, sardines and anchovies from Perpignan, scents and soaps from Grasse, drugs and medicaments from Montpellier,

¹ Mr. J. H. Smith (vol. ii. p. 401 note) mentions that a mark weighed 226.28 grammes at Limoges, but 239.11 grammes at Montpellier. Two marks, or twenty sous, went to the pound, and one sou was twelve deniers, a denier being twenty-four oboles. Under Philip Augustus the pound had twenty-four sous, each weighing 13.356 grammes. Gold varied in proportion to silver from ten to twelve.

knives from Châtellerault, velvets from Vienne and Amiens, horses from as far as Prussia. The first boat that anchored within the prescribed time at the quay of Beaucaire was rewarded by the municipality with a sheep or a barrel of wine. The river was well nigh choked with continuous arrivals. It is nothing wonderful that the writer of "Aucassin and Nicolette" should have described a shipwreck beneath the castle walls. There must have been many in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and there have been many since.

At the present day the power of purchase has grown to such a large extent that what were the luxuries of our grandparents are the necessities of our children. But the taste for what is absolutely the best thing to be found remains as restricted as it ever was, because it has nothing to do with money. In what we are pleased to call "the barbarous ages" of seven centuries ago, taste was as rare a thing, but just as real. The lady in the castle on the hill had little else to think about in the long periods of waiting between one fair and another, between the scanty opportunities of spending money and the still more infrequent occasions when it might well be spent. At the end of the twelfth century she wore an over-dress of lightest *écru*-silk from the Damascus looms, diaphanous and exquisite, cut in three pieces that fitted perfectly over her figure. Both skirt and corsage could open down the front, and

were united by a bodice which could be unfastened from behind. The sleeves, that fitted closely to the elbows, spread out into long trumpet-shaped petals at the wrist. The belt, a thing of dainty jewellery, served only to conceal the line of union between skirt and bodice. Through this transparent silk glowed the purple robe beneath, trimmed with ermine. At her neck showed white linen, embroidered in gold threads. Her hair was thickly braided with soft strings of pearls, and kept in place with a gold circlet. Her fan was of fine ostrich-feathers, set in a golden handle, finished with a ruby at its point. And all the details of this dress might have been bought at the great fair of Beaucaire. All of them, or many like them, were worn by that Châtelaine to whom "the old prisoner," who wrote the "Chantefable," recited the first version of "Aucassin and Nicolette."¹

¹ The translations I shall give from this poem, which is partly in prose and partly in rhyme, will usually be taken from Mr. Andrew Lang's elegant and dainty version. Those chosen from Mr. Bourdillon's scholarly edition will be specially mentioned; and from this latter are drawn any quotations from the original, or observations on the actual text. But I have sometimes taken a line from one of these authors and followed it by a line from the other, as each seemed to me to give better meaning, or a prettier English sound, to the text of the old French; so that neither Mr. Lang nor Mr. Bourdillon can be wholly held responsible for the extracts from the poem and the short sketch of the story that alone are possible in this place. To each I acknowledge my profound indebtedness, and that each may find more readers of their charming versions is my chiefest hope. The original is far too little known, even in its own country.

There was war between Count Bougars of Valence and Count Garin of Beaucaire, so that the land of Beaucaire was harassed every day; and Count Garin was old and frail, and his heir was Aucassin. "Fair was he, and slim and tall, and featly fashioned of his body and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls; and his eyes were grey and laughing;¹ his face was clear and shapely; his nose high and well-set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all." But when his father bade him get to horse, and help his men in battle, he replied: "Father, I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me ought of my desire if I be made knight or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love that I love so well." But his father would not; for Nicolete had been bought of the Saracens by the captain of the town, who brought her up and christ-

¹ The original is "Il avoit les caviax blons et menus recercelés, et les ex *vairs* et rians, et le face clere et traitice . . ." All beautiful eyes were called *vairs* in the songs of the Troubadours and the old romances; e.g. "Les ex *vairs* et rians plus d'un faucon mué" (Fierabras), or "Les iex ot *vairs* come cristal" (Barbazon), to which Bourdillon compares Chaucer's "Hir yen grey as is a faucon," or "eyen grey as crystalle stone," in "Sir Eglamour." There was evidently some confusion between the brightness and the colour of eyes called *vair*; e.g. "Si noir oel me sambloient *vair*" (Li Jus Adam). I have taken Bourdillon's interpretation, "bright grey," as being the most probable, in spite of the close juxtaposition of "*vair*" and "gris" in the list of colours in A. and N. § 6:—"Et s'i va li ors et li argens, et li *vairs* et li gris."

ened her, and she was not for such as Aucassin to wed. Yet the boy answered: "If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she, and courteous and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities." Then the count bade the captain of the town put the girl in ward, at peril of his life, saying that if he had her at his will he would burn her, so angered was he at the stubbornness of Aucassin. So the captain placed Nicolete in the upper chamber of his palace, which stood in a garden, with bread and meat and wine, and one old woman to keep her company, and sealed the door.

"Nicolete is put in ward
In a vaulted chamber barred
That is painted wondrously
With right cunning artistry.
At the marble window-sill
There was leaned the damozel.
She had hair of yellow gold
And an eyebrow of rare mould,
Clear face, delicately fine,
Never saw ye more divine!
On the wood she gazed below
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing, loud and low,
And she wept, 'Woe's me! forlorn!'"

Then Aucassin, hearing the rumour that she was lost, or that Count Garin had bid slay her, went to the captain and asked news of her. But the captain said that she was not for him, neither as wife, for he must take

the daughter of a king or count, nor as leman, for then his soul would lie in Hell and never enter Paradise. And Aucassin answered:—

“In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go the old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower before the altars and in the ancient crypts; and such as go in old threadbare cloaks and in old clouted frocks, naked folk and barefoot, covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold and misery. These be they that go into Paradise, with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men-at-arms, and all men noble. With these will I go. And thither pass the sweet and gracious ladies that have two lovers or three, and their lords also thereto, and there go the gold and silver and the cloth of vair and grey, and the harpers and the minstrels, and the Prince of this World. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my most sweet friend.”

So Aucassin went away sorrowing, and while he mourned his lady in his chamber, the din of battle rose about the castle because the Count Bougars of Valence was attacking it. Then, while the assault was at its height, entered Count Garin and besought his son to go out and encourage his own folk, and called him coward and caitiff that he would not defend his lands.

But Aucassin would not, unless he might have Nicolete. Yet at the last his father granted him to have two words or three with her, and one kiss. So Aucassin armed himself and mounted, but he so dreamed of Nicolete that when he had spurred forth from the gate he dropped his reins and his foes began to lead him off a prisoner; and when he was aware of them, "Ha! God," said he, "sweet Saviour. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well." So he put his hand to his sword, and he was tall and strong, and his horse was eager, and he suddenly fell a-smiting right and left, and hurled out of the press, and lashed at the helm of the Count Bougars de Valence with so shrewd a stroke that he was stunned and fell; and he led him away prisoner by the nosegard of his helmet and brought him to his father. But when Aucassin reminded the Count Garin of the covenant between them, his father would have none of it. So the youth turned to Count Bougars and took his hand in his, and said: "Now givest thou me thy word that never while thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonour, or harm in body, or in goods." So the Count Bougars was sore astonished, and gave him the pledge, and was escorted back to safety. Then did Count Garin cast Aucassin into a deep dungeon, because of his love for

Nicolete, and while he was in prison Nicolete was fast shut in the upper chamber of the captain's palace.

“Now it was summer time, the month of May, when days are warm and long and bright, and the night is still and clear. Nicolete lay one night on her bed, and saw the moon shine bright through a window, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden; so she minded her of Aucassin, her friend whom she loved so well. Then fell she to thoughts of Count Garin of Beaucaire, who hated her to the death; and she thought to herself that she would remain no longer there, for that if she were betrayed to the Count Garin he would make her die an evil death. Now she perceived that the old woman who kept her company was asleep. Then she arose and put on a gown of cloth of silk she had by her that was very good, and took towels and sheets off the bed, and knotted one to the other, and therewith made a cord as long as she might, and tied it to the pillar of the window and let herself slip down into the garden; then caught she up her raiment in both hands behind and before, and kilted up her kirtle, because of the dew she saw lying deep on the grass, and so went her way down through the garden. Her locks were yellow and curled, her eyes grey and laughing, her face featly fashioned, her nose high and well set, her lips more red than cherry or than rose in summer time, her teeth white and small; her breasts were firm and bore up her bodice as they had been two apples, her waist so slim that your two hands might have clipped her, and the daisy flowers that brake beneath her as she went tiptoe, and that bent above her instep, seemed black against her feet and ankles, so very fair was the maid. So she came to the postern and unfastened it, and went out through the streets of Beaucaire, keep-

ing always in the shadow, for the moon shone very bright, and went on till she came to the tower where her friend lay. Now the tower was cracked here and there, and she crouched down beside one of the buttresses, wrapped in her mantle, and thrust her head through a crevice in the tower that was old and worn, and so she heard Aucassin wailing within, and making dole and lament for the sweet lady he loved so well.

“Then she cut her curls of gold,
Cast them in the dungeon hold.
Knightly did Aucassin take,¹
And of them much worship make,
And he kissed them and caressed,
And bestowed them in his breast.”

While the lovers were thus talking to one another and speaking of their love, the town guards were heard at the other end of the street, as they made their rounds. So the watchman on the tower, who was kindhearted and had no wish that harm should come to Nicolete, warned her with a little song from the battlements.

¹ The original of this line is “Aucassins les prist, li ber,” and Bourdillon rightly emphasises the beauty of the last two words, and the importance of their position in the phrase, comparing it to Virgil’s “Constituit signum nautis *pater*.” Though the poet takes many words and phrases, which might be thought to be merely otiose epithets from the stock endings of the late “Chansons de Geste,” he usually employs them with the fullest effect, as in this case; or again when the lover rides away with his lady on his saddlebow:—

“Aucassin li biax, li blons,
Li gentix, li amorous.”

Every word tells in the pretty picture; or lastly in the description of Nicolete faring forth alone “right amid the bosky wood down an ancient path foregone,” the words are the well-known phrases of many a “chanson,” but they are singularly appropriate to their new setting.

So she looked up and thanked him for his courtesy, and shrank back behind the buttress till the watch were passed, and then let herself down with great pain and difficulty into the fosse of the castle; and though the blood streamed from her wounded feet she went forward and found an old pike that had been thrown there in battle from the walls, and with the help of it she climbed up the steep wall on the further side, and walked out a distance of two crossbow shots towards the great forest that stretched beyond the castle for thirty leagues this way and that, and laid her down to sleep in a little thicket. At prime, the next day, the shepherds came out from the town to a place where there was a spring on the fringe of the forest, and Nicolete was wakened by the sound of singing birds and of the shepherds, who were eating bread.

“‘Fair children,’ said she, ‘may the Lord keep you!’ ‘May God bless you!’ quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest. ‘Fair children,’ said she, ‘know ye Aucassin, the son of Count Garin of Beaucaire?’ ‘Yes, we know him well.’ ‘So may God help you, fair children,’ said she, ‘tell him there is a beast in this forest, and that he come and hunt it, and if he can take it, he would not give one limb thereof for a hundred marks of gold, nay, not for five hundred, nor for any ransom.’ Then they looked on her and saw her so fair that they were all astonished. ‘Will I tell him thereof?’ quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest; ‘foul fall him who speaks of it or tells

him the tidings. This is but a fantasy you tell of, for there is no beast so great in this forest, stag nor lion nor boar, that one of his limbs is worth more than two deniers or three at the most, and you speak of so great a ransom. Sorrow be his who believes you, or who tells Aucassin. You are a fairy, and we have no care for your company, so hold on your road."

But at last she gave them five sols from her purse and they promised to tell him if he came that way, but not to seek him out.

Now Aucassin's father had taken him out of the dungeon and was making a feast to comfort him, but he was all woebegone because men said that Nicolette was lost. Then a good knight came up to him and advised him to take a ride in the forest to cheer him with the sight of the flowers and the sound of the birds. So he took horse and rode into the forest, and at about the hour of noon he found the shepherds at their fountain, Esmé and Martin, Fruelin and Jack, Robin and Aubrey, who were talking of the girl with the bright face and eyes of vair who had given them money.

"'Fair boys,' said Aucassin, 'do you not know me?' 'Yea, we know well that you are Aucassin, our damoiseau; natheless we are not your men but the count's.' 'Fair boys, sing me the song that anon ye sang.' 'Hearken by the Holy Heart,' quoth he that had more words to his tongue than the rest, 'wherefore should I sing for you if it likes me not? Lo, there is no such rich man in the country, saving

the body of Garin the Count, that dare drive forth my oxen, or my cows, or my sheep, if he finds them in his fields or his corn, lest he lose his eyes for it; so wherefore should I sing for you if it likes me not?"

But at last he gave them ten sols from his purse, and they told him how "a maid came past, the fairest thing in the world, whereby we deemed she was a fay, and all the woods shone round about her." So they gave him the message, and he knew that it was Nicolete, and his heart was stirred within him so that he hurled through the forest till the briers tore his raiment, yet at vespers he had not found her; but he met some one down an old and grass-grown road.

"Tall was he and great of growth, laidly and marvellous to look upon; his head huge and black as charcoal, and more than the breadth of a hand between his eyes, and great cheeks, and a big nose and broad big nostrils and ugly, and thick lips redder than a collop, and great teeth yellow and ugly, and he was shod with hosen and shoon of bullshide, bound with cords of bark over the knee, and all about him a great cloak doubled, and he leaned on a grievous cudgel."

So when he asked Aucassin why he wept, the young lord told him it was for the loss of a white hound. Then the man burst out with revilings, saying that his own cause for grief was greater.

"'Wherefore so, brother?' said Aucassin. 'Sir, I will tell thee. I was hired to a rich villein, and drove his plough; four oxen there were. But three days since came on me

great misadventure, whereby I lost the best of mine oxen, Roget, the best of my team. Him go I seeking, and have neither eaten nor drunk these three days, nor may I go to the town lest they cast me into prison, seeing that I have not wherewithal to pay. Out of all the wealth of the world have I no more than ye see on my body. A poor mother bare me, that had no more but one wretched bed; this have they taken from under her, and she lies in the very straw. This ails me more than my own case, for wealth comes and goes; if now I have lost, another tide will I gain, and will pay for mine ox whenas I may; never for that will I weep. But you weep for a hound of the dunghill. Foul fall whoso thinks well of thee.”

So Aucassin gave him twenty sols from his purse to pay for the ox, and rode on through the stillness of the night until he came to the place where Nicolete had made her a lodge of flowers, at a place where seven roads met. So for the sweetness of it, and for love of her, he put his foot out of the stirrup to alight from his horse that was big and tall; and he thought so much of her that he slipped on a stone so hard that his shoulder flew out of its place. But he managed to tie up his horse with one hand and crept into the lodge, and there lay looking up at the stars; and as he sang a little song to one of them, which reminded him of his lady, because it was the fairest, Nicolete heard him, being near at hand,

“and came to him and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, and finding his shoulder wounded she plied it

so with her white hands (as God willed who loveth lovers) that it came again into place, and she bound flowers and grass and leaves upon it with the lappet of her smock, and he was quite healed.

“Aucassin the boon, the blond,
High-born youth and lover fond,
Rode out from the deep forest;
In his arms his love he pressed,
'Fore him on the saddle-bow:
Kisses her on eyes and brow,
On her mouth and on her chin.
Then to him did she begin:
'Aucassin, fair lover sweet,
To what land are we to fleet?'
'Sweet my sweetheart, what know I?
Nought to me 'tis where we fly,
In greenwood or utter way
So I am with you alway!'"¹

Here the reader would perhaps gladly leave them, for the crisis of their trials seems reached; but the old singer has to make a longer song of it, and he tells how they were taken on board ship and driven by a mighty wind towards the fairyland of Torelore, where the king lay sick in childbed, and his queen was at the wars, where men fought with roasted crab-apples, and with eggs, and with fresh cheeses, and with mushrooms. So Aucassin very speedily scattered the king's foes for him. But a fleet of Saracens came by sea and stormed the king's castle, and Aucassin they put into one ship and Nicolete into another. Now Aucassin's ship drifted

¹ Bourdillon.

away in a storm and was wrecked in the Rhone, and the people of the country, who had run to the wrecking, recognised Aucassin and took him to Beaucaire, where his father and mother had died during his three years' absence in Torelore, so he was Count of Beaucaire, and held his land in peace and sorrowed for his lady. But Nicolete was taken in the Paynim ship to Carthage, and when she saw the walls of Carthage she knew well that it was the city in which she had been brought up, and indeed she was the daughter of the King of Carthage. Now Nicolete would marry none of the suitors whom the king offered her; so she ran away from Carthage, because all her desire was to Aucassin.

"Then took she a certain herb and therewith smeared her head and face, till she was all brown stained. And she let make coat, and mantle, and smock, and hose, and attired herself as if she had been a minstrel; and she took her viol and went to a mariner, and so dealt with him that he took her in his ship. Then hoisted they sail, and fared on the high seas even till they came to the land of Provence. . . ."

"At Beaucaire, below the tower
Fared Aucassin, on an hour;
Round him his proud barons were,
While he sat him on the stair,
Saw the herbs and flowers spring,
Heard the tune the song-birds sing;
Of his love he thinks anew,
Nicolete, the maiden true,
Whom he loved so many years;
Then was he in dule and tears.
Even then came Nicolete.

On the stair a foot she set,
 And she drew the viol bow
 Through the strings and chanted so." . . .¹

And when Aucassin heard news of his dear Nicolete from the harper, he wept for joy that there were tidings of her, and the harper promised that she should be with him in a little while. So Nicolete went away to the house of the captain's wife, for the captain, her father in God, was dead; and there she bathed herself and rested for a full eight days; and then she took a herb called *Eyebright*, and anointed herself, and clothed herself in rich robes of silk, and bade the captain's wife bring Aucassin to her.

"Then Aucassin wedded her,
 Made her lady of Beaucaire;
 Many years abode they there,
 Many years in shade or sun,
 In great gladness and delight.
 Ne'er hath Aucassin regret,
 Nor his lady Nicolete.
 Now my song-and-tale is done.²
 I know no further."

So sweet and simple a tale needs little commentary; but I must point out just two or three things in it that should be noted by any reader in Provence. The peculiar form of prose alternating with verse, the prose giving

¹ Bourdillon rightly points out the beautiful word "dansellon" which occurs in her song.

"Car ele aime un dansellon
 Qui Aucassins avoit non."

² "No cantefable prent fin."

the episodic facts and the verse being usually an amplifying commentary, is very rare in any writer, and almost unknown after the thirteenth century.¹ From the numerous interpolations of verse in such tales as the *Arabian Nights*, it has been thought that Arabian forms may have entered into the poet's education as much as Hellenic; for if "Nicolete" sound of Greek origin, there was a Moorish king in Cordova called "Alcazin" in 1019; but I do not think too much stress should be laid on Arabic origins, as I have noticed in speaking of the Troubadours, and the dialect of this poem is distinctly northern. The manuscript used by Mr. Bourdillon, from which I have quoted, is in the Bibliothèque Nationale (No. 2168 f. fr.) in Paris, and this copy on vellum

¹ Changes of metre occur in the iambics and choruses of Greek tragedy, or in such modern examples as Tennyson's "Maud"; prose alternates with blank verse in Shakespeare; but this "Cantefable" is differently planned. When it was first recited, such rhymed parts as the warder's song of warning, a charming adaptation of the *Aubade*, or the song of the herdboys, Fruelin, Aubrey, and the rest, or the song of the disguised Nicolete . . . "*Escoulés moi, franc baron* . . ." were made much more realistic by being actually sung to music. Of the twenty-one rhymed sections, at least eighteen are obviously better framed in metre than in prose, and some of them, such as the tale of Torelore . . . "*En le canbre entre Aucassins*" . . . were equally obviously meant to be comic interludes, set to a comic tune. Aucassin himself (in section 22, the scene with the shepherds) says, "Encor aim je mix conter que nient," "I would rather have it told (in prose) than not hear it all," a sentiment which would no doubt reflect the preference of most of his artistic audience for verse, which they would regard as the illuminated miniatures round a manuscript, or as the freely ornamented border of a Bayeux tapestry.

is the only one known.¹ It is the work of a true poet, of an old and weary man, a "prisoner" he calls himself; and he may well have been the pilgrim from the Limousin whose sickness was cured by the sight and by the charity of some fair châtelaine, as Aucassin sings of Nicolette. He was old, but (as Mr. Lang has characteristically noted) he had the kindly sympathy of Thackeray at his best, and the thing that has most interested him is the love of these young lovers, and the character of his various personages. What better touches of artistry could we wish than the stubborn pride of the old Count Garin when he thinks his boy may make a *mésalliance*; the weak effeminacy of the King of Torelore; the good nature of the captain's wife; the sturdy independence of that Calibangargoyle, the ploughboy, whose hideous features have been preserved in many a thirteenth century carving? The study of

¹ Gaston Paris thinks the date is about the middle of the twelfth century, owing to various details in language and phraseology. He considers that one man wrote the whole as it stands, both prose and verse, for neither would be perfect without the other, and the word "*cantefable*" in the last line seems to clinch the matter finally. Whatever difference there may be in the language is owing to the fact that the verse parts had to be written down, and were therefore more accurately preserved, whereas the prose parts might be handed on orally for some time, with the result that more modern phrases might occur in it when it achieved the final honour of being committed to manuscript. The language of Villehardouin, or of Joinville, in the form it has reached us, would be sufficient to show that the prose parts of this ballad would very probably wear a more modern look than the verse, even if they had originated together.

the shepherd-boys alone throws a flood of light upon feudal society in a free spirit of criticism that is very different from most of the accepted versions. The splendid reply of Aucassin to the captain of the town, preferring hell and its "brave company" to heaven without his Nicolete, would seem equally anachronistic to those who did not take into account the strange connection I have already emphasised between the Troubadours and the Albigenian tenets. The question of the date must necessarily remain so uncertain (pending fresh discoveries) that I am inclined again to hint at the appropriateness of taking the young Raymond (vii.), who held Beaucaire for the Albigenians against Simon de Montfort, as a very possible type of Aucassin, the ideal knight, whose presence is invoked by his father to stir up the people of the town to fresh endeavour at the very sight of him. The change from the weeping, lovelorn swain to the hero who hurls into the fray among his foes, inspired by the one thought, that by the strength of his hands he may free his father and win Nicolete, is significant enough; and his popularity is frequently insisted on.

But it is on Nicolete herself that the memory dwells most fondly. Slowly yet surely the slight pure outline of her, at the beginning, is filled out with colours more and more enchanting. Each incident lends her form a greater beauty, her character a sweeter grace. High-

souled, as ready for the self-sacrifice as for the joys of love; modest, yet never ashamed of the full passion that she knows is shared; strong and determined in her escapes from durance, yet tender and compassionate when there is need for it; firm in her refusals to the great ones of her world, yet winning and politic in her dealings with the shepherd boys, Nicolete is not merely a type of the perfect damozel of chivalry, she is an immortal character in the poetry of the world.¹

PART IV.—TARASCON

“Celui qui a escript ce livre
Ne vous requiert chasteau ne place,
Mais que pour vous il puisse vivre,
Et soit toujours en vostre grace.”

THE castle of Beaucaire now smiles across the Rhone where once it frowned defiance at the towers of Tarascon. No one can help smiling who first hears of Tarascon. “Ah!” they will say, “you mean the town of Tartarin!” But the Tarasconnais do not appreciate

¹ While that literature which saw her birth was in its prime, it was as well known in England as across the Channel. Yet neither in England nor in France was “Aucassin and Nicolete” again remembered until the lost manuscript was found about the middle of the eighteenth century. In a mutilated form the tale first appeared in the English tongue in 1786. In 1873 Walter Pater first drew general attention to it by his fascinating chapter in *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*. To Mr. Bourdillon and Mr. Andrew Lang English readers owe the best editions of the poem that have yet seen the light.

the joke. I do not care for it myself so much now as when I was first in Tarascon. I had come determined to see King René's castle, and after many hours of waiting I was provided with the following document:—"Nous, Maire de la ville de Tarascon, autorisons MM. Eliot et Cook à visiter le château du Roi René sous la conduite d'un gardien. Tarascon, le 12^e Avril 1892. Le Maire. J. Roff." After taking oath that we carried no weapons concealed about our persons, we were admitted, and it proved almost as disappointing as the Palace of the Popes in Avignon. Thirteen years afterwards even this document was powerless. Ashamed, perhaps, at the base uses to which the château has been turned—for, like Fontevrault, it is the gaol of mean criminals—the local authorities are adamant, and the guardian is worse than Cerberus. We tried blandishments, "*spargens humida mella soporiferumque papaver.*" He remained unmoved. We produced a letter in which the Minister of Fine Arts in Paris requested the assistance of every French official for the work on which the bearer was engaged, and added special permission for photographing the Historic Monuments. The guardian impassively waved it aside, even as the concierge at Avignon had done. Governments may totter; Ministers may rise and fall; Presidents may pass away or be elected; but the Concierges of France remain, the everlasting repositories of stolid power. "It is

possible," said this one, "that Monsieur has permission to see the Historic Monument; but I will pray Monsieur to observe that he has no permission to see the gaol."¹

It is probable that in a few years the castle of Tarascon will be taken under the direct protection of the Government, as is promised at Avignon also, and then my readers will be able to see King René's house for them-

¹ The dialogue continued:—

The Traveller. "Then, no doubt, you will have the goodness to show me the one while I close my eyes, very willingly, to the other."

The Concierge. "But I have the honour to point out that the gaol and the Historic Monument are the same building, and Monsieur is, to my regret, unable to give himself the pleasure of visiting the gaol."

The T. "Yet since the Minister permits the Monument, perhaps he includes the gaol, which is the same building, in that permission?"

The C. "I may suggest that Monsieur has laid no evidence before me of this inclusion."

T. "Well, may I photograph the Monument, according to this special letter which is now on your table, without visiting either the Castle or the gaol?"

C. "Monsieur is no doubt pleased to jest."

T. (getting a little warm). "Not at all. I am surprised to notice the very slight attention paid by a French official to a communication from a Minister."

C. "I take my orders from the Prefect of the Department and from no one else."

T. (unwisely sarcastic). "Is it yourself, then, or the Prefect, who is superior to the Minister of Fine Arts?"

C. "I will ask Monsieur to observe that the high level of this conversation should be carefully maintained, and that it is not I who forget to maintain it."

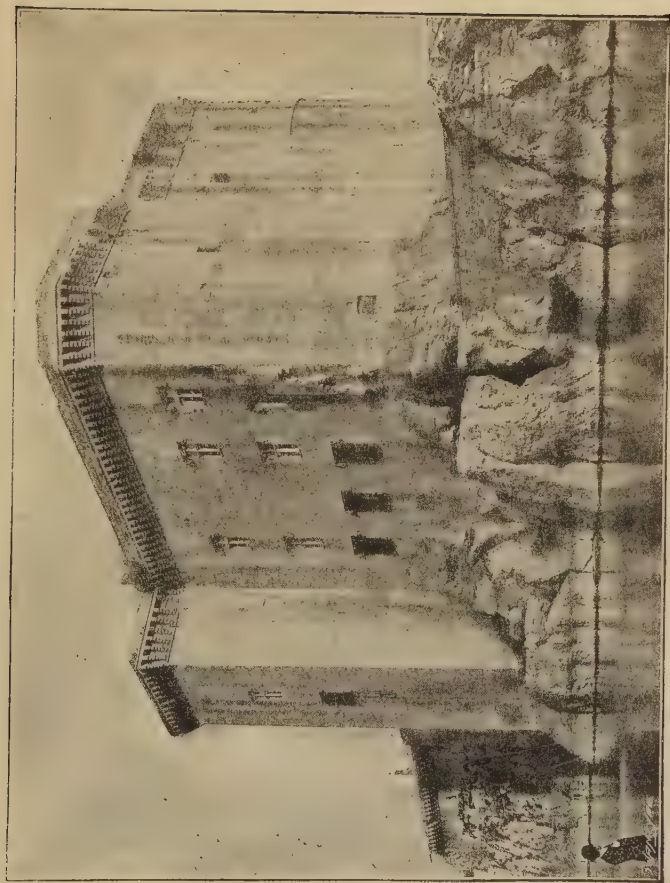
T. (completely cowed). "What, then, do you advise me to do?"

C. (coldly). "The Prefect resides in Marseilles."

T. Exit.

Four hours later.

T. enters waving a telegram. "The excellent Prefect accords his gracious permission on condition that you find the documents I have mentioned to be correct."



THE CASTLE OF KING RENÉ AT TARASCON.

selves. For the present they must accept my slight description of the fortress that rose on the ruins of an old Roman citadel, consecrated to Jupiter, and built after both Hannibal and Marius had immortalised the memories of the famous ford across the river from Beaucaire. Provence contributed to the constructions here in 1283 and 1387, but the fortress was only changed into a habitable château after the first visit of King René on the 2nd of December 1437.¹ He made up his mind,

C. (blandly). "I will now take official cognisance of the documents referred to, and will copy them into my register."

Two hours later.

C. "The English visitors may now pass through the rooms of King René; but the Prefect says nothing either of the gaol or of the photographs."

T. (despairingly). "The rooms, then, and nothing else."

C. (with effusive politeness). "This way, monsieur; and no doubt madame will do us the honour of accompanying us . . ."

¹ My authority for the king's itinerary is the splendid biography written by Lecoy de la Marche in 1875, which entirely supersedes De Villeneuve Bargemont (1825) and all other writers. René was at Tarascon on January 12, 1443 and during that February; on March 23, 1447, until April 11; on May 16, June 11 and 18, and October 10; in 1448 on February 4, May 11, June 19, July 13, November 26, and from December 7 to January 16, 1449. He returned there next April 1, and stayed there again from May 17 to July 2. He did not visit it again till May 12, 1457. A still longer absence lasted till November 5, 1469. Another visit began on November 20, 1471; but in 1474 he was here from March 28 till May 19. In 1476 he was at Tarascon on July 10, September 13 and 15; on August 21 of the next year and on September 28; on July 2, and from August 25 to December 31 in 1478; and in 1479, the year before he died, he came on January 4, and from the 9th to the 15th of the same month; from 1st February to the 30th of April, and for two days on the 3rd of May. He was here more often, in fact, than in any other place in Provence except Aix, his official residence.

apparently, that Tarascon was a good place in the spring and early summer, and here he chiefly took his royal relaxation after the cares of government at Aix. His chapel was built by Jean Robert, who was paid seven hundred and forty-six florins for wages between 1447 and 1449, and the construction was carried on under the care of Jean de Séraucourt, René's faithful servant and captain, at seven hundred florins yearly. This chapel is finely vaulted, and on its carved capitals may still be seen a sculptured priest who preaches to at least one attentive listener. It is near a flamboyant archway, and a recess with the date 1518, that shows the place was used for at least eight and thirty years after King René's death had passed it on to the Kings of France. The chapel is reached through a small private quadrangle, with a carved archway, and a "left-handed" spiral staircase on the right, one of four similar stairways which serve the whole building.

On the lowest floor of the living rooms is a dark apartment, which may well have been a prison, for on its walls is the sad inscription, "I called unto God in my torment and He heard me, and said I will save him." But I like to think that it was not so used under the good René, and that the curious "sgraffiti" on the walls were the work of his idle pages and men-at-arms while they waited their turn for attendance. Among these strange pictures, scratched on the plaster, as by a dag-

ger's point, are a large number of vessels, with lateen sails; some with small cannon mounted on the poop; all of them most interesting records of the kind of trading-ships that plied up and down the Rhone from the Mediterranean in the early sixteenth century, and brought goods from every port in Europe to the great fair of Beaucaire. There are houses and castles roughly drawn as well; a great coat-of-arms above the door; and a board marked out for a game of chess, which is interesting, because among the books known to have formed part of King René's library at his death in 1480 is a treatise on the Game of Chess, dedicated to Bertrand Aubant, Captain of Tarascon, by the translator, John Ferron, a preaching friar.¹

On the next floor is an eight-sided boudoir with a ceiling beautifully carved in wood, opening into a delightfully proportioned dining-room, with a hooded chimney-piece, and a window looking out upon the courtyard. Above this again is another octagon room; and if the "study," which René decorated with glass-painting with his own hands, may have been below, this upper room may have been Jeanne de Laval's bedroom, for the colours on the carved ceiling are still clear, and there are deep window seats where her ladies of honour could wait and watch what was going on outside. The

¹ This volume bears the arms of King René and is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale MS. fr. 2000.

roof of this wing of the building is a magnificent piece of architecture, and in far finer repair than the interior.

René did not limit his restorations to the château. He was equally interested in the famous Church of St. Martha, and this must be visited by any one who goes to Tarascon. For though I have twice proved that sleep is impossible, with any comfort, in its hotels, and that the best way to see it is to arrive early in the morning and go on to St. Remy for dinner in the evening, yet there are several things worth noticing in its streets. The Hôtel de Ville, for instance, must on no account be missed, and there is a dark and odorous stable in which the image of the celebrated Tarasque itself reposes, which was once the central figure in the fêtes that modern republican governments have condemned. The streets, too, that lead to the town hall are arcaded picturesquely, as was the custom in all fifteenth century towns, much after the fashion of our own Chester. But on the whole the town of Tarascon is disappointing; and after you have seen the curious mixture of the southern square tower with the northern round form in its castle, after you have admired the details of the entrance gateway, with the moat and separate draw-bridges for horse and foot, after you have seen the round Norman towers that flank the town gate, there is no better thing to do than straightway to pay a visit to the

church, dedicated to that St. Martha whom I spoke of in describing the campaigns of Marius, and whose victory over the Tarasque has been preserved in the name and armorial bearings of the town.

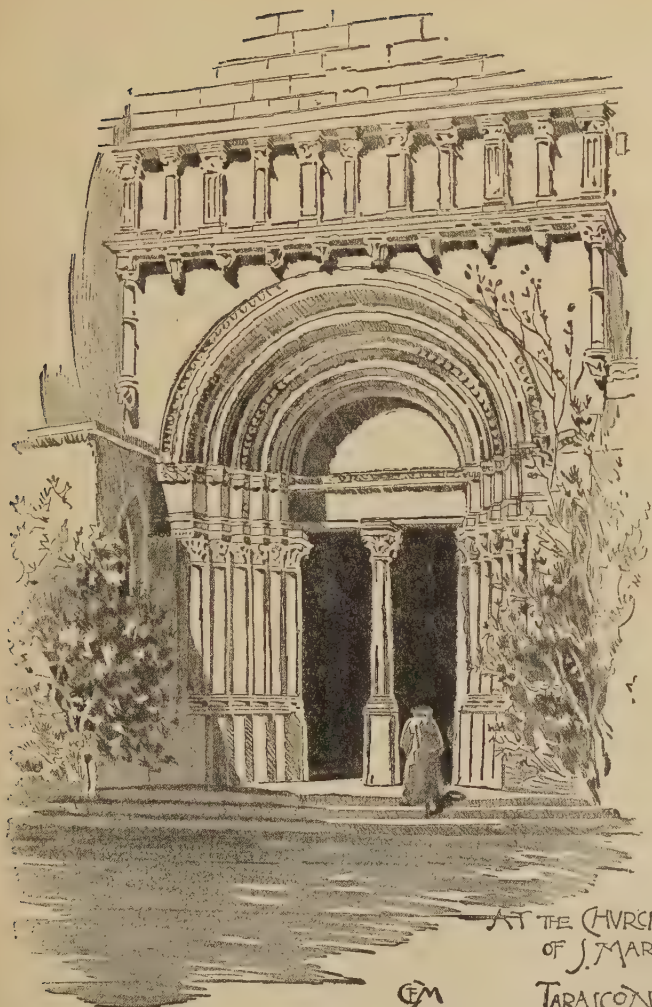
Originally constructed in the twelfth century on the ruins of a Roman temple, this church was reconstructed in the fourteenth, and contains many "Gothic" details in its southern plan. But the south porch is a very beautiful example of what the original workmanship was like, as will be seen from Mr. Mallow's drawing of it. The mouldings of the arch combine the classic egg and dart with "Gothic" dogtooth enrichments. The sculptured ivy wreath is unique in work of the time. The small arcade above shows fluted pilasters and round shafts alternately, resting on a Romanesque cornice of carved heads. The central pillar in the entrance reminds the visitor of the more magnificent portals of St. Gilles and Arles. Within are a number of pictures in which the handiwork does not seem to me to correspond to the great names to which they have been attributed; but the light is too bad to permit of close examination. Several are said to be by Parrocel, others by Vien, and many deal with episodes in the life of St. Martha. There is a most interesting crypt, containing her tomb, and the sepulchral effigy of Jean Cossa, the faithful seneschal of King René, who composed the epitaph now over the statue a few

years before his own death.¹ The two men had held a great place in the politics, the art, the civilisation of their time. Jean Cossa was five years older than his master, and died nearly four years before him. We shall hear more of him in the short description I must now give of King René himself, the last Count of Provence.

On the 1st of December 1400 Louis (II.) of Anjou and Provence was married to Yolande of Aragon, in the cathedral of St. Trophime at Arles. Her picture is preserved on a stained-glass window in the Cathedral of Le Mans; and it is said that her husband, who got sight of her secretly in Montpellier before their wedding, fell at once desperately in love with the lady whom Juvenal des Ursins describes as "the loveliest creature one could wish to see." Events proved that she was one of the best and wisest of women too. So for once, in the tale of great alliances, political necessity was blessed by natural inclination, and on January 16, 1409, at three o'clock in the morning, was born to them, in the

¹ "Hic situs est Troiae Cossa de Scarpe Joannes
Qui comes et civis Parthenopaeus erat.
Hic patriam liquit, tractus fulgore Renati
Regis quem coluit, semper ubique fidus. . . ."

The date is given as October 1476. When Madame James Darmesteter was here (before November 1892) she seems to have thought this was the monument of Jean de Calabre, the son and heir of René, who fought through many a Neapolitan campaign. But that "brilliant young pretender" died in December 1470 at Barcelona; nor is it likely that a prince of the house of Anjou would be buried at Tarascon. René himself was buried at Angers, though he died at Aix in 1480.



AT THE CHURCH
OF S. MARTE
TARASCON

CEM

castle of Angers, a son called René after a famous and saintly bishop of that city. Before him had been born Louis (III.), who died in 1434, after having inherited Anjou and Provence for seventeen years, and Marie d'Anjou, who became the queen of Charles VII. of France. After him came Charles Count of Maine (whose son held Provence for scarcely a year after King René's death), and Yolande, who married first Jean d'Alençon, and secondly François, Comte de Montfort, son of the Duke of Brittany. But of all five children it was René who was to hold the greatest place in history, and the joy of Angers when he was born seemed a significant prophecy of his career. The tomb of his nurse, Tiphaine de Magine, was set up by himself in the church of Notre Dame de Nantilly, in Saumur, her birthplace. At the early age of twelve he was married to his ten-year-old bride, Isabelle de Lorraine, on the 24th of October 1420. Their eldest son, Jean de Calabre, was born in August 1427, and according to some authorities a year earlier.

No better influence could have guided the youth of René, and indeed of France, than that of his mother, Yolande, the mother also of the future queen of France. Charles, when dauphin, was well aware how much he owed her. It is significant of the thoroughly patriotic line she took in all her political dealings, that she was one of the first of the great ladies of France to shelter

and encourage Joan of Arc. She was one of the three matrons who testified to the Maid's chastity. She was the first to proclaim the divine mission of the shepherd girl, and to renounce all her own dignity in its favour. She sent from Blois the convoy that was to help her in the siege of Orleans, and pawned the jewels of Anjou to pay for it. When the Maid was first summoned before the Duke of Lorraine, in March 1429, it was the aid of René, son of the Duchess of Anjou, that she asked, "to guide me into France." Robert de Baudricourt, who had been Joan of Arc's first helper, was René's lifelong friend; and when the time came René himself was not backward; for at the siege of Paris in the September of that year he was at her side; and when she was wounded by an arrow in the thigh, she was rescued from the moat and carried to safety by René, with the Count of Clermont and others. After that, René had to go fighting elsewhere, with his faithful Barbazan, who fell on the fatal day of Bulgnéville, in 1431, when René himself was sorely wounded and finally thrown into prison.

The death of his elder brother, Louis (III.) d'Anjou, in Italy, in 1434, and of Queen Jeanne (II.) of Naples soon afterwards, entirely changed the destinies of René, who thus came into a double inheritance. Duke of Bar and of Lorraine already, he now became Duke of Anjou, Count of Provence, and King of the two Sicilies.

His wife Isabelle—for he was still in prison—went forth-with to take up his new kingdoms. His liberty was only bought in 1437 by the cession of Cassel and some lands in Flanders to the Duke of Burgundy. In November he was on his way across the borders of Provence, where he was received with joyful enthusiasm on every side, and by the 2nd of December he was in the castle of Tarascon. In the autumn of 1442 he had lost all real hold on Naples, and though he clung to the recognition of his rights by the constant use of the title “King of Sicily,” it was a title and no more. But the influence of the great house of Anjou in Italy was by no means over. As one of the essential bases of Charlemagne’s power, and of the policy both of St. Louis and of Charles v., that influence could never be forgotten when France inherited what Anjou had left. It cost France uncounted blood and treasure; but its effects are visible unto this day.

In 1443 King Charles VII. was reorganising Languedoc after the succession of triumphs over the English which had begun with Joan of Arc. At Toulouse King René met him, and in the train of his wife Isabelle de Lorraine was Agnes Sorel, lately arrived from the court of his mother, Yolande, Duchess of Anjou, who had died the year before. The fair Agnes may well have added to the gaiety with which the king welcomed his old playmate, and it is worth noticing that when

she was ill at Jumièges, during the Normandy campaign of 1450, René was with Charles VII. at her sudden death on the 9th of February. Her tomb at Loches is a sufficient explanation of her influence over both of them. In the autumn of 1443 died René's second son, Louis, at the early age of sixteen. The following spring saw the brilliant prospect of a throne across the Channel open before his daughter Margaret, who was then just reaching the beauty of her fifteenth year. Henry VI. of England had sent the Earl of Suffolk and other ambassadors to France, in search of peace, and they were received by René in the town of Tours. On April 3, 1444, Margaret of Anjou was solemnly betrothed to Henry VI. (represented by Suffolk) in the cathedral of Tours. In the next year she was married, Suffolk again being proxy for the English king, at Nancy, bringing the isles of Majorca and Minorca as her dowry, with which England might begin her ambitions of Mediterranean control. At the same time Yolande, René's elder daughter, was married to Ferry de Lorraine, son of Antoine de Vaudemont, and through her the blood of the last Count of Provence was to be transmitted to the Hapsburgs. Margaret, who made what was reputed to be by far the more brilliant match, was to see her only son, Edward, slain after Tewkesbury, in 1471, and to break her heart in vain regrets in her old father's fading kingdom. But she had shown great qualities of ambition and endurance before the end, and

it is not often remembered that the unquiet heroine of the Wars of the Roses was a princess of Provence.

Though René was often at Angers during the first half of his life, it was to the Provence he loved, the Provence where he was to die, that he seems ever to have turned with greater affection. His voyage there in 1447 has been fortunately described in detail. On board the galleys he kept always ready near Angers, he sailed up the Loire to Roanne, carrying with him his plate, his tapestry, his furniture, all covered in beneath the cloth of grey, white, and black that was his livery, below the banners embroidered with his shield that flew from

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THE GOOD KING RENÉ.

(From the triptych called "Le Buisson Ardent" by Nicolas Froment in the Cathedral of Aix-en-Provence.)

every mast. The flotilla moved slowly from one town to another through the pleasant landscapes of Touraine. Sometimes a bridge (as at Saumur) had to be pulled down to let them pass, and built up again after they had gone. From Roanne great wagons took them gently across country to the Rhone at Lyons, where they embarked, after due rest and refreshment, and floated down the stream to Tarascon, taking from a fortnight to three weeks over the whole journey. On this particular occasion his visit was marked by his meeting with the Dauphin, who was afterwards to be Louis XI. Two men more different, in heart, in mind, in character, the castle of Tarascon has never sheltered since, than the uncle and this nephew, whose piety had already begun to be obtrusive. For Louis spent his time apparently in visiting St. Martha's tomb, or the Grotto of the Magdalen at Ste. Baume, or that ancient church of the Holy Marys by the Sea, where René established the worship of the holy relics in the next year. The lower chapel there was begun by his orders in January 1449, by an architect named Robert, who was helped by Frozino d'Andréa, a Florentine, and Gaillard Nikon of Avignon. The relics of the saints had been discovered by René's workmen in 1448, and a Bull from the Pope proclaimed their authenticity.

During the same visit René founded the famous Order of the Crescent, which therefore takes precedence of the Order of St. Michael, founded by his nephew

as the first order of chivalry created by the Kings of France, though it is later than the Golden Fleece already established by the Duke of Burgundy, the third of the great outstanding figures in contemporary history. This Order of the Crescent, then, was founded in Provence, to consist of fifty knights at most, who should hear Mass every day on penalty of fasting, and keep peace and charity between themselves and towards their sovereign. They wore a golden crescent every Sunday, on their right arms, enamelled with letters of blue, "*Los en croissant*," and scarlet cloaks. They must never be unfaithful to the Catholic religion, never use sorceries, never desert their flag in battle, and always meet once a year upon the feast-day of St. Maurice. They were also to succour the distressed, and particularly the widows or orphans of their comrades, to have compassion on the poor, and to speak no scandal of women. Among the first members with René were Ferry de Lorraine, Louis de Beauvau, Jean Cossa, Tanneguy du Châtel, Guy de Laval, Thierry de Lénoncourt, Francesco Sforza of Milan, Jean du Bellay, and Jacques de Brézé, who was admitted later. Guy de Laval was its first head, and René succeeded him, followed by Jean Cossa. The Bishop of Orange was chaplain, and Charles de Castillon the chancellor. But the institution, with all its noble ideals, did not outlast its founder.

It was very possibly owing to the chivalrous enthu-

siasm aroused by the foundation of this Order that Tarascon saw the most celebrated festival ever held there, which has gone down to history as the "Tournoi de Tarascon," or the "Pas de la Bergère," arranged while René was in his castle by the Rhone from May 17 to July 2, 1449. A full relation of all that happened was written down by Louis de Beauvau, Grand Seneschal of Provence, whose details are closely corroborated by the statements in the royal budget. The fête, which was partly a tournament and partly a shepherd's masque, lasted five days, presided over by Isabeau de Lénoncourt, who was dressed in grey damask with a scarlet cap. People streamed into Tarascon from Avignon, Marseilles, Aix, Salon, Nîmes, Montpellier, and Arles, and on the 3rd of June the fun began with a tilt between Pierre Carrion and Philippe de Lénoncourt, who came from Lorraine, and the encounter went on every afternoon from twelve to six. Tanneguy du Châtel, nephew of the famous provost of Paris, and seneschal of Beaucaire, went into the lists with the lovely Honorade de Pontevez-Cabannes behind him on his charger, but only just saved her from disaster after the furious onslaught of Ferry de Lorraine, who eventually obtained the prize. René himself brought fresh lances into the arena when Gaspard Cossa (brother of Marguerite de Lascaris) broke his weapon. The jousting ended with a round between Jean Bezelin and Lénoncourt, after

which every one sat down to a feast provided by Louis de Beauvau, and the gay company only parted with the greatest regret for their own homes.

In 1453, René, who had already lost his mother and his second son, Louis, was still further afflicted by the death of his beloved wife on the 28th of February, in his arms, at Angers. Lorraine passed immediately to his eldest son, Jean de Calabre; and René once more went to Italy to forget his grief in another effort to win Sicily. He came back to Provence in exactly a year, and his return was signalled by the characteristically generous protection he at once accorded to the famous merchant-prince, Jacques Cœur, whom he had met, and no doubt admired, during the royal negotiations concerning the Papacy some five years before. For no crime but his prosperity Jacques Cœur had been imprisoned by Charles VII., and the royal procureur was now attacking his nephew, Jean de Village, Cœur's representative in Marseilles, and the admiral of René, for whom the sailor had often brought back strange animals out of the East, Saracenic weapons, Moorish vestures, and other curiosities. René refused to give up his admiral; and Jacques Cœur himself, whose house in Bourges still testifies alike to his good taste and his prosperity, fled through Provence, was rescued by the men of Arles from the king's agents at Beaucaire, and finally passed on to Italy and exile.



JEANNE DE LAVAL.

(From the triptych called "Le Buisson Ardent," by Nicholas Froment, in the Cathedral of Aix-en-Provence.)

For some time after this René did not visit Provence, but the interval was filled by his marriage to his second wife, Jeanne de Laval, daughter of Guy de Laval and Isabelle of Brittany. One of her garden-pavilions we have seen already at Les Baux, and her portrait was painted, opposite his own, on the great triptych in the Cathedral of Aix called the "Le Buisson Ardent." The king and queen are kneeling, surrounded by their patron saints, one on each side of the magnificent picture by Nicholas Froment (of Uzès), representing the angel appearing to the Shepherds, and the Virgin and Child surrounded by a wreath of verdure on the hill above them. This large and splendidly-preserved painting was for

some time attributed by Provençal loyalty to the brush of their beloved king himself. Recent researches have proved the attribution here given under which it appeared at the great exhibition of the "Primitifs" at the Louvre in 1904. It is not only a masterpiece of design, but it is exquisitely finished in the smallest details, even to the ornaments of the gold border round the central group, and of the splendid canopy above it. The figures of Moses (who is taking off his shoe), of the Angel, and especially of the Virgin, recall the treatment in the painting of the Annunciation, which is also at Aix; but the landscape background may be recognised as taken from the sunny shores of the Rhone between Tarascon and Beaucaire. This Annunciation (which also appeared in Paris in 1904) is now in the Church of the Madeleine at Aix, and has been successively attributed to Jan Van Eyck and Albert Durer, but these names are but the panegyric of admiring critics. The splendour of the conception, the perspective of the long quiet aisles, the detail of the carving, and the drawing of the figures, combine to suggest that school of art which was under the particular protection of the Duc de Berry, and the Burgundian style of much of the architecture may be explained by the known presence in Provence during the fifteenth century of many sculptors who were compatriots of Claus Sluter of Dijon. This is no doubt one of the most interesting pictures in the Provence which welcomed Jeanne de

Laval so warmly as soon as she was married, for her subjects quickly recognised that this was such a love-match as is rare indeed among the great, and that with her, the choice of his maturer years, their beloved René was to enjoy the tender and poetic relaxations which lightened the last days of his life, and gave him happiness at home in spite of every external difficulty.

The somewhat empty title of the King of Aragon was added to René's many other dignities in 1466. But his son, the Duke of Calabria, was not long to enjoy an inheritance which he was in the act of enforcing by the strength of arms when he died in 1470 at Barcelona, in the vigour of his years, not without some suspicion of poisoning. It was a bitter blow to the old king, and Ferry de Lorraine, who might have carried on the work, was dead as well. René decided to leave France and Anjou, and to live his last years in Provence. This determination must have been still further strengthened by the sudden death of Nicolas de Lorraine, in July 1473, only two years after that of Edward, son of his daughter Queen Margaret. His only male descendant now was another René, son of his widowed daughter Yolande of Lorraine; and he foresaw but too well the miseries of the constant quarrels over his inheritance which Louis XI. was not likely to appease. His nephew Charles d'Anjou was, he felt, not likely long to survive him, and the cession of Pro-

vence to France must have been authorised, as inevitable, before either of them died; that of Anjou was made by mutual arrangement with the heir in 1480. The interviews at Lyons, in which Louis XI. began cruelly to assert his open covetousness of King René's lands—a covetousness which history cannot but condone in view of the unity and aggrandisement of France thereby achieved—were chiefly conducted by that same Jean Cossa who had helped the Duke of Calabria in his Italian campaigns, and who lies buried in St. Martha's crypt at Tarascon. Commynes describes the meeting he saw between René and the King of France, and gives the speech of "John Cosse, seneschal of Provence, a woorthie gentleman and of a good house in the realm of Naples," adding that "the King being a wise Prince tooke this practice in good part, which the said John Cosse uttered indeed simply as it was meant, for himselfe was the onely contriver thereof. In short space all controversies between them were ended . . ."

The man was worthy of so good a master, and he died six months after his last diplomatic service for the house of Anjou he had so faithfully served. The founder of his line was that Fiacre de Cossa who was Master of the Household to Philip Augustus in 1180, and was said to have come originally from Maine, though his family settled in Naples under the protection of the house of Anjou. Of the same stock came

Balthazar Cossa, who declared himself Pope John XXIII., and abdicated before his death in 1419 at Florence. Though Guardian of Woods and Forests, and Chamberlain to King René, Jean Cossa was more particularly attached to the service of the young Duke of Calabria; but apart from the full powers thus given him he enjoyed the intimate friendship and confidence of René himself, as is testified by the tomb and epitaph to his memory in Tarascon, raised after his death in 1476. The title "Count of Troy" came to him by his marriage with Giovanna d'Andria, by whom his surviving son, René, became Grand Falconer of France, and founded the famous house of Cossé-Brissac.

The meeting at Lyons, in May 1476, may well have been much assisted by those negotiations for the release of René's daughter, which had terminated when Sir Thomas Montgomerie handed her over to the French commissioners at Rouen on the twenty-ninth of the previous January. Louis XI. had, of course, not paid fifty thousand gold crowns for the ransom of Margaret of Anjou without shrewdly calculating on a large return. She renounced all rights to the English crown and any claims that might exist by reason of her marriage. She handed over, further, to her deliverer all rights, whether present or future, which she might possess in the property of her father or her mother, more especially in Bar, Lorraine, Anjou, and Provence.

But Louis did not gain all he hoped so quickly as he had expected; and the unhappy princess, deprived of almost all means of subsistence after her father's death, lived in a legendary sorrow in the manor of Reculée, near Saumur, to which she withdrew on her return from England, consoled only by the tales which Chastelain composed for her, "of the ruin of certain unfortunate great ones," and of their patience in adversity.

By 1476, René himself was back in Provence, determined to end his days amid the scenes and the populations he had loved all his life. Of the palace that he built in Aix, not a stone remains. It was wantonly destroyed in 1786. Ruskin's outburst has rarely been so vividly justified. "You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe." Of no place is this fierce invective against human spoliation so true as in Provence; but no place has so full a consolation in the beauty of those living monuments of an imperishable past, the women of St. Remy or of Arles. In the loveliness of their quiet faces, in the dignity of their dress and walk, in the ancient charm that seems impalpably to cling round their eternal youth, we may still find something of the Provence King René loved. In Aix, a town of fountains and front doors, which show that to the very end of the eighteenth century the capital still

held its own as a centre of administrative and commercial life, nothing is left of the period of which these pages treat save its cathedral, its pictures, and its books. They shall be the last things we will look at together.

The cathedral of St. Sauveur at Aix-en-Provence presents a mixture of styles and epochs which are clearly distinguishable one from another, and offer a not unpleasing harmony as a whole. Taken as a group, with the church, the baptistery, the cloister, and the archbishop's palace, the buildings form one of the most interesting architectural subjects in the south, and it must be remembered that the south aisle, the baptistery, and the cloister are the oldest portions of all, and no doubt at one time formed a single church by themselves. The character of this aisle (dedicated in 1103) is almost identical with the original work in Notre Dame des Doms at Avignon, showing the same pointed tunnel vaults, the rectangular piers, the modified Corinthian capitals, the carved band carried at the base of the vault, and a dome treated just like that which is beneath the western tower on the Rocher des Doms. The position of this dome in the whole building, in the fourth bay of one aisle, with a somewhat unusual "presbytery" in the bay behind it, would prove that it must have formed part of an independent structure, even if there were no other evidence.

The entrance portal of this same south aisle (built in 1080) is an exquisite example of that Provençal use of Roman details which we have observed before. The channelled columns, variously fluted, the modified Corinthian capitals, the block above the abacus, corresponding to an entablature—all are features of a transition-process emphasised by the larger columns on each side, which are manifestly taken from an actual Roman structure. On the right is a heavy wall of large blocks of finely cut stones, which was once part of the Roman temple of Apollo; and from this temple came the eight superb monolithic columns of granite and green marble, with Corinthian capitals, which carry the small round arches of the baptistery. These are no doubt the earliest relics in the whole cathedral; and though the baptistery was very much modified (and its lantern added) by Canon Jean de Léone in 1577, it is still possible to realise something of its ancient style and proportions. The cloister is equally celebrated. The oldest parts were built by Prévôt Benoît in 1080; and, though ugly and unimportant buildings now weigh down three sides, the north colonnade stands free, and was probably roofed much in the same way as that of St. Trophime at Arles. Eight arches go to each side, resting on coupled columns with delicate shafts of every possible design, sometimes even bent and twisted together, and all with sculptured

capitals. The corner piers are different, and squarer, with pannelled sides. In the eastern arcade the arches have a rich zigzag ornament, with grotesques set in the spandrils.

The "Gothic" portion of the cathedral was begun in 1285, and dragged on until 1534. The choir in the central nave (which shows a slightly inclined axis) is different from that usual in France, but, like Westminster Abbey, follows the usual Spanish model also seen in such Italian churches as that of the Frari in Venice. Within it, immediately above the stalls, is a gorgeous series of tapestries, which are attributed with great probability to Quentin Matsys, and once formed part of the decoration of old St. Paul's in London, as did the candelabra which are now in St. Bavon's Church at Ghent. The chief peculiarity of this central nave is that it is almost entirely enclosed in solid walls, with only a few small openings cut into the adjoining aisles. Its façade is a fine piece of fifteenth century work, begun by Archbishop Olivier de Pennart,¹ and completed by Pierre Soqueti, who started his work about 1500, and carved his beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child on the central pier soon afterwards. The chief glory of the portal, and the gem so fitly framed in this fine architectural setting, is the splendid pair of doors most exquisitely carved in walnut-wood in 1504, and

¹ See "Barr Ferrée" in the *Architectural Record*, 1896.



PART OF THE CATHEDRAL DOOR, AIX-EN-PROVENCE.

representing Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, with the figures of the twelve Sibyls in two rows above them. They are finer work than Volard's doors, which were carved forty-seven years afterwards for the Church of St. Peter in Avignon, and they are very properly kept encased in wooden covers, but can easily be shown, and a portion of them was photographed for these pages.

Within the cathedral is a charming statue of St. Martha and the Tarasque, in the Chapelle de l'Université, which must on no account be missed, and several fine pictures, including "*Le Buisson Ardent*," already mentioned. The painting which represents the legend of St. Mitre shows the martyr walking about with his head in his hands between the kneeling figures of the donor and his wife and children. Behind them stretches the fanciful architecture of a fifteenth-century street. This reposed in a completely dark chapel of the cathedral till it was brought to the Louvre for the Exhibition of 1904, when it was seen that the rather awkwardly-placed figures of the donors had been added later, and that certain details, badly drawn and imagined, appeared side by side with the knowledge and the taste of the very different hand responsible for the executioner and the ladies watching from the windows. The bright light in which the whole picture is bathed is toned down, near the horizon, to that golden tint which is peculiar to the atmosphere of Provence, and shows that this is

the work of a Provençal master with very different aims to those, for example, of Fouquet in the north.

We need not accept the enthusiastic attributions to King René of so many paintings in Provence, to acknowledge that he not only encouraged the art in others, but was himself an artist. During his long captivity in Burgundy, from 1431 to 1437, he may well have met Jan Van Eyck at Dijon; and his frequent and lengthy visits to the kingdom of Naples no doubt made him familiar with artists working before Perugino or Botticelli. But it was rather Flemish than Italian art which inspired his taste and led him above all to encourage the use of oil-painting among his favourite artists. Perhaps the most authentic of his own works are to be found among the manuscripts he so delighted to illuminate. The Bibliothèque Méjanes of the town of Aix, a collection most unworthily housed, and in constant danger from fire, contains a great number of very valuable books and manuscripts which would well repay extended study, and are guarded, near the beautiful sixteenth-century Belfry of the Hôtel de Ville, by the sympathetic and intelligent M. E. Aude, who was good enough to give me a list of his chief treasures. Among them is a clean and perfect example of *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, containing those unsurpassable woodcuts which have been variously attributed to Bellini, Mantegna, Carpaccio, or even Raphael, and were printed in Venice by Aldus



PORCH OF A HOUSE IN AIX-EN-PROVENCE.

in 1499. There is also a unique copy of the *Life of Antichrist*, published in Lyons, in 1480, and some splendid examples of sixteenth-century binding.

But the most interesting books for us are the two illuminated manuscripts known as the "Missel du Roi René," and the missal called the "Heures de la Reine Yolande." The chief beauty of King René's missal is in its capital letters, which may well have been his own work. Throughout the book numerous notes in his own handwriting occur on the margin, beginning with the date of his birth in January, and then recording the various family occurrences which I have sketched in this chapter: in February the death of his wife "Ysabel"; in March the birth of his daughter Margaret, Queen of England; in July his capture in battle; in August the birth of his first-born; in September his marriage to Jeanne de Laval.

His character comes more clearly before us as we read these notes he wrote; and we see a man who, in the best sense of the word, was versatile; who was ignorant of nothing great, or useful, or beautiful in his time; a prince whose honorable loyalty led him in his early years to stand in arms by the side of Joan of Arc; who, in maturer life, fought the battle of France in stubbornly struggling to preserve his own inheritance; who gave a queen to England, and to Lorraine a princess, whose blood still lives upon the throne of Austria.

Through all the mischances of his life he never lost the privilege of creating his own happiness in his own way. Full of charity and loving-kindness, not only to his own subjects, but to all the poor and the oppressed, he carried out strictly in his own life the principles on which he founded his chivalrous Order of the Crescent. Nor were the claims of a larger humanity forgotten. His love for women sometimes led him into paths where kings are best unseen. But his tenderness and affection to both his wives was unassailable and unchallenged. He built wisely and well; he encouraged the arts of painting and of manufacture; he instituted many religious ceremonies and many festivals which lasted in their full force into the nineteenth century, and will never be forgotten in Provence. He was full of interest in history, in geography, in the natural sciences; the friend of Charles d'Orléans, the protector of François Villon, he knew what good literature was; he gave us of his best; and some of his writing still remains to testify to his enduring charm of thought and manner. He held a great place in the world of his own day, as great, at one time, as either the Duke of Burgundy or the King of France. He escaped the terrible fate of the first; he never deserved a hint of the ignominy which some writers have too plentifully bestowed upon the second. Above all, he stands out, in an age which was rather too prone to that Machiavellian intrigue so



A WOMAN OF ARLES (From a drawing by Jane E. Cook made in 1892.)

praised by its historian Commynes, as an honest politician. That is one reason why his material successes were not so great as those obtained by more unscrupulous players in the game of kings. His claim upon posterity lies rather upon artistic and intellectual grounds; upon the serenity he showed in evil fortune; the dignity with which he faced defeat; the constancy with which he died, at Aix, on July 10, 1480, still in possession of his titles of inheritance and knowing that he possessed them for the good of France.

With him the tale of independent Provence is over; and with a phrase from the poem that described his last tourney of Tarascon, a poem addressed by his friend Jean de Beauvau to Louis of Luxembourg, I will leave you to wander through the valley of the Rhone that still remembers the good King René:—

“Pardonnez-moi s’il y a que redire
En ce livret lequel je vous envoie;
Meilleur l’auriez, si meilleur je l’avoye.”

APPENDIX

MONUMENTS HISTORIQUES

AFTER THE TENTH CENTURY A.D.

DRÔME.

St. Paul - Trois-

Châteaux . . . Cathedral.

Valence . . . Cathedral.

VAUCLUSE.

Apt Cathedral.

Avignon Notre Dame des Doms.

Couvent des Célestins.

Hôtel des Monnaies.

Chapelle et Pont St. Bénézet.

Palais des Papes.¹

Tour de l'ancien Hôtel de Ville.

Town walls.¹

Abbey of St. Ruff.

Caromb Church.

Carpentras Church of St. Siffrein.

Porte d'Orange.

Cavaillon Cathedral.

Pernes Church.

Le Thor Church.

Vaison Cathedral and Cloister.

Vaucluse Church.

¹ Careful drawings of these may be found in the fifth volume of *Archives de la Commission des Monuments Historiques* (Paris, H. Laurens), which also contains architectural illustrations of the Amphitheatre, Maison Carrée, Pont du Gard, and Roman Baths at *Nîmes*; the Amphitheatre of *Arles*; the Pont Flavien at *St. Chamus*; the Theatre of *Orange*; the Monument and Arch of *St. Remy*; the Church of Les Saintes Maries; the Abbey of Sylvacane; the Church of St. Saturnin at *Toulouse*; and the Castle of *Foix*.

GARD.

<i>Aigues-Mortes</i>	.	Walls and Tour de Constance. ¹
<i>Beaucaire</i>	.	Castle and Chapel.
<i>St. Gilles</i>	.	Church. ¹
	.	Romanesque House. ¹
<i>Uzès</i>	.	Tour Fenestrelle of Cathedral.
	.	Château (dit le Duché).
<i>Villeneuve-lèz-Avi- gnon</i>	.	Château St. André. ¹
	.	La Chartreuse.
	.	Tombeau d'Innocent VI. (chapelle de l'Hôpital).
	.	Tour de Philippe-le-Bel. ¹

BOUCHES DU RHÔNE.

<i>Aix</i>	.	Cathedral and Cloister.
	.	Église St. Jean.
	.	Tour de l'Horloge.
<i>Arles</i>	.	Chapelle des Porcelets (Alyscamps).
	.	St. Honorat (Alyscamps).
	.	Monument des Alyscamps.
	.	Église Basse St. Césaire (Alyscamps).
	.	Église Ste. Anne (Musée).
	.	St. Trophime and Cloister.
	.	Abbey of Montmajour. ¹
	.	Chapelle Ste. Croix de Montmajour.
<i>Les Baux</i>	.	Château.
	.	Walls.
	.	Church.
	.	Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne.
<i>Marseilles</i>	.	Église de l'Abbaye de St. Victor.
	.	Église de la Major.
<i>Saint-Remy</i>	.	Maison du Planet.
	.	Clocher et Cloître St. Jean de Mausoles.
<i>Salon</i>	.	Église St. Laurent.
<i>Tarascon</i>	.	Château.
	.	Ste. Marthe.
	.	St. Gabriel.

HÉRAULT.

<i>Agde</i>	.	Église St. André.
<i>Béziers</i>	.	Église St. Nazaire et Cloître. ¹
<i>Villeneuve - lèz - Maguelonne</i>	.	Église St. Pierre de Maguelonne.

¹ See footnote, p. 426.

AUDE.

<i>Alet</i>	.	.	.	Cathedral.
<i>Arques</i>	.	.	.	Château.
<i>Carcassonne</i>	.	.		Fortifications de la Cité. ¹
				Église St. Nazaire. ¹
<i>Narbonne</i>	.	.		Église St. Just. ¹
				Église St. Paul-Serge.
				Église de Lamourguier.
				Archevêché (Hôtel de Ville).

VAR.

<i>Fréjus</i>	.	.	.	Cathedral, Cloister, and Baptistery.
<i>Hyères</i>	.	.	.	Église St. Louis.
<i>Le Thoronet</i>	.	.		Abbey.

ALPES MARITIMES.

<i>St. Honorat</i>	.	.		Château, Chapel, and Cloister.
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¹ See footnote, p. 426.

MAGALI

MELODIE PROVENCALE POPULAIRE

TRANSCRITE

PAR FR. SEGUIN

Allegretto.

CHANT.

O Ma - ga - li, ma tant a -

PIANO.

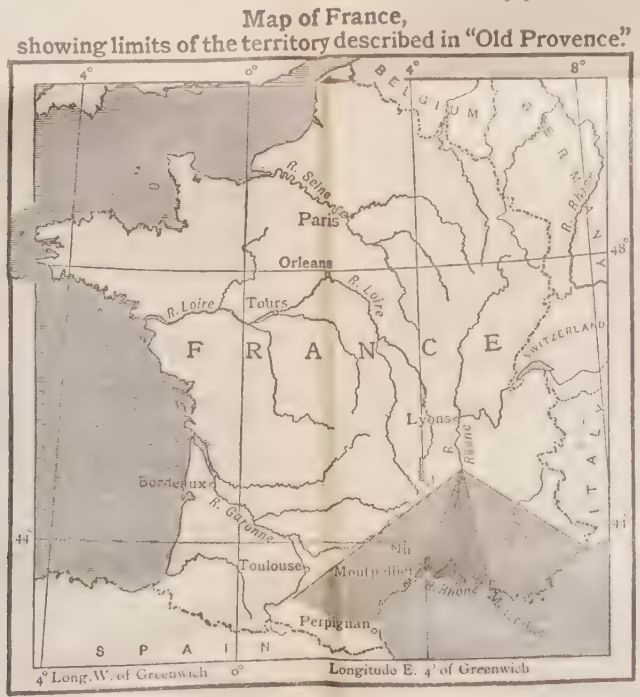
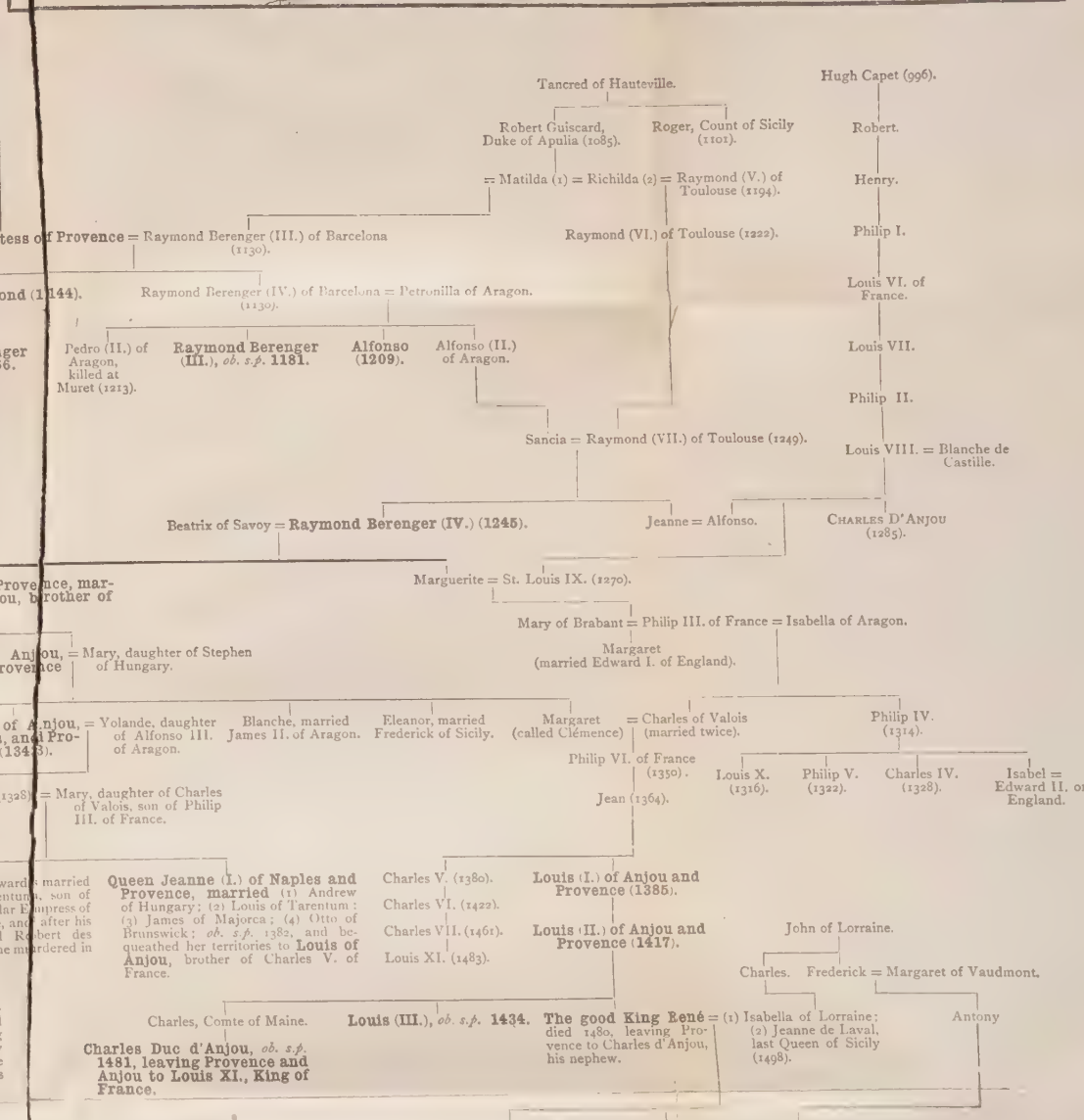
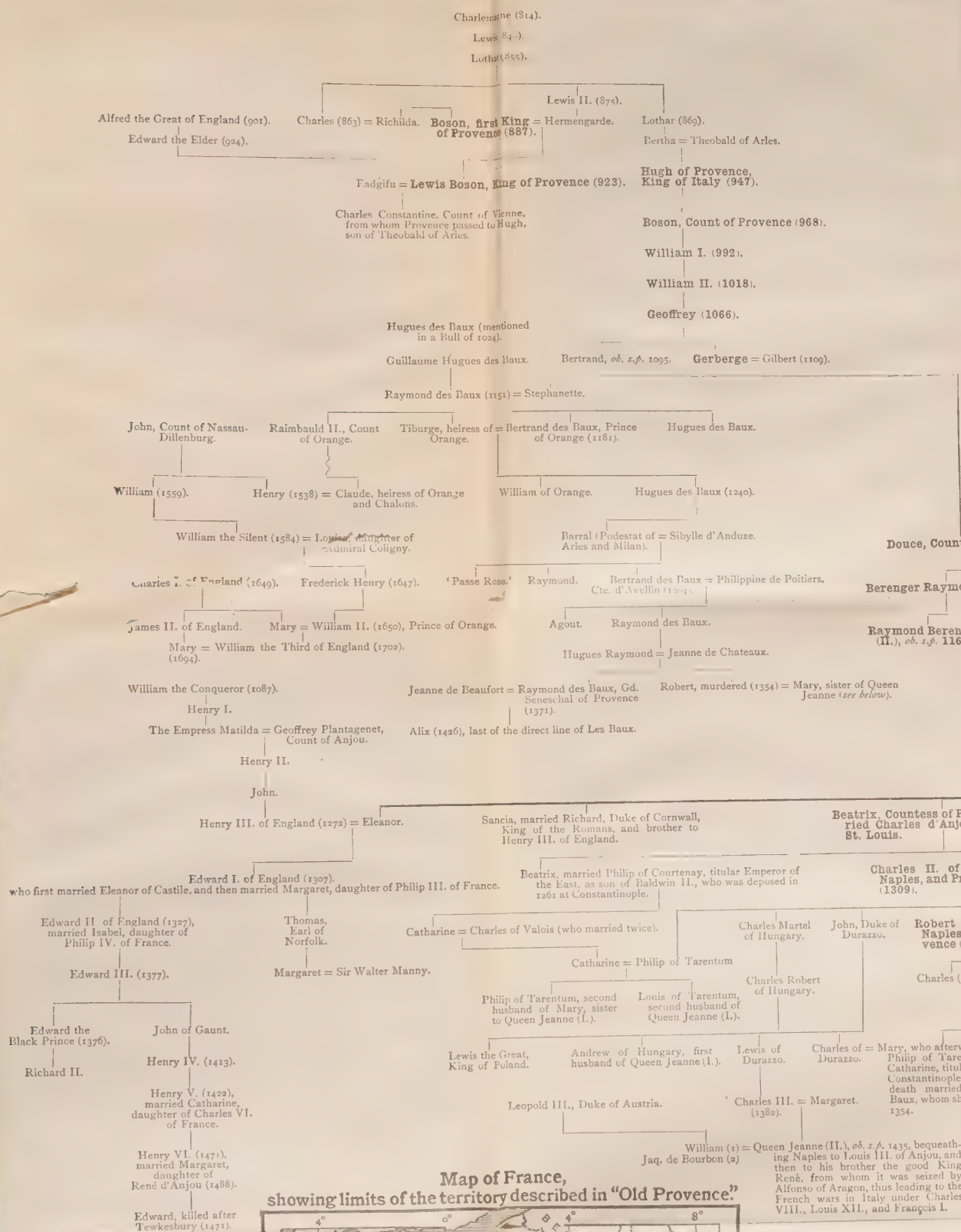
-ma-do, Mete la tête au fe-nes-troun: Escouto un.

pau aquesto au - ba - do De tambou - rin. o de vigi -

loum. Eiplen d'estello a peramount! L'auro os toung-

-ba - do, Mailis es - tel - lo pa - li - ran, Quand te veiran!

A TABLE to show the descent and collateral branches of the Ruling House of Provence from 887 to 1481, tracing their connection with the Royal Families of England, France, and Austria, and with the Houses of Toulouse, Anjou, Aragon, Barcelona, Orange-Nasau, and Les Baux. The rulers of Provence (while it was separate from France) are marked in black. The dates after a name signify the date of death.



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¹ The references in this Index refer to Vol. II only. Vol. I. has its own Index.

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